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From the Spectator.

FOREIGN POLICY.

In proportion as the danger of a war of guns seems to pass away, the war of tariffs is renewed with fresh vigor. Last week brought intelligence of two new tariffs, of which the Brazilian threatens and the Belgian actually strikes a blow at English commerce. It is to be hoped that demonstrations of this kind may withdraw public men from the comparatively trifling matters upon which so much zeal has been wasted, and transfer their attention to the substantial interests of the empire. More care and effort have of late years been spent upon making the Morea the shadow of an independent kingdom, arguing the comparative merits of Carlos and Christina, maintaining our ascendancy in the Divan of Constantinople, fixing the relations of the Pacha of Egypt to the Sultan, endeavoring to keep expanded the torn and disjointed umbrella of Morocco, and adjusting the diplomacy of Otaheite and the Sandwich Islands, than have been vouchsafed to the nearer and more important duty of ascertaining and keeping right our own position among the real powers of the world. We have been like chess-players intent upon taking pawns, and neglecting the movements of the queens, castles, bishops, and knights.

If our relations to the great powers are on a satisfactory footing—if we stand on safe ground with France, Austria, Prussia, Holland, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, in Europe—the United States, Mexico, and Brazil, in America—any question that may arise out of our dealings with the anarchical states, such as Spain or Turkey, or the petty states, such as Lucca or Guatemala, or the communities of the east and south which hover mid-way between states and mere tribes, will admit of an easy solution. The great powers, if hostile, have it in their power—some of them single-handed, some of them by forming combinations with others—to do us serious injury. The business we transact with all of them in peace is important from its amount. So long as, through friendship or fear, we can keep them to deal with us on the square, our peace is in little danger of interruption. The rest can only act as tools or auxiliaries of some of these states, or of Europe: in any general war, they are no better than the Bashkirs or other plundering hordes called into play by Russia to gall and distract the attention of an enemy; in the time of general peace, their hostile demonstrations are fitter to be regarded in the light of piracies or highway-robberies than of war. Britain can crush them, almost without an effort.

It is with the central states of Europe that our relations are at present on the most unsatisfactory footing. The new Belgian tariff is a formal declaration of adhesion to the commercial policy of France and the Zollverein. That policy may be adopted in consequence of a secret understanding and concert among the three powers, or it may be the unpreconcerted result of the predominance of certain views among them at the same time. Whatever be the cause, the consequence is the

same to England. A continental system—the systematic exclusion of the commerce of England from the continent—which Napoleon in vain attempted to enforce, is now successfully carried into operation by the simultaneous efforts of France, the Zollverein, and Belgium. The attitude of central Europe towards England at this moment is repulsive. It does not necessarily follow that this policy is pursued out of hostility to England: there is no inconsistency in the shows of friendship lavished upon our queen by the kings of France, Belgium, and Prussia, and their adoption of a commercial policy so detrimental to England. In professing a wish to cultivate amicable relations with England, they express their sentiments; in enacting regulations injurious to Englis commerce, they are attending to business. They are like two wealthy merchants, brothers in heart over their wine or on a holyday-excursion, but in their shops each bent upon making the best bargain he can out of the other. Still, though not necessarily originating in a hostile spirit, the exclusive policy of France, Belgium, and the Zollverein, may lead to hostilities. More wars have been occasioned in modern Europe by popular excitement arising from such policy than by the ambition of kings. The systematic exclusion of the commerce of England from central Europe is therefore a ground of serious anxiety, not only as it regards our commerce, but as it regards the prospects of the permanence of general peace.

It is not by negotiations with the powers that are attempting to isolate England, nor by concessions to them, that this is to be counteracted. It must be by confirming and extending the traffic and friendly relations of England with the other real powers of Europe and America, and by cultivating our own colonial resources. If England be strong independently of central Europe, central Europe will be obliged, by fear if by no better motive, to cultivate the good-will of England. To this end, it is for the interest of Great Britain to confirm and extend her friendly relations with Holland and the Baltic powers at the one extremity of Europe, and with Austria at the other. With Holland and the northern German states who have not joined the Zollverein, with Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and the German provinces of Russia, we have the advantage of old-established commercial relations, similarity of religion and general civilization. We all belong to the Protestant or legitimate progressive party in Europe. Russia herself has fewer natural points of repulsion to the Protestant than to the Roman Catholic section of the western church. Some symptoms of late have indicated an inclination to court again that close commercial alliance with England from which for half a century the cabinet of St. Petersburg has been retrograding. The position of Austria, between the rival claims of France for ascendancy in southern Europe and those of Prussia for ascendancy in Germany, renders England a most desirable ally for that power. All these states are injured as much as England by the exclusive policy of France, Belgium, and the Zollverein; all of them have a deep interest in replacing the traffic which this exclusive policy is withdrawing from them, by mutually extending greater facilities to commercial intercourse among themselves.

In the case of Holland alone is any obstacle to be apprehended from the clashing of her colonial policy with the colonial policy of England. In this respect our relative position to Holland resembles our relative position to the United States and Brazil. To cement our relations with these states, a modification of our old colonial policy will be required. But to this our own interests, independently of any wish to conciliate those countries, must soon have driven us. The power which a nation derives from its colonies proceeds from their wealth and voluntary submission. Every attempt to secure for the mother-country a monopoly of the trade of the colonies abridges their means of obtaining wealth, and affords them a plausible claim for counter monopolies in the market of the mother-country. Every attempt to check the commercial enterprise of those young communities and direct it into an artificial channel, is a source of irritation and annoyance to them. The tastes and habits which they carry out with them into the remote regions they are reclaiming from the waste, are a guarantee to us that the lion's share of their trade will always continue ours: the United States are in their commercial uses scarcely less a colony of England than when dependent upon her; Mauritius still continues to draw the far greater portion of her European articles of consumption from France. By conceding a direct trade to and from our colonies to every nation with whom they can carry on a lucrative commerce, a compensation will be given to the colonies for exposing them to the competition of new rivals. The case of Brazil is the most difficult; but even that may look more difficult than it really is. The Brazilian tariff threatens a blow to our trade, but has not yet struck it: Brazil must pause ere she strike, for France and the Zollverein repel her as much as England.

So long as our relations with the states which have not irrevocably committed themselves to the Anti-English commercial policy of France, Belgium, and the Zollverein, are on a satisfactory footing, we are secure against any unfriendly feelings entertained towards us by the powers of central Europe. The Zollverein and Belgium cannot attack us; and France, with the difficulty she must experience in raising war-taxes, will, notwithstanding the blustering of her war-faction, pause at the prospect of actual hostilities. Let France, the Zollverein, and Belgium, in a spirit of ignorant imitation, persist in drawing tighter those bonds of restriction which the more experienced commercial states, England and Holland, are now anxious to relax: a more liberal policy on our part will, without their concurrence, so increase our prosperity and power, that in time they will come to follow the example of our dear-bought wisdom, as they are now following the example of our folly.

Fly in Timber.—A person in this town, while preparing a piece of plane tree for the back of a violoncello, observed a small rise about the centre of the plank, and planing it very carefully he gently broke a cell in which a fly of the long and brown species lay embedded, the insect was alive and crawled off the board, but did not seem capable of using its wings. From the age of the wood the insect must have been entombed for upwards of a century, as it could only have got enclosed when the tree was a sapling. There was not the slightest mark by which it could have subsequently bored an entrance, nor was it of a species capable of doing so.—*Perth Courier.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

Erpétologie Générale, ou Histoire Naturelle complète des Reptiles. Par A. M. C. Dumeril, Membre de l'Institut, et G. Bibron, Aide Naturaliste au Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle. 6 tom. 8vo. Paris: 1834–41. (Still in course of publication.)

Of all departments of the animal kingdom, the class *Reptilia* is the most varied and extraordinary, whether viewed in relation to general organic structure, or the instinctive habits of particular tribes. The sluggish turtle, with its broad and massive proportions, presents a singular contrast to the agile bright-eyed lizard and the slender snake; while the lurid toad, the changeful chameleon, the winged dragon, the fierce crocodile, the gigantic boa, and the poisonous cobra, exhibit a vast diversity of form and character. Their local habitations are also as varied as their name and nature. The wooded swamps of America, the burning and unscreened deserts of Africa, the jungles of Asia, the heaths of Europe, and the plains of New Holland, all produce their reptile tribes; and even the sea-encircled mariner, who voyages among the Indian isles, beholds with wonder the aquatic species gliding serenely on the surface of the ocean, or submerging their radiant panoply amid the glittering waves, at a vast distance from any known land. Yet was the vision of the Ancient Mariner supernatural, as it behoved to be; for *no*

"Slimy thing does crawl *with legs*
Upon the slimy sea."

All marine reptiles are either *apodal*—that is, footless—or provided merely with fin-like members.

Although thus extensively distributed over earth and ocean—

"Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms,"—

the reptile race may nevertheless be said to be chiefly characteristic of the southern regions of the globe; as we find the species become less abundant in the temperate zone; while such as are native to northern countries are few in number, small in size, feeble in constitution, and of such slow and sluggish habits, as to fall into a state of deathlike torpidity during the severer season of the year. It is chiefly such as partake of a semi-aquatic nature, of which frogs and newts are familiar examples, that occur in rigorous climates, —their power of supporting a languid life of hybernation in holes of the earth, the crevices of rocks and trees, or beneath the frozen surface of morasses, enabling them to avoid the destructive influence of cold. But in such ice-bound latitudes, snakes and lizards are of comparatively rare occurrence; while turtles, tortoises, crocodiles, and chameleons, are nearly, if not quite, unknown. As usual, however, in the ongoings of nature, there is a beautiful gradation from group to group, rather than a sudden change of kinds. Thus the chameleon, so common along the African shores of the Mediterranean, is also found, as a connecting link, in the most southern parts of Spain; while the tortoises, which, as a great natural group, may be regarded as characteristic of the warmest regions of Asia and Africa, are still represented in our own continent by the Calabrian and other species. But it is in the torrid zone that we meet not only with the greatest number, but the most gigantic development, of the reptile race. The largest crocodiles and caymans, the hugest boas, the heaviest turtles, as well as the most varied and plentiful supply of venomous serpents, all occur in the warmest regions of the earth.

Although it was only in recent times that the exact nature of reptiles, and their true relation to the other great divisions of the animal kingdom, came to be clearly apprehended, it cannot be supposed that creatures of such singular and sometimes fearful aspect, should not have excited an early interest in the minds of men. To make no mention of the most ancient Hebrew writers, both Herodotus and Athenæus convey to us several insulated notices of various reptiles; but it is in the works of Aristotle that we first find a knowledge of the subject, not more extensive than profound. Under the title of "Oviparous quadrupeds and serpents," he treats of those great groups which Linnæus, two thousand years afterwards, combined under the unhappy name of *Amphibia*,—a term so inapplicable not only to the fabled basilisk, *in vacua arena*, but to a vast majority of authentic species, —dwellers in dry and desert lands, which know not the dew of the morning. The appellation of reptile (from the Latin *repo*, to crawl or creep) seems to have been first bestowed upon the present class, with systematic signification, about the middle of last century, in the works of Lyonet and Brisson, while the term *Erpétology*, (from ἑρπητὸν —λόγος,) by which the science itself is now distinguished, is of still more modern application.

From the days of Aristotle almost until the eighteenth century, this science may be said to have rather retrograded than progressed, so far at least as concerns the true and simple annals of its subjects. Conrad Gesner, the German Pliny, (*monstrum eruditionis*, as he is styled by Boerhaave,) overlaid the matter with all kinds of cumbrous lore; while Aldrovandi, the great Italian compiler, whose work on reptiles was published posthumously by Ambrosini in 1640, is still more diffuse and disorderly. He gives not only the actual history of reptiles, (according at least to his own views of truth and nature,) but adds everything that can be made to bear upon that history, whether symbolic, medallic, hieroglyphical, or imaginary. During the eighteenth century a considerable variety of writers contributed in different degrees towards the improvement of the subject; but the excellent arrangement now so generally adopted by naturalists, corresponds in all its leading features with that communicated to the

Academy of Sciences by M. Alexandre Brogniart in 1799.

In accordance with that system, all reptiles are arranged into four primary groups or orders as follows:—

I. *Chelonian Reptiles*, (from χελωνη, a tortoise.)—This division contains the tortoises and turtles. The heart, in all the species, is furnished with two auricles, and the body, supported on four legs, is contained within an osseous case, composed as it were of an upper and an under buckler, formed by a peculiarly expanded structure of the ribs and sternum.

II. *Saurian Reptiles*, (from σαυρος, a lizard.)—These consist of crocodiles, lizards, chameleons, guanos, and other analogously constructed creatures. Their heart has likewise two auricles, and the legs are four in number, but the body, with rare exceptions, is covered with scales.

III. *Ophidian Reptiles*, (from ὀφις, a serpent.)—This group contains the various kinds of snakes, whether terrestrial or aquatic, innocuous or endowed with poisonous qualities. The heart is furnished with two auricles, but the body is destitute of legs.

IV. *Batrachian Reptiles*, (from βατραχος, a frog.)—In these (which include frogs, toads, newts, salamanders, syrens, &c.) the heart has only a single auricle,* the body is naked or without scales, and the majority of the species, as they approach maturity, undergo a transition from a fishlike form with gills, to a quadrupedal state with lungs. A few, however, never lose their gills, and certain species have only a pair of legs.

We do not here propose to enter into any technical details of the subject, but shall rather endeavor to illustrate the general nature of the preceding great group, by describing the prevailing character and attributes of a few of the more remarkable species contained in each. At present, however, we must confine our observations to the first and second orders,—reserving to some after opportunity an exposition of the truly singular history of the *Ophidians* and *Batrachians*. We commence with the turtle tribes.

The great sea-turtles belong to the genus *Chelonia* of modern naturalists, and differ from the tortoises, whether terrestrial or aquatic, in having long, flat, finlike feet, the united toes being covered by a membrane. Of all reptiles these are the most useful to the human race. Both the flesh and fat of more than one species, not only supply the epicure with a favorite luxury, but frequently afford a healthful change of diet to seafaring men. The eggs are also nutritious, although of unpleasant aspect, from the *green* color of the *white*, (if we may so express it,) and the uncoagulable nature of that albumen. But the yolk is excellent, although, when much boiled, it becomes oily and translucent. It has been remarked that the eggs of all turtles are good; even of those more carnivorous kinds, of which the flesh is uneatable from its strong and musky odor. Indeed, a similar observation may be made regarding birds. The eggs of the guillemot and other sea-fowl, afford excellent eating, although their bodies are distinguished by a rank and fishy flavor.

Portions of the shell of these reptiles are also useful for various ornamental purposes, and the entire covering has been made to serve as the roof of a dwelling, or even as a means of transport over the great waters. Both Strabo and Pliny have recorded its multifarious uses among the *Chelonophagi*, who dwelt by the shores of the Red Sea, and whose name implies that they fed habitually on turtles.* It is related in Dampier's voyages how the youthful son of a sea captain—

> "Launch'd from the margin of a bay
> Among the Indian Isles, where lay
> His father's ship, and had sail'd far,
> To join that gallant ship of war,
> In his delightful shell,"—

while the poet Wordsworth, discarding his "Tale of a Tub," has substituted a similar shell for the more soapy associations of the "chosen vessel," in which he had formerly embarked his Highland boy:—

> "And, as a coracle that braves
> On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
> This shell upon the deep would swim,
> And gaily lift its fearless brim
> Above the tossing surge."

Although turtles are of various kinds, (naturalists are now acquainted with seven or eight species,) and differ considerably in their structure and character, they agree in this, that they rarely venture on shore, except during the periodical deposition of their eggs. On desert and unpeopled coasts, and the lonely shores of uninhabited islands, they more frequently seek the land; but an innate knowledge of their own defective movements upon *terra firma*, seems to deter them from leaving the salubrious sea. "All the species," says Mr. Audubon, "move through the water with surprising speed; but the green and hawk-billed, in particular, remind you, by the celerity and ease of their motions, of the progress of birds through the air." With the exception of the cetaceous tribes, and a few marine serpents, they are, probably, the most aquatic of all animals not belonging to the class of fishes; being frequently seen floating, as if in a familiar and accustomed home, seven or eight hundred miles from land. Turtles are very prolific.

* The more recent observations of Dr. Davy seem to have demonstrated, that the apparently simple auricle of the heart in certain *Batrachian* reptiles, is in fact divided into two by a complete, though transparent, partition.—See *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. Vol. v., p. 160. We understand that the discovery has been since confirmed by MM Webert, Martin Saint-Ange and others.

* "Tantæ enim magnitudinis apud eos proveniunt testudines, ut singulæ, singulis casis tegendis sufficiunt, et navigantibus Chelonophagis scapharum usum præbeant."—Plin. *Hist. Anim.* Lib. VI. cap. xxv.

Above three thousand eggs, in various degrees of development, have been counted in the body of a female; of these, however, only a few hundred are laid, after certain intervals, in the course of a single season. Their form is nearly spherical, and they are usually hatched in from fifteen to twenty days. The young, immediately after exclusion, are soft in texture, and pale in color, the compartments of the shell being only indicated by certain star-like marks. They instinctively make their way towards the water side, where they are said to experience some difficulty in so adjusting their specific gravity as to admit of an immediate submergence; and many find the journey, though short, disastrous; being carried off by birds and beasts of prey, or picked up by an ambuscade of insidious alligators. Youth and innocence are ever beset by perils; and there is little rest for turtles on this side the tureen. These great reptiles are most abundantly distributed over the seas of the torrid zone; and such as are met with in the more temperate parts of the Atlantic ocean, and in the Mediterranean waters, may be said to have pushed their way beyond the usual limits of their kind.

One of the most noted species is *Chelonia mydas*, commonly called the green turtle, not on account of its external color, but because its fat assumes, when the creature is in high condition, a peculiar greenish hue. When the face of an alderman, "celestial rosy red," is glowing benignly with the prospect of the far-famed soup, do his thoughts ever wander to the Bahama islands, or to the far Tortugas, where his undecapitated victims are floating tranquilly on the blue profound, or paddling peacefully towards the sandy shores? Let an eye-witness describe the scenes of turtle life. "A blaze," says Mr. Audubon, "of refulgent glory streams through the portals of the west, and the masses of vapor assume the semblance of mountains of molten gold. But the sun has now disappeared, and from the east, slowly advances the gray curtain which night draws over the world. * * * * Slowly advancing landward, their heads alone above water, are observed the heavily-laden turtles, anxious to deposit their eggs in the well-known sands. On the surface of the gently rippling streams, I dimly see their broad forms, as they toil along, while, at intervals, may be heard their hurried breathings, indicative of suspicion and fear. The moon with her silvery light now illumines the scene, and the turtle having landed, slowly and laboriously drags her heavy body over the sand, her *flappers* being better adapted for motion in the water than on shore. Up the slope, however, she works her way; and see how industriously she removes the sand beneath her, casting it out on either side. Layer after layer, she deposits her eggs, arranging them in the most careful manner, and with her hind paddles brings the sand over them. The business being accomplished, the spot is covered over, and, with a joyful heart, she returns towards the shore, and launches into the deep."*

These maternal duties are rapidly accomplished. Although the eggs are dropped singly, and ranged in layers, to the number of one hundred and fifty and upwards at a time, the entire period occupied does not exceed twenty minutes. The newly hatched young, according to the financial phraseology of the Americans, are, at first, no bigger "than a dollar." In the adult state, however, they attain to a gigantic size, sometimes measuring above six feet in length, with a weight of eight hundred pounds. The food of the green turtle consists chiefly of that long grass-like sea-weed, called *Zostera marina*, and the greenish hue of the fat has been by some attributed to that peculiar diet.

The logger-headed turtle (*Chelonia caretta*) is a still more magnificent monster; but he is of no value, either in a commercial or culinary point of view—his shell being useless, and his flesh extremely coarse and rank in flavor. He is bold and voracious in his habits, preying upon shellfish and other animal productions, which he crunches with his powerful beak. This species is not uncommon in the Mediterranean, and has been occasionally carried by currents or other causes to the British shores. It is widely spread along the Atlantic coasts of America.

But the largest of all these marine reptiles is the coriaceous turtle, (*Chelonia coriacea*,) so called on account of the softer and more impressible nature of its external covering, which is rather of the texture of leather than of horn.† It may be regarded as a rare species, although it occurs occasionally both in the Mediterranean sea and the Atlantic ocean. A specimen taken, about three leagues from Nantes, near the mouth of the Loire, measured above seven feet in length, and when captured is said to have uttered a loud and hideous cry,‡ while its mouth "foamed with rage, and exhaled a noisome vapor." Though sometimes found extremely fat, and otherwise in fine condition, the flesh of the coriaceous turtle forms a most indifferent article of food. It is, however, eaten by the Carthusians. The species was formerly known to the Greeks and is regarded by Lacepede as *classical*, in respect to the formation of the ancient harp or lyre—an instrument originally constructed by stringing the carapace of the turtle. It is still called *luth* or lyre by the French. About ninety

* *Ornithological Biography.* Vol. ii., p. 370.

† The character above named, and others which we need not here detail, have induced modern naturalists to separate the coriaceous turtle from its neighbors. It consequently now forms the genus *Sphargis* of Merrem. —*See his Tentamen Systematis Amphibiorum.*

‡ Delafont, in *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences*, Ann. 1729, p. 8. There is probably some exaggeration here; reptiles are habitually silent, although the croaking of frogs is loud and frequent. But the land *Chelonians* are entirely mute, and we have never heard any of the great sea-turtles give utterance to any other sound than that of a prolonged breathing, quite inaudible at a short distance.

years ago, two specimens of great size were taken in the mackerel nets off the coast of Cornwall soon after midsummer. One of these was described by Dr. Borlase as measuring "six feet nine inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the shell, ten feet four inches from the extremities of the fore fins extended, and was adjudged to weigh eight hundred pounds."*

Another species, called the imbricated turtle, (*Chelonia imbricata*,) on account of the mode in which its dorsal plates overlap, instead of being imbedded in each other, is of great value; by reason of the beautiful transparency and elegantly mottled character of its external covering, from which is formed the ornamental article so familiarly known as *tortoise-shell*. This kind is much inferior in size to those already mentioned, and, although its eggs are excellent, its flesh is of no value. It is named the *hawksbill* in books of voyages, and other miscellaneous works, on account of the peculiar form and prolongation of the muzzle; and is known as *la Tuilée* to the French, in reference to the overlapping or tile-like disposition of the scales. These dorsal plates are easily disturbed by the application of heat. In their natural state they are extremely brittle, but on being plunged into boiling water they become soft and pliable, and are then placed between smooth, flat plates of metal, or pieces of compact wood, and after cooling they retain the form with which they have been impressed. They admit of a high polish, and are easily joined together, or soldered, by means of heat and pressure.

This beautiful substance was well known and highly prized in ancient times. It was used by both the Greeks and Romans in the "outward adorning" of pillars and doorways; as well as in the interior decorations of beds and other household articles. It is stated by Velleius Paterculus, that when Alexandria was taken by Julius Cæsar, immense supplies of tortoise-shell were found in the magazines; and it was even proposed that the great commentator should have made it the principal ornament of his triumph, as at a future period he was known to have done with ivory, on the close of his African war. Mr. Schœpf informs us, that unless a turtle of this kind weighs about a hundred and fifty pounds, the shell is of little value.† The quantity yielded varies from five to twenty pounds. The species is widely distributed over the Indian and American seas, and occurs, though rarely, in the Mediterranean. There are several other sea-turtles known to naturalists, of which, however, we cannot here give account.

We shall now repose for a time on *terra firma*, with a view to investigate very briefly the general history of the land species, or tortoises, properly so called. Of these, the most peculiar character consists in the form of the feet, which are blunt or truncated, with the toes immovably massed together beneath the skin, and terminated by shapeless claws. If we may compare small things to great, the feet in question represent not inaptly the feet of elephants, with this additional disadvantage that the soles are soft, which induces these reptiles to walk as it were on the edge of the foot. Their locomotive powers are consequently feeble and defective. We may add, that their shells are proportionably higher, or more convex, than those of the aquatic kinds. Of all the *Chelonian* reptiles, they have also the thickest, hardest, heaviest shells, in proportion to their own dimensions; and it has been remarked that their protecting covering is completed, so far as strength and solidity are concerned, before the creature has itself attained the adult state; which is not the case with either the mud or river tortoises, or the great marine turtles. An enormous resisting power results from the structure just referred to,—a small American species, *T. Polyphemus*, for example, being able to sustain without incumbrance the weight of six hundred pounds. All the species of this group speedily perish in the water, as they cannot swim, and their prepensile powers are greatly restricted by the defective, or at least, the peculiar structure of the feet, which disenables them from grasping. Indeed they owe their family name of *Chersites*, by which they are now distinguished in our modern system, to a Greek word (χερσαῖος) applied to them by Aristotle, and which signifies *living on land*.

The eggs of tortoises are usually as round as a billiard ball, although in certain species they are elongated and almost cylindrical; that is, without the terminal disparity which predominates in the eggs of birds. They are hard and calcareous, and the included young are provided with a protuberance from the beak, which facilitates the process of exclusion. The majority of the species inhabit either woody situations, or places abounding in herbage. In temperate climates, subject to winter's cold, they form or take possession of holes of no great depth, into which they retire during the severe season; and they deposite their eggs, of which they take no further charge, in a somewhat similar excavation. In regard to diet, although they have been seen to eat small shells and insects, their principal food consists of vegetation of various kinds—lettuce being a special favorite. They may be said to tear, rather than cut it, with their mandibles; that is, after placing their forefeet upon a leaf, they take a portion in their mouths, and break it off by means of a backward motion of the head.

The geographical distribution of these land tortoises is very extensive. Only three species occur in Europe,—*T. marginata*, *Mauritanica*, and *Græca*. Nine are found in Africa and its islands; and of these six are peculiar to continental Africa, and one to Madagascar. Some confusion exists regarding the localities of the Asiatic kinds; but India in general, and the eastern islands, produce at least six species. Few are found in either the continental or insular countries of the New World. Including the genus *Cynnixis*, which is peculiar to America, we believe that not more than eight or nine occur in the western world. Among these we are averse at present to include one described by M. D'Orbigny as found in Patagonia, and which corresponds so closely with *T. sulcata*, a well-known African species, (imported long ago by Delalande, and more recently described by Rüppell,) that some mistake may reasonably be apprehended. The existence of any land reptile, common alike to Africa and America, would be a most extraordinary fact in zoological geography, and one of which we have hitherto had no example.*

* *Natural History of Cornwall*. p. 278, tab. 27.
† *Historia Testudinum iconibus illustrata*.

* The following tabular view exhibits the distribution of the four generic groups which compose the family of

All the European land tortoises belong to the restricted genus *Testudo*, of modern writers—a group characterized by five toes on each foot, although there are only four claws on the posterior pair. The best and most anciently known species is the Greek tortoise,—*T. Græca*. It appears to be actually limited to the southern portions of Europe; that is, to Greece, Italy, and the principal islands of the Mediterranean. Its natural occurrence as indigenous, in Spain and Portugal, has not been clearly determined; and although it is now common in the south of France, it is known historically to have been imported thither from Italy. That it occurs in all the countries which surround the basin of the Mediterranean, is merely a misconception fallen into by those, and adopted by others who have not detected the difference between it and the kind which is common to the coast of Barbary. On the other hand, the latter does not occur in Greece. The Greek tortoise feeds chiefly on herbage. It affects dry and somewhat sandy soils, not destitute of wood. It pairs in summer, and the female lays from four to twelve eggs, white and spherical, of the size of small walnuts. She deposits them in a shallow hole, or hollow, of such depth as not to debar the direct influence of solar heat. The males fight fiercely, cold-blooded though they be, while under the influence of sexual passion. They bite each other's necks, and wrestle and jostle with the greatest determination, the object of each being to turn his neighbor over on his back,—a position from which he cannot easily recover the use of his limbs and is thereby placed *hors de combat* for all other purposes. Like most land reptiles they delight in warmth and sunshine; and at noonday, during the height of the ardent though delicious Sicilian summer, they are often found by the sides of the highways, with their shells so hot that it is scarcely possible to hold them in an ungloved hand. The extraordinary longevity to which this species sometimes attains is too notorious to be mentioned; as almost every one has read of Archbishop Laud's tortoise, which was introduced to the garden at Lambeth palace about the year 1633, and died, rather from accidental neglect than of a good old age, in 1753. The Greek tortoise is sold as food in the Italian and Sicilian markets; but it is used rather as an ingredient in making broth, than for its flesh.

Another species is the margined tortoise—*T. marginata*, first distinctly characterized, and distinguished from the preceding, by Jean David Schœpf, a Bavarian physician and naturalist, who died about the commencement of the present century. Additional knowledge regarding it was obtained by the recent French scientific mission to the Morea, under M. Bory de St. Vincent.* Up to that period it had been regarded as an exclusively African reptile; that is, as occurring only in Egypt and the coast of Barbary, but it is now known to be as common in Greece as the so-called *Testudo Græca*. It is singular, however, that Artistotle and the ancient writers indicate only one land tortoise, under the title of *χελώνη χερσαία*, as indigenous in that country. But there is now no doubt, that the two distinct kinds must have been confounded together under a single name. Indeed, there is a passage in Pausanias, in which that writer states that the beech forests of Arcadia produce tortoises of so large a size, that their shell may be made to serve in the formation of the harmonic lyre, equally with those of India. Now, although the margined tortoise is much less than the majority of the Asiatic kinds, it is yet somewhat larger than the Greek one; and so, making some allowance for the exaggeration of the old topographer, he may have actually indicated this recently recognized species.

The third and the last of the European kinds is *Testudo Mauritanica*. It derives its name from the frequency of its occurrence along that Mediterranean portion of Africa, anciently called Mauritania, and in the neighborhood of Algiers it is very abundant. Indeed, since the French occupation of Algeria, it is frequent in the Parisian markets, being imported thither rather as an article of curiosity to be kept in gardens, than to serve as food. Its claim to be regarded as a European species, in the ordinary sense of the term, is very slender; but, according to M. Menestries, is of frequent occurrence in fruit-gardens in the environs of Bakou, a town on the western shore of the Caspian sea.

The mud or marsh tortoises form a separate family, much more numerous than the preceding. All the species have the phalanges, or divisions of the toes, distinct and perceptible, and the toes themselves possess the power of motion, although usually united by a membrane. The feet are thus formed for walking; but, as they are also webbed, their swimming powers are excellent, and they therefore dwell by the banks of streams, in marshes, and other moist abodes. Hence their family name of *Elodites*, from ἕλος, a marsh. They are in some measure intermediate in their character between the aquatic kinds, strictly so called, whether marine or fluviatile, and the terrestrial species already noticed. From the less encumbered structure of the toes, they are much more active in their movements, even on land, than the terrestrial group, while they swim with considerable facility. Like the river kinds, they feed almost exclusively on living animal substances. The family is composed of fourteen genera, containing about seventy-four species. They occur both in the old and new world, and even in Australia, where no land tortoise has been as yet detected. Their geographical allotment differs in many other respects from that of those just named. For example, while America produces only a few species of land tortoise, we find that of the seventy-four kinds which constitute the *Elodites*, forty-five are peculiar to the western world, while only three are found in Africa, which is rather rich in the terrestrial species.

A very brief consideration of the great distinctive physical features of the various continents of the earth, would suffice to explain these zoological peculiarities; but we dare not here enter into that inquiry. We shall merely call to mind that one of the most influential physical characters of America is the absence of sandy deserts. Of North

terrestrial tortoises, (*Chersites*,) and the amount of species in each :—

Genera.	Asia.	Europe.	Africa.	Common to Europe & Africa.	America.	Total.
Testudo,	5	3	7	1	5	20
Pyxis,	1	...	...	...	...	1
Cynnixis,	...	...	...	...	3	3
Homopus,	...	...	2	...	...	2
Total in each great region.	6	3	9	1	8	26

* *Zoologie de la Morée*. Pl. ii., fig. 2.

America, especially, the natural formation and position preclude the existence of these arid wastes, which result from a surface comparatively low and level, the absence of neighboring mountains, and the consequent deficiency of moisture. Wherever a continent or country forms an expanded flat for more than a few hundred miles, beneath a generally cloudless sky, it will become a desert. It is thus that a vast extent of central Africa, from a deficiency of elevated ranges, is unable to collect a sufficing store of moisture to fertilize its thirsty plains, and clothe its arid wastes with verdure. No cool and cloud-capped mountains cast their far shadows across those sultry sands,—no upland and refreshing valleys, "keeping till June December's snow," give forth rejoicingly the sparkling waters of perennial streams. But America enjoys the advantage not only of being encircled by salubrious seas, but of possessing within itself the loftiest mountains, the mightest rivers, and the most expanded lakes; while the trade winds, deeply saturated with moisture, enter the great valley of the Mississippi, where they pour down their load of vapors, clothing the lengthened slopes and undulating plains of vast extent, with all the rich luxuriance of a life-sustaining vegetation.* Hence an American wilderness is widely different from a desert region, because (richer than the gold of Ophir) a deep-seated and far-spread power of fertility slumbers unseen even amid its lifeless solitudes.

"Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
Rise into life, and in thy train appear;
And, through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants.
But, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants,
And hart and hind, and hunter with his spear,
Languish and droop together."

The existence, then, (for we must return to our reptiles,) of vast rivers, lakes, and marshes, in America, suffices to explain the abundance of tortoises belonging to the moist family of the *Elodites;* while the contrary character of the African continent affords an equally natural reason for the fact, that scarcely any of that family has been discovered there at all. Thus, of the twenty-nine species already referred to as foreign to America, not more than three occur in continental Africa, although about an equal number is found in the island of Madagascar. Two are natives of New Holland, three are indigenous to Europe, while the remaining eighteen rejoice in the well-watered portions of India and the Eastern Archipelago. Of the South American species there is a noted fishery on an island of the Oronoco, of a kind called *arrau*, of which we know not the scientific name. It weighs from forty to fifty pounds, and is captured chiefly for the oil obtained from its eggs. Of this article it was calculated by M. de Humboldt, that five thousand jars or *botijas* were collected annually; and that, to yield that quantity, three hundred and thirty thousand tortoises must visit the shores in question, and lay thirty-three millions of eggs.

* See a short paper entitled, "The United States exempt from deserts, and all the evils consequent thereon," in Featherstonhaugh's *Monthly American Journal of Geology and Natural Science*. Philadelphia, August, 1831.

The extent of these general notices must debar our entering into the detailed history of particular kinds. We shall restrict ourselves to those of Europe. Of these, the best known and most extensively distributed, belongs to the genus *Cistudo* of Dr. Fleming.* It is usually distinguished by the specific name of *lutaria*, and is very generally known as the mud tortoise, on account of its preferring the soft soil of ponds and marshes to the clearer bed of rivers. However, it swims with celerity, and is consequently enabled to prey on small fishes, as well as on shells and insects. Its own flesh, though by no means agreeable, is frequently used as food. The mud tortoise inhabits Greece, Italy, many of the Mediterranean islands, Spain, Portugal, the south of France, Hungary, and even as far north as the Prussian kingdom. On the approach of winter it leaves the water, and seeks out some subterranean hiding-place, where it lies in a lethargic state till spring. Though itself aquatic, it lays it eggs on land, as in fact do all *Chelonian* reptiles. The two remaining European tortoises belong to the genus *Emys*. Of these the kind called *Caspica*, is not only found, as its name implies, along the coasts of the Caspian sea, but also in Dalmatia and the Morea. The other, termed *sigriz*, occurs in Spain. It is also an African species. Many of the American kinds afford excellent eating, especially *Emys concentrica*, which inhabits the salt marshes.

We shall conclude this department of our subject by a brief notice of the fourth and last family of *Chelonian* reptiles,—the river tortoises, or *Potamites*. Of these the majority dwell habitually in running streams, where they swim with great celerity, their shells being broad and flat, and their feet partly webbed. The body is greatly depressed, and the marginal edges of the shell are, in general, soft and flexible. The edges of the jaws are covered by a kind of reduplication of the skin, fulfilling the office of fleshy lips,—a character unexampled in the reptile kingdom. Both the upper and under shield are covered by a smooth, coriaceous, naked skin. The feet are flat, and composed of five toes, of which only three are furnished with nails: from whence the generic name of *Trionyx*, bestowed by Geoffroy.† The species are few in number, and none occurs in Europe. In their habits they are active and voracious, preying upon various other reptiles, fishes, and even birds. Their aspect is peculiar from the lengthened form of the neck, which is contractile, and enables them to dart forward the head with the rapidity of an arrow. They bite severely, and only loose their grasp by carrying away the portion they have seized. The American fishermen, consequently, hold them in great dread, but contrive to quiet them in some measure by cutting off their heads. They are esteemed as articles of food, and are caught by means of hooks baited with a small fish, and kept in motion to render the lure the

* *Philosophy of Zoology*. Vol. ii., p. 270. "Nous avons conservé," say MM. Dumeril and Bibron, "à un genre dont les espèces ont les plastron également mobile devant et derrière, le nom de *cistude*, sous lequel il avait été établi et designé par M. Fleming, l'Americain, en 1825." We had always fancied that Professor Fleming of Aberdeen was a Scotsman!

† The group has recently been reärranged in accordance with the exposure or concealment of the limbs, that is, their power of being naturally withdrawn beneath the carapace. Hence the formation of two genera, *Gymnopus* and *Cryptopus*, and the disappearance of the older generic term.

more deceptive. We have never ourselves angled anywhere for tortoises. Naturalists are acquainted with about a dozen of the kind in question, variously distributed over Asia, Africa and America. The Egyptian species called *tyrse*, or the *soft turtle* of the Nile, is serviceable by destroying young crocodiles the moment they are hatched. Another, *Trionyx ferox*, is well known in various rivers in North America, where it is said to lie in ambuscade among reeds and rushes, from whence it seizes upon inexperienced birds and youthful alligators.

It will be seen from the preceding sketch of the *Chelonian* reptiles, that the order is alike numerous and diversified.* We have now to present a corresponding exposition of the great *Saurian* order.

It is in the work of Herodotus—an eye-witness to the wonders of the ancient Egyptian world—that we find the earliest and most accurate observations on the crocodile.† His truthful details are, of course, commingled with statements which later investigations have failed to confirm. Of such is the passages regarding the bird called *Trochilos*, which, whenever the reptile comes ashore, and opens its ponderous jaws, immediately proceeds to pick out certain small creatures called *bdellæ*, found adhering to the interior of the mouth. These *bdellæ*, which are suctorial beings of some kind or other, have been usually regarded by commentators as horse-leeches; but a French naturalist, Mr. Descourtils, having stated that in America *gnats* have been seen to attach themselves to the mouths of alligators, M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in a learned dissertation, (in the natural history portion of the great French work on Egypt,) has adopted the opinion that the term *bdellæ* corresponds to *culex*. Now, as it is a matter of every-day observation that gnats will attack bulls and other large terrestrial animals of the fiercest nature, and that wagtails and other insectivorous birds will peck the former from their muzzles, we have no great objection to go a step further, and suppose that in Egypt there may be some shore-bred bird which ventures to seek its prey in the "imminent deadly breach" even of a crocodile's jaws; in which case, the statement by Herodotus need be deemed no longer fabulous.

Aristotle's description and remarks are in a great measure borrowed from the old Greek historian; and it is the opinion of Schneider,‡ (equally eminent as a scholar and naturalist,) that the Stagyrite himself never enjoyed any personal opportunity of observing the habits of this great reptile. Diodorus Siculus refers to the destruction of its eggs by the ichneumon. Strabo narrates the divine honors paid to it by the native of Arsinöe, (*Crocodilopolis*.) Ælian indicates the existence of the Gangetic or Indian species; but neither he nor Pliny adds to our actual knowledge of the subject, which has only been matured in modern times.

We know that the crocodile was worshipped as a divinity by the ancient Egyptians, who maintained it during life in luxurious splendor, and afterwards gave it embalment and sepulture amid the mysterious gloom of their subterranean chambers. Certain disparities of form in the crania of these animals, have given rise to the opinion that more than one species existed in Egypt; and that it was a kind called *Suchus* or *Souchis* which was consecrated in the religious ceremonies of the people. Thus M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire supposes that the more narrow-muzzled sort always continued of less size than the others, were mild and inoffensive in their manners, and that their comparative smallness causing them to keep closer in shore during the periods of inundation, they thus became the familiar precursors and accompaniments of that mighty change. This is conformable to the opinion of Jablonski, that the *Suchis* was a peculiar species, reared by preference for the temple service. But Baron Cuvier combats that idea, and we think successfully; by showing that the sacred crocodile was naturally not less ferocious than its neighbors, and that the narrow-muzzled variety was not exclusively cared for by the priests; the others being equally found embalmed in the ancient catacombs. He thinks that the term *suchus* was applied, not to the species in the abstract, but to whatever individual was, for the time being, the representative of divinity; just as the sacred bull of Memphis was named *Apis*, that of Heliopolis *Mnevis*, and that of Hermonthis *Pacis*,—these various terms signifying, not particular or distinct kinds of cattle, but merely different individuals, of the same species.*

There is not certainly the slightest direct evidence from ancient writers that more than one species of true crocodile occurred in Egypt; (the *land* crocodile, so designated by Aristotle and others, is merely a large lizard of the genus *Monitor*;) while we have the clearest proof that that species was naturally of a savage disposition. The sacred individuals being well attended to, and faring sumptuously every day, were tame and familiar, at all events to their priestly attendants, (χειροήθης τοῖς ἱερεῦσι, are the words of Strabo,) just as we now see the most ferocious beasts subdued by the Van Amburghs of the present day; but, far from this docility of disposition being manifested by the species in its natural state, it is expressly referred to by Aristotle, as a proof of the ameliorating influence of an abundant and continuous supply of food, on the habits of predacious animals. We know, moreover, from the report of Ælian, that in districts where crocodiles were habitually slaughtered, the inhabitants could bathe and swim se-

* The student of this branch of natural history will not fail to consult Mr. Bell's beautiful *Monograph of the Testudinata*. Mr. Gray's *Synopsis Reptilium* will also be found a useful summary.

† The derivation of the name of crocodile, according to Cuvier, is from "Κροκοδειλος, *qui craint le rivage*," at first sight, a singular and most inappropriate application to a creature which, so far from fearing shores or marginal banks, is scarcely ever found elsewhere. But it appears that the Greeks had originally applied the term to an indigenous lizard of their own country, which bred in hedges and avoided moisture, and that they merely transferred the title to its gigantic Egyptian representative. The Greek word, also, literally signifies *fearful of saffron*; but such interpretation, in reference to the creature in question, has no meaning that we know of. According to Herodotus, the ancient Egyptian name of crocodile was *Chamses*, an appellation still sufficiently obvious in that of *temsach*, by which it is now known in modern Egypt.

‡ *Hist. Amphibiorum Nat. et Litt.* Fascic. II. p. 6.

* According to Bochart the word *suchus* is derived from the Hebrew, and signifies *swimmer*; an appropriate name for the crocodile of Arsinöe, if, as Diodorus reports, its worship was established by an Egyptian king who was saved from drowning by one of those animals carrying him ashore upon its back.—See *Recherches sur les Animaux Fossiles*. (4th edition.) T. ix., p. 96. M. Champollion has shown that *souk* was the name of an Egyptian god who corresponded to Saturn, and is represented on ancient monuments with the head of a crocodile.

curely in the river; whereas at Coptos and Arsinoë, where even the unconsecrated individuals were regarded with feelings of reverence, they scarcely dared to walk by the margin, or draw water from the brink of the stream. Indeed, whatever may have given origin to so uncouth a worship, it was not certainly an admiration of the creature's amenity of life. On the contrary, many have maintained that its ferocity led to its adoration, on account of the useful dread which it inspired in the minds of the Libyan and Arabian robbers. "Egyptii," says Cicero, "nullam belluam nisi ob aliquam utilitatem consecraverunt: crocodilum, quod terrore arceat latrones."*

It must indeed produce a startling and rather astounding effect, especially upon the timid mind of an invalid, when one of these carnivorous monsters is unexpectedly met with any fine summer morning at a watering-place. Dr. Darwin has drawn, as usual, an inflated but not ineffective picture of its general aspect.

"Erewhile emerging from the brooding sand,
With tiger paw he prints the brineless strand;
High on the flood with speckled bosom swims,
Helm'd with broad tail, and oar'd with giant limbs;
Rolls his fierce eyeballs, clasps his iron claws,
And champs with gnashing teeth his massy jaws:
Old Nilus sighs through all his cane-crown'd shores,
And swarthy Memphis trembles and adores."

But although the famous valley of the Nile harbors, along its moist alluvial banks, only a single kind of crocodile, the general genus contains a considerable number of species. These constitute the largest, strongest, fiercest, and consequently most formidable, of the reptile race. They inhabit the shores of the great rivers of both the old and new world, and exhibit a considerable diversity in respect to natural temper and disposition, according to the difference of kinds. Thus Mr. Audubon informs us, that in North America they are so disinclined to annoy the human race, that he and his companions have often waded up to the waist among hundreds of them; while the cattle-drivers may be seen beating them away with staves before they cross the rivers with their live stock; for it is admitted that they readily attack cattle, and will seize upon such animals as dogs and deer, or even horses. On the other hand, the governor of Angustura informed Mr. Waterton, that while he was one fine evening walking by the banks of the Oronoco, he saw a large cayman rush out of the river, seize upon a man, and carry him away in his horrid jaws. "The screams of the poor fellow were terrible as the cayman was running off with him. He plunged into the river with his prey: we instantly lost sight of him, and never saw or heard him more." So also in regard to the African species, we may, among many other recorded examples of their fierceness, recall to mind the circumstance of Mungo Park's negro guide Isaaco being twice seized by a crocodile while crossing the Ba Woolima with his asses, and escaping immediate death only by his presence of mind enabling him to gouge the eyes of the insatiate monster with his thumbs. He gained the shore bleeding profusely with a deep wound in each thigh, and the marks of several teeth upon his back. He was unable to renew the journey for six days. Instead, however, of supposing any inaccuracy or misrepresentation on the part of one or other of these discordant authorities, it is more agreeable to reconcile their differences by bearing in mind, that crocodiles in the abstract form a great generic group, which contains within itself a wide and varied range of animal instincts. That these reptiles are capable of being tamed and even domesticated, we know historically from the conspicuous *rôle* performed by the sacred crocodile of the Nile, in the religious ceremonial processions of the ancient Egyptians; and in modern times, (to say nothing of the fine family of thriving alligators raised by Bose in North America,) Bruce has informed us that the negroes bring up crocodiles, which become, and continue, so mild and docile, that children amuse themselves by riding on their backs.

There is probably a greater disparity in point of bulk between a newly hatched and full grown animal of this group, than between the young and old of any other creature. Indeed Herodotus has remarked, that of all animals produced from an egg, the crocodile attains the greatest size. An adult individual must be two or three hundred times heavier than its offspring, and one of thirty feet in length (the extent of a female mentioned by Hasselquist) must have been about sixty times longer than its youthful progeny.

Although a full grown case-hardened crocodile, with its armature of "scaly rind," and formidable jaws beset with bristling teeth, need fear nothing short of a rifle-bullet through the eye, or a volley of slugs in the softer part of the abdomen, the eggs and young fall a frequent prey to many natural enemies. The ichneumons of Egypt, the otters and even ibises of the new world, and the great tortoises belonging to the genus *Trionyx*, attack them greedily in one or other of these defenceless states; while, at least so far as concerns the North American species, the male parent, repudiating all the claims of filial affection, throws, not his arms, but jaws around his unprotected young, and gulps them down in dozens. However, the negroes will attack even the adult animals, and kill them, by separating the tail from the body by blows of their hatchets. The oil (obtained by boiling) is used for machinery; and a practice prevailed at one time of making boots and shoes of alligator leather. The South American Indians eat the tail of these creatures, and they catch the owner of the tail by means of a large hook baited with a bird, or any small quadruped, and fastened to a tree by an iron chain. "The flesh," according to Catesby, "is delicately white, but hath so perfumed a taste and smell that I never could relish it with pleasure." The eggs of the crocodile are regarded as a luxury by some of the African tribes.

In regard to the geographical distribution of these great reptiles, we need scarcely inform our readers, that no species occurs in Europe. Neither has any been found in New Holland. The caymans or alligators are peculiar to America; the crocodiles, properly so called, are natives of both the old and new world; the gavials are confined to Asia, to the verdant banks

* While referring to the knowledge of these animals obtained by the earlier European nations, the authors of the *Erpétologie Générale* (t. iii., p. 49) have observed:—"Les Romains, au rapport de Pline, n'ont commencé à connaître ces animaux que sous l'édilat de Scaurus, et *sept années avant l'ère Chrétienne*." Pliny has certainly said many absurd things, but he does not attempt to bring down the Edileship of Scaurus from fifty-eight to seven years before the Christian era. It was the Emperor Augustus, who, during the latter period, filled the Flavinian circus with water, and there exhibited thirty-six living crocodiles, which were afterwards publicly slain by men accustomed to fight with monsters.

"Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams."

But of the fourteen species of which the undivided genus is composed, Asia produces three crocodiles, besides the gavial; Africa furnishes at least two crocodiles; while America (including the West Indies as parts of the new world) supplies as many as the two other continents combined, viz., seven in all, of which five are alligators, and two are crocodiles,—the latter being found chiefly in Cuba, Martinique, and St. Domingo.*

Our present limits will scarcely admit of our doing more than name the various species of the three divisions of the group, with a few brief notes on their nature and localities.

I. The crocodiles, properly so called, (genus *Crocodilus*,) are distinguished by a more elongated form of head than the alligators; and the fourth pair of teeth in the lower jaw are the largest of the whole, and are received into a notch or hollow of the upper mandible. The hind legs are toothed, or dentated, and the feet webbed.

The celebrated Egyptian species (*C. vulgaris*) is by no means confined to the country of the pyramids, but occurs in western and southern Africa, —in the island of Madagascar, the Malabar country, and Bengal. A geological distribution, of so extensive a nature, of course produces, through the influence of climatic and other physical differences, a marked distinction in the individuals of distant countries; but these distinctions, though obvious to the naturalist, are not specific but local, and are found on the examination of a numerous suite of specimens gradually to blend into each other. As the Nilotic species occurs in India in pools and marshes at some distance from the river shores, M. Lesson, viewing that habit in connexion with certain external characters of no importance, has erroneously bestowed upon it the name of *C. palustris*.† We are well assured, however, of the fact that it occurs in the Ganges, and is not distinct from that of Egypt.

But the most common crocodile in India is the double-crested kind, (*C. biporcatus*,) so called on account of two rugged ridges which proceed from the anterior angle of the eyes. It is found in Ceylon, Sumatra, and other great islands, as well as in the Carnatic and Bengal. We are not acquainted with its northern limit, but the following extract from a private letter now before us, and which we believe to be applicable to this species, shows its occurrence in western India, at least as far north as the 25th degree. The letter is dated from Kurrachee, in Scinde, on the northern side of the mouths of the Indus.

"As I have no further news, I may as well give you an account of a most extraordinary scene which I witnessed yesterday. Hearing that there were some warm springs worth seeing at a village about eight miles from hence, I started on foot, with a guide, to visit them. On getting close to the village I saw a small swamp, resembling a pool of water left by the rains. It was now half dried up, and quite shallow. The day was intensely hot, and as I had done the distance in a couple of hours, I felt extremely thirsty, and so approached the pool. When I got to the edge, the guide who was with me pointed out something in the water, which I had myself taken to be the stump of a tree; and although I had my glasses on, I looked at it for some time before I found that I was standing within three feet of an immense alligator. I then perceived that the swamp was crowded with them, although they were all lying in the mud, so perfectly motionless that a hundred people might have passed without observing them. The guide laughed at the start I gave, and told me that they were quite harmless, having been tamed by a saint, a man of great piety, whose tomb was to be seen on a hill close by, and that they continued to obey the orders of a number of fakeers who lived around the tomb. I proceeded there immediately, and got some of the Fakeers to come down to the water with a sheep. One of them then went close to the water, with a long stick, with which he struck the ground, and called to the alligators, which immediately came crawling out of the water, great and small together, and lay down upon the bank all round him. The sheep was then killed and quartered, and while this was going on the alligators continued crawling up till they had made a complete ring around us. The Fakeer kept walking about within the circle, and if any of them attempted to encroach, he rapped it unmercifully over the snout with his stick, and drove it backwards. Not one of them attempted to touch him, although they opened their mouths, and showed rows of teeth that seemed able to snap him in two at a bite. The quarters of the sheep were then thrown to them, and the scene that followed was so indescribable that I shall not attempt it; but I think if you will turn to Milton and read his account of the transformation of Satan and his crew in Pandemonium, you may form some faint idea 'how dreadful was the din.' In what manner these monsters were first tamed, I cannot say. The natives, of course, ascribe it to the piety of the saint, who is called Miegger Peer, or Saint Alligator,—'rather a rum' canonization."

Whatever be the means employed, the coincidence of effect is singular between what we now find to be a modern practice in western India, and the priestly customs of the ancient Egyptians.

According to Mr. Haensel, there are two kinds of crocodile in the Nicobar islands—the one small, fierce, and rapacious, the other of larger size, but less obtrusive habits, preying only upon carrion. The Danish missionary was one day walking along the coast of Queda, looking at a group of children sporting in the water, when he suddenly saw a large crocodile proceeding towards them from a creek. He immediately gave the alarm, by calling out loudly, and making signs to some Chinese at no great distance. But the Chinamen only laughed at him, and he erelong saw the great reptile swimming about among the younkers, while the latter amused themselves by affecting to drive it from them.*

* The following table exhibits the numerical amount and geographical distribution of the species belonging to the three subdivisions of the old generic group of the crocodiles.

	Peculiar to Asia.	Common to Asia & Africa.	Peculiar to Africa.	Peculiar to America.	Doubtful.
Genus Crocodile,	2	1	1	2	2
Alligator,	0	0	0	5	0
Gavialis.	1	0	0	0	0
	3	1	1	7	2
Total species,					14

† *Bellanger's Voyage aux Indes Orientales.* (*Zool. Report,*) p. 305.

* *Letters on the Nicobar Island.* By John Gottfried Haensel.

Another eastern species is the Siamese crocodile, (*C. galeatus*, Cuv.,) of which we as yet know nothing more than the figure and description transmitted by the French missionaries to the Academy of Sciences.* When M. Faujas de St. Fond was preparing to bring forth his *Histoire de la Montagne de St. Pierre de Maestricht*, he was probably not aware that the artist whom he employed to furnish him with the required portrait of the crocodile of the Nile, found it more convenient to copy art than nature; and so, laying his hands on plate 64 (T. iii.) of the Transactions of the Academy, he produced the Siamese species instead of the Nilotic one.

The cuirassed crocodile (*C. cataphractus*, Cuv.) is a native of the western coasts of Africa. It is the only other species of the old world, unless Graves' crocodile, and that named after M. Journu,† of which the localities are not precisely known, should be afterwards ascertained to be likewise of African birth.

We come now to those of the New World,—not the alligators properly so called, which are peculiar to America,—but to a continuance of the true crocodiles, of which species occur there as well as in Asia and Africa. The first of these is the lozenge-scaled crocodile, (*C. rhombifer*, Cuv.,) with the habits of which we are not acquainted. This is a native of Cuba, and its resemblance to a rude figure in an old work by Hernandez,‡ has recently given rise to the belief that it may likewise occur in Mexico. The next is the slender-snouted crocodile, (*C. acutus*, Geoffroy,) an inhabitant of Martinique and St. Domingo. It appears from a report by M. Adolphe Barrot, who was French consul at Carthagena, that it is found in the northern continental parts of South America, although St. Domingo may be regarded as its head quarters. As to its habits, M. Descourtils has stated that the female deposits her eggs in April and May, and that the young are hatched in a month. She scoops out a circular hollow in the sand, by means of her feet and muzzle, and lays twenty-eight eggs covered by a viscous liquid. They are placed in layers, separated from each other by a portion of the sandy soil. The mother leads her offspring to the still waters, defends them from threatened danger, and feeds them for three months by disgorging her own half-digested food.§ M. Ricord, a gentleman in correspondence with the French Museum, adds, that she deposits her eggs in a somewhat careless and slovenly manner, with but a scanty covering of sand. He has even found them among rubbish by the river side. "J'en ai rencontré dans de la chaux que des maçons avaient laissée au bord de la rivière."‖

The obscure species already named as Journu's crocodile, of which we believe only a single specimen (that in the museum of Bordeaux) is known to naturalists, is remarkable for its narrow muzzle and comparatively slender teeth,—characters by which it is made to connect, as it were, its own division with the following more limited generic group.

II. The Gavials, (genus *Gavialis*, Geoffroy.) These are distinguished by their long, slender, sub-cylindrical muzzle. There are four slopes or notches in the upper jaw, to receive the first and fourth pairs of the under-teeth. The margins of the jaws are also straight, rather than sinuous, as among the other groups. The hind-legs are toothed on their outer edge, and the feet palmated to the toes.

There is only a single well authenticated species of this genus,—*G. Gangeticus*. It is usually called the crocodile of the Ganges; but as that famed river nourishes also the genuine crocodile, the term *gavial*, of Indian origin, is advisedly applied to our present reptile. It was the belief of Baron Cuvier that a greater and a less gavial existed in the east; but that illustrious observer was eventually of the opinion, which all recent experience has confirmed, that the one is merely an immature condition of the other. Although the gavial is a giant of its kind, it is said to be merciful as well as strong. We should put but little trust in its tender mercies, if it had another kind of snout. But the cylindrical and attenuated form of the muzzle prevents its preying on the larger quadrupeds, as well as from attacking the human race; and so it considerately adapts itself to circumstances, and feeds on fishes and aquatic reptiles. As Ælian has recorded the existence of two kinds of crocodiles in the Ganges—"the one innocuous, the other cruel"—it is supposed that the former indication refers to the gavial. We believe that the first renewal of acquaintance with it, in comparatively recent times, was made by Edwards, who, about the middle of the preceding century, described a young specimen received by Dr. Mead from Bengal.* It chanced that the individual specimen had a peculiar aperture in the skin of the abdomen, which, as Dr. Shaw observes, was probably nothing more than the passage by which the umbilical vessels were attached, during the creature's confinement in the egg. But Edwards formed the odd and utterly erroneous opinion, that this was the opening to a ventral pouch, intended by nature (as in the opossum and kangaroo) for the reception of the young, and he described it so accordingly. An adult specimen in the British museum measures nearly eighteen feet in length. The geographical distribution of the gavial is not distinctly known beyond the great basin of the Ganges.

We shall now proceed to a brief consideration of the remaining group, of which the species are peculiar to the Western world.

III. The Alligators, (genus *Alligator*.†) In these, the muzzle is broader, and more obtuse, than in the true crocodiles; and the fourth pair of teeth of the lower jaw are received into perforations of the upper one. The hind-legs are without dentation, and the feet are only half-webbed. The species are peculiar to America.

The North American alligator (*A. lucius*, Cuvier) may certainly be regarded as one of the most singular inhabitants of the United States. "Cette espèce" say MM. Dumeril and Bibron, "appartient en propre à l'Amerique Septentrionale, qu'elle

* *Hist. Acad. des Sciences*, T. iii., part 2, p. 255.

† *C. Graveaii and Journii* of Bory St. Vincent.

‡ *Nova Plant. Animal. et Min. Mex. Hist.* 1648—51.

§ This "process of ejection" seems doubted, if not denied, by Mr. Waterton in a recent communication. See Mr. Newman's *Zoologist*. Vol. i., p. 152.

‖ *Erpétologie Générale*, T. iii., p. 43.

* *Phil. Trans.* Vol. xlix., p. 369., tab. 19.

† The term alligator is probably derived from a corruption of the Portuguese name of the lizard, *el lagarto*, —the great American reptile to which it was applied presenting a gigantic resemblance to that more agile creature. The Portuguese title is, no doubt, itself drawn directly from the Latin *lacerta*. The appellation of *cayman*, though now bestowed upon species of the New World, is of African origin,—being used by the negroes of the coast of Guinea.

semble habiter dans toute son étendue." We are not ourselves acquainted with the precise extent of its geographical distribution, but we know that the preceding statement is erroneous. It certainly ascends the Mississippi as far as 32½ degrees,—a higher latitude than that now attained to by any species of the ancient world.* But it is equally certain that it is confined to the *Southern* States. "Though the largest and greatest number of alligators," says Catesby, "inhabit the torrid zone, the continent abounds with them ten degrees more north, particularly as far as the river Neus in North Carolina, in the latitude of about 33°, beyond which I have never heard of any." It usually inhabits rivers, lakes, and marshes; but leaves those moist abodes as soon as the cool autumnal air gives notice of the approach of frosty weather, and burrows in the earth, or beneath the roots of trees. In this lethargic state it may be almost cut to pieces without manifesting any sign of suffering. But during its more excitable summer life, it makes good use of all its natural endowments, and more especially of its jaws and tail. The ponderous flapping of the latter, while the creature is engaged in catching fish, may be heard at the distance of half a mile. It abounds in Louisiana, and often preys upon pigs at night. When surprised at some distance from water, it immediately squats as flat as possible, places its nose upon the ground, and stares around with a rolling motion of the eyes. If closely approached, it neither retreats nor attacks, but merely raises its body for an instant from the ground, swells its already gigantic form, and utters a dull blowing sound resembling that of a blacksmith's bellows. But during the pairing season in spring, the males become extremely fierce, and in that excited state it would be dangerous to approach them. At this time, they fight violently with each other, and make a noise like the bellowing of bulls. The female forms a kind of nest about the 1st of June, selecting some screened thicket of brake or bramble, where she collects leaves, twigs, and other rubbish of various kinds, carrying these materials in her mouth. Erelong she lays about ten eggs, which she covers with mud and leaves; and then, recommencing her building operations, she deposits another layer, and so on alternately till she has laid about five dozen. These eggs are longer than those of a goose; and the whole are matted as it were together by means of tangled grass. The mother watches warily near the spot, and those who desire to discover her hid treasure have not far to seek, as a conspicuous path usually conducts them towards it from the water side, occasioned by the trailing of the body of the parent, who goes and returns by the same route. But she is at this time very ferocious, and her jaws being worse than any steel trap, the curious inquirer should "beware." It is not the heat of the sun which hatches these eggs, but that of the nest itself, which becomes a kind of hot-bed from its peculiar mode of formation. As soon as the young have burst the parchment-like, somewhat transparent, covering which represents the shell, they work their way through their putrescent dwelling, and then the female conducts them for greater security to some detached *bayou;* for now the old Saturnian fathers are "ready to smite once, and smite no more."* This *Alligator lucius* is the only species found in the United States.

The most noted of the South American kinds is the spectacled alligator—(*A. sclerops*, Cuvier.) It is well known in Guiana and Brazil, and extends over a considerable range of country, occurring in rivers, lagoons, and marshes, as far south as 32°. It attains to a great size, and some have been seen in Surinam upwards of twenty feet in length. It is the *Yacaré* of Azara, the Spanish naturalist, and we believe that it was upon the back of a spectacled alligator that Mr. Waterton "witched the world."† It feeds on fishes and wild-fowl, which it swallows entire, that is, without any further laceration than is necessary to secure the capture. It dwells during the night in water, and enjoys the warmth of sunshine by dozing on the sand throughout the day. It rarely attacks the human race, unless its eggs are intermeddled with; and then it will defend them with pertinacious courage. According to the generality of authors, it deposits its eggs in the sand, covering them with leaves, the hatching being accomplished by the heat of the sun; but Spix has more recently informed us that it prefers a wooded situation, for the sake of secrecy and shelter, and that it watches close at hand, by the bank of lake or river. Its habits in these respects may probably be in some measure guided by circumstances; although the covering of foliage, which is said to be characteristic in both cases, will of course be more easily obtained amid "leafy umbrage" than the desert sands. Besides the preceding species, three other kinds occur in south America, viz., *A. palpebrosus*, *cynocephalus*, and *punctulatus*. Our present limits will not admit of any further notice than their names.

We have already briefly alluded to the hybernation, or winter lethargy, of the northern species. A more singular circumstance is the *summer* sleep of some of the South American species. They fall into the lethargic state during the prevalence of dry and sultry weather. "We were shown," says Humboldt, "a hut or rather a kind of shed, in which our host of Calabozo, Don Miguel Cousin, had witnessed a very extraordinary scene. Sleeping with one of his friends on a bench covered with leather, Don Miguel was awakened early in the morning by violent shakes,

* The distribution of the Egyptian species seems to have become restricted in modern times. Although the Deltaic portions of the Nile extend as far north nearly as 31½ degrees, yet we are not aware that crocodiles are now met near its mouth. During Mr. Legh's upward journey, they were first seen between Cafr Saide and Diospolis Parva, the modern How. The traveller just named is of opinion that Girgeh now forms their lower limit; and they appeared to him to be most numerous between that place and the cataracts. (*Narrative of a Journey in Egypt and the Country beyond the Cataracts.*) According to Niebhur, the natives attribute the absence of these reptiles from the lower portions of the river, to the talismanic influence of the *mikkias* or Nilometer at Cairo, but that author himself ascribes it to culture and population. We do not know whether crocodiles in any part of Africa are now subject to a winter sleep. Their lethargic state in Egypt, during the four colder months of the year, during which they took no food, is anciently attested by Herodotus.

* When Saturn, deceived by Rhea, swallowed large stones instead of his own fine children, he would seem to have performed another feat which crocodiles are likewise in the habit of imitating. Numerous stones are found in the stomach of these reptiles. Some suppose that they swallow them of intent, as poultry do gravel, for the mechanical purposes of triturition, while others regard them as internal concretions. An alligator, seventeen feet long, shot by Bolivar, the Colombian general, was found to have within it a stony mass weighing upwards of sixty pounds.

† See *Wanderings in South America*. 3d edition, p. 242.

and a horrible noise; clods of earth were thrown into the middle of the hut. Presently a crocodile issued from under the bed, darted at a dog that lay on the threshold of the door, and missing him in the impetuosity of his spring, ran towards the beach to attain the river. On examining the spot where the barbacon, or bedstead, was placed, the cause of this strange adventure was easily discovered. The ground was disturbed to a considerable depth. It was dried mud, that had covered the crocodile in that state of lethargy, or summer sleep, in which many of the species lie, during the absence of the rains, amid the Llanos. The noise of men and horses, perhaps the smell of the dogs, had awakened it."* During the periodical swelling of the Apuré, the horses which have wandered into the savannas, and cannot reach the rising grounds, perish by thousands. The mares are often seen, followed by their colts, swimming about, and feeding on the tall grasses, of which the tops alone are waving on the surface. Such as escape are frequently found to bear the impressions of the monster's jaws upon their thighs. Humboldt was informed at San Fernando, that scarcely a season passes without several human beings, especially women, being dragged into the water and drowned by these carnivorous reptiles. But the gouging system is as well known in the New World as by the banks of the Gambia. "They related to us the history of a young girl of Uritucu, who, by singular intrepidity and presence of mind, saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her fingers into them with such violence, that the pain forced the crocodile to let her loose, after having bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood she lost, happily reached the shore, swimming with the hand which remained. In those desert countries, where man is ever wrestling with nature, discourse turns daily on the means that may be employed to escape from a jaguar, a boa, or a crocodile, and every one prepares himself in some sort for the dangers that await him. 'I knew,' said the young girl of Uritucu coolly, 'that the cayman lets go his hold if you push your fingers into his eyes.'"† So much for crocodiles.

The next family group which we have to consider, is one of the most remarkable, not only of the *Saurian* order, but within the entire range of the animal kingdom,—we mean the *Chamæleonidæ*.

Chameleons differ in many respects from most other reptiles. Their external coating is without scales, but is finely chagrined, or granulated, over the general surface, with numerous small tubercular points, projecting here and there in a certain systematic order. Their limbs are proportionally longer than those of any other tribe of reptiles, and the five toes with which each foot is furnished, are divided, somewhat after the manner of a parrot's claws, into two opposing groups, for the sake of grasping. This character occurs in no other genus of the class. The head is rather bulky, and from the extreme shortness of the neck, appears to rest upon the shoulders. It is usually surmounted by a crest. There is no appearance of external ear. The tail is prehensile, or furnished with the power of grasping the twigs of trees or other slender bodies; thus rendering an arborial station all the more secure. Their gait, however, is extremely slow and guarded, each successive step being taken with an air of the most deliberate gravity and circumspection. If the right fore-foot is lifted first, it is held for a time irresolutely suspended before being advanced to its new position. When firmly clasped, the left hind-foot is very leisurely brought forward. Then, the left fore-foot ventures on a move, and is finally followed, after a proper interval, by the remaining hind one;—"E tutto fanno," says Vallisnieri, "con si sgraziata e ridicole svenevolezza, che allora pajano i più stolidi e più gossi animali del mondo."*

The structure of the eye in the chameleon presents some peculiarities worthy of observation. Its larger portion projects beyond the orbits, which are very wide, and its greatest diameter is from without inwards. It is almost entirely covered by a single circular lid, which is itself a continuation of the skin of the cranium; but there is a small central perforation in front of the pupil, possessed of the power of contraction and dilatation, by means of certain muscles which can even alter its form, from a nearly circular opening to one of a transverse or sometimes vertical character. To make amends, moreover, for what might otherwise prove a restriction of the field of vision, each eye possesses a moving power independent of the other; so that when the left is intent upon an insect on a leafy spray above, the right may take an equally steady cognizance of another on a branch below. The protecting lid is attached to the circumference of the sclerotic coat by a sphincter muscle; and obeys both the general and particular movements of the eye itself; which is furnished with six muscles, four direct, and two oblique or rotatory. The globe of the eye is constructed nearly as in other reptiles, but it is furnished with a nictitating membrane, and a strong lachrimal gland. Both Perrault and Vrolick have observed, that the optic nerves cross each other; and the latter has remarked, moreover, that at the place of decussation the one even seems to perforate the other.† This is a curious fact in physiology, when viewed in relation to the peculiar power possessed by the chameleon, of voluntarily directing its two eyes in entirely different directions.‡

But the most singularly constructed organ in these creatures is undoubtedly the tongue. It forms, when within the mouth, a thick and fleshy tubercle; but is composed in reality of a long cylindrical hollow tube, which the animal possesses the power of darting with unerring aim, and the rapidity almost of a flash of light, upon any vagrant insect which comes within its reach. It is covered by a glutinous secretion, of so strongly viscous a nature as instantaneously to deprive all small-sized insects of the power of motion. In its extended condition it is not unlike a large earth-worm, and its length is fully as great as that of the trunk of the animal's own body. It may be regarded rather as an organ of prehension than of taste, and seems to afford the sole means by which the creature secures it natural prey. The double movement of ejection and retraction, by which its functions are performed, is executed with such marvellous rapidity, that almost all that we can detect of the process is the disappearance of a fly.

* *Personal Narrative*, &c. Vol. IV., p. 380.
† *Ibid.*, p. 223.

* *Istoria del Cameleonte Africana.*
† This peculiar structure was indicated by Soemmering in a letter to Baron Larrey in the year 1806.
‡ *Erpétologie Générale.* T. iii., p. 23.

Bellini describes its action with enthusiasm, as the most wonderful thing which can be conceived :— "Pare un fulmine la sua lunghissima lingua, lanciata velocemente alla preda." Yet not the slightest muscular action is perceptible in any other part of the body, all of which remains as still and motionless as if it were a cast in bronze. The anatomical structure of this curious tongue, and the apparatus of its motive powers, have been clearly, and we doubt not accurately, described by Perrault ;* at a later period by M. Duvernoy ;† and still more recently and completely by Mr. Houston.‡ The observer last named is of opinion that the projectile motion is effected partly by the advancement of the *os hyoides*, but chiefly by the blood rushing suddenly into the numberless vessels of the organ itself, and thus distending and elongating its erectile portion. The chief objection which may be urged against this theory is, the difficulty of conceiving how vascular congestion can effect the elongation with the extreme rapidity ascribed. However, we know of no other explanation nearly so satisfactory, and the swift action of the tongue may be in some measure exaggerated. In our own comparatively cold and cloudy clime, the movement occupies five or six seconds, and can be quite distinctly followed by the eye. The changes of color are also much slower and less vivid than in the warmer regions of the south. We may add, that the erectile power of the tongue is exercised not only in capturing its natural prey, but also from time to time in lapping, as it were, a glittering drop of water from any pendant leaf or spray. Its entire action presents, in its almost unexampled rapidity, a singular and striking contrast to all the other movements of the animal, which are peculiarly sluggish and inert.

The habits of the chameleon are entirely insectivorous, and its disposition is otherwise mild and inoffensive. This, at least, is the character assigned to it, by eye-witnesses, in modern times ; although it differs considerably from that given in an old work by Edward Topsel, entitled a *History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents*, compiled chiefly from the writings of Conrad Gesner, and published in 1658. Being desirous to have our own favorable impressions of the creature's character confirmed, by older writers of more experience than ourselves, we turned to the volume in question, and found as follows :—"A chameleon is a fraudulent, ravening, and gluttonous beast, impure, and unclean by the law of God, and forbidden to be eaten ; in his own nature wild, yet counterfeiting meeknesse when he is in the custody of man."—(P. 676.) It seems, however, that if his life is worse than worthless, he may be turned to essential service after death. "If a chameleon be sod in an earthen pot, and consumed till the water be as thick as oyl, then, after such seething, take the bones out, and put them in a place where the sun never cometh ; then, if ye see a man in the fit of the falling-sicknesse, turn him upon his belly, and anoint his back from the *os sacrum* to the ridge-bone, and it will presently deliver him from the fit ; but after seven times using, it will perfectly cure him."

The etymology of the term chameleon has occupied the attention of several "learned Thebans." The ancient Greek writers bestowed upon it the name of χαμαιλεων, which simply signifies low or humble lion ; and the meaning of the word is much more clear than the reason of its application ; for we know of no creature which less resembles any lion, either high or low. It may be that the crested or rugose character of the head, suggested to some one, in early times, an idea associated with the shaggy front of the king of the forest. Isidorus indeed prefers tracing it to two Greek substantives, χαμαι and λεων—camellion, as it were, by reason of "the curvature of the spine, the length of the legs, and the conical form of the tail." But this does not seem to simplify the subject, and the fact of the Latin writers naming it *chamæleo*, favors the former signification. However, its real character is sufficiently curious, independent of any nominal ambiguities.

The most noted peculiarity of this reptile is undoubtedly its change of color, and the exposition of this feature in its physiology has exercised both the ingenuity and the imagination of many observers. "The general or usual color in the chameleon," says Dr. Shaw, "so far as I have been able to ascertain, from my own observation of such as have been brought into this country in a living state, is from a bluish-ash color (its natural tinge) to a green and sometimes yellowish color, spotted unequally with red. If the animal be exposed to a full sunshine, the unilluminated side generally appears, within the space of some minutes, of a pale yellow, with large rounded patches or spots of red-brown. On reversing the situation of the animal, the same change takes place in an opposite direction, the side which was before in the shade now becoming either brown or ash color, while the other side becomes yellow and red ; but these changes are subject to much variety, both as to intensity of colors and disposition of spots."* MM. Dumeril and Bibron confirm this statement as to the variable position of the spots :—"Les taches régulières des flancs en particulier ne se produisent pas constamment sur les mêmes points de la peau, quoique les dessins se répètent assez souvent chez le même individu ; mais ils ne correspondent pas tout-à-fait à des endroits semblables, comme on s'en est assuré par des indications ou des repères laissés dans ce but sur la peau de l'animal."† Dr. Spittal never observed the change of color to depend in any degree upon the hue of the substance on or near which the animal was placed.‡ The usual colors of his specimens during the day were various shades of green, in the form of irregular spots and stripes. When seen by candle-light, the tint seemed of a yellower hue, spotted with brown, the spots becoming paler as the light was removed to a distance. Dr. Neill's specimen, kept near Edinburgh, was generally greenish during the day, and of a dingy cream-color in the night.

Although manifested in a stronger degree by chameleons than by any other known creatures, a change of color is by no means peculiar to this genus ; it being distinctly observable in several other Saurian groups, such as *Draco* and *Anolis*, as well as among frogs and toads, and even in many fishes. The change is gradual and transitionary, rather than marked or sudden. Authors of all ages have differed regarding its causes, whether remote or immediate. It has certainly

* *Mem. de l'Acad. des Sciences.* T. iii., p. 35.
† *Compte Rendu.* Nos. 10 et 14, p. 187, et 349.
‡ *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.* Vol. xv., p. 177.

* *General Zoology.* Vol. iii., p. 256.
† *Erpétologie Générale.* T. iii., p. 171.
‡ *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.* Vol. vi., p. 292.

nothing to do with the color of objects placed in juxtaposition, as Pliny maintains; nor with the reflection of the sun's rays, as Solinus supposes; but bears a more complex relationship to various circumstances—such as the intensity of light to which the individual is exposed, and the state of its feelings in respect to tranquillity or disquietude. The direct or more immediate cause, however, physiologically considered, seems to be the action of the lungs (which are large, dilatable, and prolonged) upon the circulating system; and the phenomenon itself is always most remarkable among those reptiles in which, the general cutaneous covering not adhering closely or uniformly to the muscular layer beneath, a large portion of air is distributed below the skin. There is therefore much truth in the view maintained by Aristotle, and some other ancient authors, that this change of color occurs only when the animal is in a state of inflation. "En effet," says Cuvier, "leur poumon les rend plus ou moins transparents, contraint plus ou moins le sang à refluer vers la peau, colore même ce fluide plus ou moins vivement, selon qu'il se remplit ou se vide d'air."* According to Mr. Houston, the skin is not only very thin, but highly vascular; and he thinks that the color of the blood appearing through that semi-transparent covering, and variously modified by its more permanent hues, is of itself sufficient to account for every diversity of tint which the chameleon can assume. He maintains the opinion that these effects are produced by vascular turgescence, "just as the increased redness in blushing is caused by a rush of blood to the cheeks."

Olaus Wormius ("*Museum*," 1655) seems to have been among the first to maintain that the alteration of color was regulated by internal feelings; and Kircher (1678) supports a corresponding theory of emotion and volition. The majority of modern authors, however, seek to explain the fact in question somewhat variously,—by the modifying action of a peculiar respiratory system,—by that action in union with the state of the pulmonary circulation,—or by the variable functions of the different layers of which the *pigmentum* is presumed to be composed. It may be that the very multiplicity of these explanations ought to be regarded as a proof that something is yet wanting to complete our knowledge of the subject. We agree, however, with Mr. Houston, that the proximate cause is closely connected with the circulating system.

In connexion with the preceding portion of our inquiries, we must briefly advert to the extraordinary construction of the organs of respiration in these animals. The lungs are double, symmetrically formed, and, when empty, present the appearance of two small fleshy masses beneath the heart; but, when filled with air, they become so inflated as to cover the whole intestines, and even exceed in size the ordinary dimensions of the entire cavity of the abdomen. The pulmonary cells in general are very large, but their mass is lobate, or divided on either side into seven or eight appendages, with pointed terminations. Of these slender portions, which are themselves excessively prolonged, some penetrate the numerous cells which as it were divide the abdomen into regular compartments, thus forming reservoirs of air; while others stretch between the muscles and beneath the skin, which is itself so free as to envelope the body rather in a loose sack than in the fixed form of a cutaneous covering. Thus the lungs in the chameleon may be regarded as proportionally larger and more prolonged than those of any other vertebrated animal. But besides this unexampled extension, a singular supplementary organ was long ago discovered by Vallisnieri. This is a loose membranous sack or vesicule, somewhat in the form of a goitre, which is placed in a cavity beneath the base of the hyoid bone, and is capable of being filled with air, or emptied at the creature's pleasure. It may be likened to the air-vessel of fishes, just as the glottis and trachea greatly resemble those of birds. It is in these remarkable peculiarities, according to MM. Dumeril and Bibron, that we ought to seek the explanation of several of the most singular circumstances in the life and actions of the chameleon,—such as its power of continuing for many hours in an inflated state, during which not the slightest respiratory movement is perceptible, the frequent changes in the form and bulk of body to which it is subject, as well as the rapid motion of the tongue, and even the superficial change of color.

Zoologists are by no means well instructed regarding the general habits of the chameleon in the natural state; at least, we are not ourselves aware that much additional knowledge has been gained regarding them since the days of Cestoni—an apothecary of Leghorn, who corresponded largely on these subjects with Vallisnieri, as we find in the works of the latter, published in 1696. The sexes do not habitually consort together, but seek each other's society only for a brief period. The female deposits about thirty eggs in a hole of a few inches deep, which she excavates in the earth with her hind-feet.* She then covers them with the loose earth, and an additional coating of slender twigs and leaves. The eggs are of a rounded form, and grayish white in color. Their shell is calcareous, and of a porous texture, which admits the influence of the atmospheric air during the development of the included young.

We shall terminate our account of the chameleon by a note in illustration of the geographical distribution of the genus.† There are no less than

* *Règne Animal.* T. ii., p. 59.

* "Servendosi," says the Italian author, "a questo lavoro delle sole zampe di dietro,'—an expression, strangely and most inaccurately, translated by the authors of the *Erpétologie Générale*,—"en se servant uniquement de la patte antérieure droite,"—as if the creature, instead of using both her hind-legs, had recourse merely to the right fore-paw.

† 1. *Chamæleo vulgaris* or *Africanus*. This is the earliest described, and best known species. It occurs all along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, from Egypt to the Straits, and is the only species found in Europe. It is not uncommon in the southern parts of Spain, but has not been observed in South Africa, nor in Senegal, or other western regions. The inaccurate Seba represents it under the euphonious name of *Chamæleo Mexicanus seu cuapapalcatl*. We need scarcely observe that none of the genus has ever been found in the New World. A peculiar variety, though not a distinct kind, occurs in India. 2. *C. verrucosus*. Madagascar. 3. *C. Tigris*. Seychelle Islands. 4. *C. nasutus*. This, the smallest of the species, occurs in Madagascar. 5. *C. pumilus*. Cape of Good Hope and Seychelle Islands. 6. *C. lateralis*. Madagascar and the Mauritius. 7. *C. Senegalensis*. From Senegal. This species is represented by Shaw under the name of common chameleon. His figure seems copied from a plate in Miller's *Cymelia Physica*. 8. *C. dilepis*. The distribution of this species must be very extensive, if, as is alleged, the specimens sent to Paris from Tiflis, are identical in kind with those captured by Mr. Bowdich on the coast of Guinea. 9. *C. cucullatus*. Madagascar. 10. *C. tricornis*. Island of Fernando Po. 11. *C. pardalis*; and 12. *C. Parsonii*.

fourteen different kinds. Africa may be said to be their characteristic country; as it appears from an analysis of the subjoined note, that naturalists know of none which is not found in some quarter of that continent, or in one or other of the great adjacent islands, although three of the species likewise occur elsewhere. Of those last alluded to as not being exclusively African, one is found in Spain and the East Indies, another in Georgia, and a third, in New Holland and other southern lands. The Spanish species is said by M. Bory de St. Vincent to be not uncommon around the Bay of Cadiz, and is sometimes seen in dwelling-houses, suspended from the ceiling, as an object of curiosity. These domestic specimens are often killed by cats, of which they seem a favorite food.*

We must now conclude the present article, although the multifarious groups of lizards, guanos, geckos, flying dragons, and many more besides, are still unnoticed. The history of serpents and *batrachian* reptiles must form the subject of a future essay. Few departments of zoology are of deeper interest, or more curious import, than that with which we have here been partially engaged; and there is none more likely to reward an assiduous cultivation of its fields, especially in foreign regions, by rendering an abundant harvest of discovery. Much is already known to naturalists, but far more remains to be ascertained, regarding the haunts and habits of many extraordinary creatures, of which we are as yet scarcely acquainted even with the external form. How many live in caves and dens of the earth, in lone savannas, and in wooded wildernesses, on which the eye of man has never rested! True it may be, as Solomon says, that of "making many books there is no end;" but the accurate observance of the works of nature is calculated to furnish an inexhaustible stock of materials for books, unhacknied in subject and unfading in interest; and which may be perused without that "weariness of the flesh" that made the wise man deprecate the too great multiplication of the instruments of study.

The work named at the head of this article, contains the most ample and precise description of the reptile race which have appeared in recent times, and will form, when completed, a series of volumes indispensable to the library of the naturalist.

Madagascar and the Isle of France. 13. *C. bifidus*. Of this species the geographical distribution is singularly extensive. It is said to occur in the Moluccas, the Isles of Sunda, Bourbon, Continental India, and New Holland. 13. *C. Brookesii*. Madagascar.

* A point of interest in the geographical distribution of the chameleon relates to its occurrence in Sicily. We were not aware of its being an inhabitant of that island; as the fact is not mentioned in any work which we have seen. But a German naturalist, of the name of Grohman, has recently published a *Nuova Descrizione del Cameleonte Siculano*, and we infer, from the title, that he, at least, believes it to inhabit the island. We have not yet received the work, and so cannot say whether the author states the fact from personal observation, or, merely inferentially, from collections transmitted to his care. If in the latter case, we conceive his specimens were probably from the coast of Algiers, and were accidentally intermingled with the insular products. We are confirmed in this view by the opinion of M. Bibron, who resided, for a length of time, in Sicily, exclusively with a view to the study of its reptile tribes, and would scarcely have allowed the most curious creature in Europe to escape his notice. "Nous avouons," he informs us, "ne l'y avoir pas trouvée, malgré les recherches que nous fimes dans ce pays pendant dix-huit mois, ni même avoir entendu dire qu'elle y existait par aucune des personnes auxquelles nous nous en sommes informés." We have, moreover, applied for information on the subject to another distinguished naturalist, a native of Geneva, now in this country, and his answer was as follows: "With respect to your inquiry, I should be inclined to believe that the chameleon is not found in Sicily, not only because I have never seen or heard of that reptile in the island, but because Dr. Otto, of Breslau, with whom I collected during many weeks at Messina, and who attended particularly to reptiles, never alluded to its being found in Sicily, although he put me in the way of finding many other genera of reptiles at Catania, Syracuse, Segeste, &c.; and I think that the very intelligent men I employed in collecting for me, would have mentioned so singular an animal. I have, besides, seen all the native naturalists of the country, and from none of them have I ever heard of the chameleon."

War.—In discussing the subject of the annexation of Texas, and of a war with Mexico as a possible contingency, we have heard more than once remarks like these: "What is Mexico? What chance would she have with us! A few bomb-shells thrown into Vera Cruz, or a blockade of her ports, would soon bring Santa Anna to his senses." If the policy of annexing Texas were grounded solely on the weakness of Mexico, it would be more than questionable. The right of might is the robber's warrant, and God forbid it should be ours. Such, however, is not the argument of those who seek to introduce Texas into the confederacy; they believe that it may be done in all honor and without war; and we trust this act of annexation will never occur under other than pacific conditions.

To a nation like ours, with inexhaustible natural resources which only require population to develop and apply them, in order to render our country the bazaar of half the world; with a soil exuberant in its fertility—millions upon millions of untilled acres, which only require the Midas touch of labor to yield a harvest of wealth; with a variety of climate furnishing the staples of all the commerce of the earth; with every inducement to conciliate; without the possibility of striking a hostile blow without wounding some one of our interests, what could compensate us for plunging into war! what but the most imperious necessity should induce us to hazard it!

Cold-blooded politicians of the old world have defended the policy of war, because the sword is a convenient pruning knife to lop off the surplusage of a densely populated nation. But we need more men to people our fruitful wilds, and cannot spare a single sacrifice to Moloch. Even the Sardonic policy of despotism which contemplated war as a means of depopulation, is out of fashion now, and the monarchs of Europe prefer transporting their pauper millions to this country—where there is plenty of room for them if they will only go into the wilderness—to making them food for powder at a much heavier cost.—*N. Y. True Sun.*

Advertisement for Tongues.—A certain "Y. Z." of Wandsworth, advertises in the *Times* for "an active young woman who can *speak French* and work well at her needle, as *Housemaid*, in a small family." A small touch of Chinese and Arabic would, of course, not be unobjectionable. We may next expect an advertisement for "a getter up of fine linen, who can use the Italian iron, and read Dante."—*Punch.*

Nothing Surprising.—We regret to hear that Louis Philippe suffered dreadfully, during the night he spent at Dover, from the night-mare. His medical attendants attributed it to apprehension of the visit from the corporation at day-break. —*Punch.*

From Hood's Magazine.

THE DEATH OF CLYTEMNESTRA:

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

[This attempt to render to the English reader one of the favorite and most striking subjects of the Greek dramatists, forms the fifth act of an unfinished tragedy begun many years ago, and originally intended for the stage. Reflection, however, convinced the author that the catastrophe was unsuited for representation before a modern audience.

In the earlier acts, which are in great measure borrowed from the Greek, Orestes (accompanied by his friend Pylades) visits Argos, as a stranger from the games of Elis; he finds the murderers of his father Agamemnon (Ægisthus and his mother Clytemnestra) upon the throne, and much alarmed by visions predicting his own appearance as the avenger of their crime. In an interview with his sister Electra, whom he encounters when rendering offerings to the tomb of Agamemnon, he relates his own fabulous death, the chariot race at the games, and produces the urn containing his supposed ashes. Moved by her grief, he afterwards discloses himself; enjoins and obtains her secrecy and acquiescence in his designs, so far as they relate to the crown of Argos; is admitted, with his tale, to Ægisthus and Clytemnestra, who are transported with guilty joy at the news of the death of Orestes, the only avenger they had cause to dread. While he is received in the palace, with all honors, Pylades seeks the surviving friends of Agamemnon headed by Creon; communicates the safety and return of Orestes; and proposes a rising in the city in favor of the rightful king. The duty of inflicting justice on Agamemnon's murderers devolves, however, personally on Orestes. He regards himself held to this act by religion and the fates. In the character and situation of Orestes the greater part of the dramatic passion employed must necessarily consist. He is supposed to have been trained, by the priesthood of the temple in which his childhood had found refuge, to habits of primæval purity, piety, and gentleness, as well as to passive and unquestioned obedience to all enjoined by his teachers.

Upon this tranquil and gentle state of mind the tale of his father's murder and his mother's guilt has been lately obtruded, on his attaining the age ripe for action. The intelligence of what he is, and what is expected from him by the Fates and Men, has, in fact, been his priestly ordeal. He is singled out from earth as the avenger. He must change his nature to fit himself to his work, and he does this through the earnestness of his convictions. Throughout the tragedy, Cassandra,—who is supposed not to have shared the doom of her lord, Agamemnon, but to be permitted to rove at large through the palace and its precincts, safe in her frenzy, and disregarded in her prophecies,—plays a considerable part.

Towards the end of the fourth act, Ægisthus tormented by his conscience, despite his belief in the death of Orestes, seeks the tomb of Agamemnon to offer sacrifice and expiatory prayer. He is there met and slain by Orestes. The second victim alone now remains. And it is the death of Clytemnestra which furnishes the action and catastrophe of the concluding scenes. It will be observed that the author has, in some passages, partially imitated or borrowed from the Greek dramatists,—much less so, however, than in the former acts; and had the tragedy not originally been designed for the stage, he would have been far more largely indebted to them, not only for the dialogue but the movement and conduct of the catastrophe. In the closet, we may write as for a Greek audience; for the stage, we must not forget that the past, and such a past, can only be *paraphrased* for the present.]

SCENE I.

The interior of the Tomb of AGAMEMNON,* *a vast pile (in the architecture of the Treasury of* MENELAUS;) *at the farther end an Altar, before which a curtain is drawn aside, showing in the recess* ORESTES *beside the body of* ÆGISTHUS. *Moonlight through the open doors.*

ORESTES.

My feet are glued. The silence, like a wall,
Girds me around; and the religious horror
Broods, like primæval night o'er sullen time.
Why dost thou grasp me with thy heavy hand,
Discrownéd clay! By all the gods, I swear
I thought the dead man pluck'd me by the robe.
I will not stir! Here death and I will sit
And dream the unnatural deed we dare not do.

Enter PYLADES.

PYLADES.

Why lingerest thou, Orestes! Night creeps on.
Arise; thy father from this solemn tomb
Demands the *second* victim.

ORESTES.

Art thou *living?*
Give me thy hand—it is a blessed thing
To feel thy pulse beat.

PYLADES.

Can this pious deed,
This reverent justice, shake thee thus! Shame!
—Shame!
Thy blow avenged a father.

ORESTES (*starting up.*)

Bravely spoken!
It did! it did! Away! The funeral rites
Are all fulfill'd!

PYLADES.

Not all. The Adulteress lives.

ORESTES.

There Horror breathes again! In every voice,
Yea, in the very jaws of the grim Silence,
My father speaks! Were it not for this heart,
Nature, methinks, were motherless.

Enter CASSANDRA (*with a lamp.*)

I scent
The smell of blood!
(*Approaching Orestes.*) Let me look on thee, stranger.
The fates have graved dark letters on thy brow:
Here is the sign of Murther!

ORESTES.

Dost thou hear her?

* Though the scene occasionally changes throughout the five acts of the entire drama, the tomb of Agamemnon is seen in every change.

PYLADES.

The absolving gods shall deem such murther holy!

[CASSANDRA, *after slowly examining the vault, approaches the body of* ÆGISTHUS.]

PYLADES.

Loiterest thou still? If the Adulteress wake
And learn the deed, thou wilt not find her heart
As weak as thine! Thy crown needs but one blow.
Even now our friends are circling through the city
The tidings of thy coming; and all Argos
Shall gather round to hail thee. Not a foe,
Were but the slayer slain. Awake, great son
Of the Atridæ—wake! Thy father's throne,
Safety, and empire, glory and revenge,
Our lives, thy sister's life, the heaven-born line
Of hero-kings to come, wait on thy sword.
Dost thou delay the blow?

CASSANDRA.

Ho! ho! it is not
Sleep, but his brother Death! Ægisthus dead!
How will the Adulteress clasp with joyless arms
The unloving clay,—how will she pray for vengeance!
But shall she find it!
(*Advances to Orestes.*) Art thou not Atrides?
Methinks thou hast his features, his broad brow,
His kingly aspect. Hast thou from the Shades
Come palely back, (for by thy glassy eye,
And thy white lips, I see the Shades have held thee,)
To do this deed! Hush, or yon she-wolf hear thee!
Speak not, poor ghost—creep stealthily—come on,
Behold thyself avenged! [*She leads him to the corpse.*]

PYLADES.

The Inspired One sees
Thy father in thy deed. Fulfil the omen,
And feel his unappeased and sleepless soul
Within thy breast!

ORESTES.

It shall be so. The eyes
Of that mad maid bring back his angry image.
Ye gods that rule in hell, from out my nature
Expel whatever of unholiest softness
Came from my mother's milk; and bid me see,
On earth, no parent but the dead!

[*Shouts faintly heard at a distance.* "*Orestes! The King Orestes! Perish the Usurpers!*"]

CASSANDRA.

The King Orestes—hark, the King Orestes!
Then is mine hour at hand. I have lived on,
To look upon the face of the Avenger,
And from th' abysses of the opening Hades
Atrides summons back his slave!
All hail,
Son of the King of Men! I know thee now!
Hail to thy native realm—ascend the throne,
Be great and blest!—all hail the King Orestes!
Ascend thy throne—thou stand'st on the last step,—
'T is but another corpse!

PYLADES.

She comes—the victim!
That shout hath scared her from her latest sleep;
She seeks Ægisthus in Atrides' tomb;
Prepare the steel! she comes.

ORESTES.

The Heavens be thanked,
I shall not slay her sleeping. Get ye gone;
No eye but that of the remorseless night,
And the majestic ghost that reigneth here,
Should look upon this meeting of the son
And mother.

PYLADES.

Be it so; and while thy hand
Strikes down this crowned treason, I will forth
And lead all Argos hither. In the tomb
Of thy great father, find thy throne.

[*Exit* PYLADES.]

(ORESTES, *advancing to close the curtain, perceives that* CASSANDRA *has seated herself beside the body of* ÆGISTHUS.)

ORESTES.

Dark maid,
Withdraw. Arise: why tarriest thou?

CASSANDRA.

To whisper
Into these ears, that ere the sullen soul
Reach the black shores of the Infernal River,
It shall not be companionless!—It hears me!

ORESTES.

So Madness watches Death! [*Draws the curtains.*]
Oh, that oblivion
Could thus from out the eyes of mine own soul
Shut slaughter striding on! Be blind, sweet gods;
And, for one hour at least, this dismal world
Yield to the reign of Atè!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*without.*)

Rouse ye, slaves!
Quick, hither bring the buckler and the sword,
And horror-shaken helm. And thou, Menalcas,
Shout from the rampart of the citadel,
That king Ægisthus, pitiless to foes,
Comes terrible with vengeance.
(*Entering.*) Husband, lord,
Ægisthus. Wherefore from our marriage-bed
Steal'st thou to these funereal ominous vaults,
Ægisthus, forth! No time for rites and prayers,
But deeds and arms. All Argos is astir.

[*Shouts,* "*Orestes! the King Orestes!*"]

Hark, hear'st thou not dead Agamemnon's tomb
Echo the name "Orestes."

[*Advancing towards the curtains.*]

ORESTES.

Pass not yet
The boundaries of the living.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Gods! the stranger!
Arm'd, and alone. What dost thou in these walls?
Why thy sword drawn? Why dost thou glare upon me
With those sad troubled eyes? Ho, forth, Ægisthus!

ORESTES.

He hears thee not: he has gone hence. But thou
Shalt join him soon.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Dark man, thy words are omens,
Which may the heavens avert! Out from my path.
Are mine own slaves turn'd traitors, that my guests
Should wear such looks, and live? What, ho!

ORESTES.

Be still.
Thou art a queen no more.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No more a queen!
Who reigns, then, in these walls? Who wields the sceptre?

ORESTES.

The shade of Agamemnon.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

My veins freeze.
The night—the sepulchre—this dread man's face,
Unutterably calm, but calm with clouds
In which black thunder sleeps! Once more I say,
Insolent one, what demon led thy steps
Across these floors?

ORESTES.

The demon men call *Death!*

CLYTEMNESTRA (*falteringly and retreating.*)

My slaves shall scourge thee hence!

ORESTES.

Thou shalt not stir:
Thy feet are in thy tomb. Nay, never think
To daunt me with thy frown. (Alas! thy lord
Found direr perils in thy smile!) Proud woman,
Listen and tremble, thou! Yon pale-eyed moon,
Whose name in hell is Hecate, that now calls
From bloody graves the ghosts of murdered men—
Yon spectre-sister of the sun, beheld,
On such a night as this, in yonder halls,
The lion-hearted Agamemnon fall
Beneath the adulterous blade. His dying eyes
Looked up to thine, and found no mercy there.
And yet he was thy lord. He loved thee well.
The tears of joy were wet upon his cheek;
The impatient welcome of the weary man,
After long storms anchored at home at last,
Glowed on his lips; and, at that very hour,
This hand—this queenly hand—this plighted hand,
Warm from his clasp, stamped with confiding kisses—
Smote him unarmed, defenceless, by that altar
Sacred to guilt itself—the household hearth!
Now, lift that hand to heaven, and pray the gods
That in the grave justice may sleep forever!
On earth she wakes, she holds thee in her grasp.
Hark: to her judgment, "*Life for life!*" Behold
The Deathsman of her choice! Prepare to die!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And who art thou, base stranger in the land,
That makest the wrongs of kings thine own? We owe
—We, offspring of the demi-gods, whose crowns
Circled the brows of the eternal Titans,
Whose footstool was the mountains, and whose arms
Shook to its base the adamantine throne
Of the imperial Jove,—*we* owe to none,
Save to our equals and the reverent fates,
Account of deeds the purple of our greatness
Veils from the timorous slander of the crowd.
Avaunt! I brave thee! I defy thy threats!
Thou canst not look upon mine eyes and strike.
Majesty needs no armor.—Slave, begone!
And thank disdain for life.

CASSANDRA (*within the curtain.*)

Ascend thy throne!
Mount *the last step.*—All hail, the King Orestes!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Whence, whence those baleful words! O Nemesis!
I who can look unquailing on the sword
Of this wild stranger, whom nought living daunts,
Do tremble, leaf-like, at a dead man's name.

CASSANDRA (*within.*)

She tarried not when Agamemnon laid
His head upon her breast. Woe, woe, thrice woe!
The son forgets the father!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ha, again!
There, where Ægisthus sought the altar—there,
His own voice mute—and those fierce accents——

CASSANDRA (*within.*)

——Shaped
By the avenging gods.

CLYTEMNESTRA (*seeking to escape the grasp of* ORESTES.)

Away!

ORESTES.

Before
Thy footsteps pass the boundary, look upon me.
Is there no witness of ancestral blood
Writ in these features? While thou gazest, think
The dead are come to life.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I have his ashes.*
Thou saidst—*thou* saidst that he had died in Elis.
Say it again—again; and for thy speech
Buy pardon for all deeds thy hand can do.

ORESTES.

O Mercy! thou that overshadowest Jove
With thy dew-dropping wings, hear this foul mother;
And let the breath of those unnatural words
Steam like a cloud betwixt thee and the earth!
He, for whose death thy lips have blessed the gods,
Took life from thee—thy firstborn: his the voice
That did unlock the hidden melodies
That dwell in the name of mother! his the arms
That clinging round thee made the daily air
Fragrant with blossoms, in whose earliest kiss
All summer seemed to breathe: he was the link
Between thee and the young and innocent past,
When yet the only temple for thy love
Was in thy husband's breast. And thou canst thank
The gods, who saw thee shedding o'er his sleep
Such happy tears; thou, with dry eyes, canst thank
The gods but for a word—a breath—a lie,
That says "thou hast no son"——

CLYEMNESTRA (*who has been visibly, but proudly, struggling with emotion.*)

—— Because no foe!
Thrice have those prophets that do speak in dreams
Bid me beware Orestes; thrice, methought,
In that gray hour when from the stream of sleep
Oracular and and ominous phantoms rise,
A giant serpent clasped me in its coils,
And hissed into my ear, "Behold Orestes!"

* Viz., the urn containing the supposed ashes of Orestes.

ORESTES.

Thy dreams have come from Jove. Behold Orestes!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

It is—it is! The father lives again!
The dead have risen! Well, I quail not yet!
Strike!——

CASSANDRA (*within.*)

Blood—more blood!

ORESTES.

And art thou then prepared?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am. If I must die no common hand
Shall from the violated shrine of life
Expel the soul that Clytemnestra took
From sires that trod the heavens—I *am* prepared.
Son of Atrides strike. I bare the bosom
On which thy head hath nestled, from whose fountain
Thy lips drew rosy life.

ORESTES.

O gods! support me!
One moment more: but say that thou repentest;
But say that thou wert passive in his death,
A husband's death: say that thy hand at least
Was not so guilty as thy wishes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Never!
What I have done was crime, but of such grandeur
As doth become a crown. I slew thy father;
But for that love which is itself a glory,
And for a sceptre which no power but death's
Shall ravish from my hand.
[*He lifts his sword.* (*She looks at him steadfastly, and adds*)
Now strike!—*My Son!*
[*He drops it again.*]
[*Shouts without, near and loud; alternate cries of "This for Ægisthus!"—"Vengeance and Orestes!"—"Down with the tyrant!"—"Argos and the Queen!"*]

Enter PYLADES.

PYLADES.

Haste, haste, Orestes! While before the gates
The usurper's hirelings from the citadel
Are mustering strong, we have made good our entrance
By the unguarded postern. Here, within
Thy father's tomb, the veteran iron men
He led, shall crown the son. Complete *thy* work;
And bid me stay all treason by the cry
That Crime herself is dead.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Save me, Orestes,
From the polluting gripe of meaner hands.
I kneel, but not for mercy. Spare the life
Of him—Ægisthus! and my dying eyes
Shall look upon thee with a passionate pardon.
For I, who fear'd thee, fear'd thee for *his* sake.
But, gazing on thee now, sweet memories rise
From the pale fountain of the past; and—oh!
I am again thy mother!

ORESTES.

Mighty nature,
Thy voice alone stirs through the solemn space.
Justice is dumb. My mother! oh, my mother!
[*Lifts and clasps her to his heart, then starting away.*]
What have I done! Betray'd, betray'd my father;
Clasp'd to my heart his foe, and with weak tears
Wept on the breast of murder. Speak not!
Hence!
Haste to the temples. Summon priest and seer,
Perform lustrations, bend before the gods,
Go—go—repent—and live——

CASSANDRA (*suddenly drawing aside the curtains.*)

To mourn Ægisthus!
Lo, the wolf mangled in the self-same lair
In which the lion fell.

[CLYTEMNESTRA *pauses, looks on* ORESTES, *and rushes with a shriek to the body of* ÆGISTHUS.]

PYLADES.

Think'st thou that tears
Wash out a father's blood?

ORESTES.

Thou, too! fie, fie!

CASSANDRA.

Ha! ha! doom'd recreant! Hast thou then escaped
The meshes of the inexorable fate?
No! while I speak, the vision rushes o'er me.
I see the blood—the corpse—the avenging Furies!
All hail! ascend thy throne! All hail, Orestes,
Sovereign of Argos, Deathsman of thy mother!

ORESTES.

Silence, wild bird of hell!

Enter Soldiers *of* ÆGISTHUS.

SOLDIERS.

The queen—the queen!

[CLYTEMNESTRA *turns her face to them.*]

FIRST SOLDIER.

Pardon, my royal mistress. From the gates
The crowd are beaten back: we only need
Thee and Ægisthus.

PYLADES.

What! Are ye Greeks? Look round! What walls are these?
Whose tomb? Behold Orestes! the lost son
Of him whose captains were the kings of Greece!
Greeks! Dare you strike Orestes!

FIRST SOLDIER.

If it be so——

PYLADES.

If—if. Go, ask yon thing that *was* a Queen.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

That *was*—that *is* a Queen! [*again sinking.*]
Adored Ægisthus,
Thou for whose sake these hands were steeped in blood—
Thou—whom our very crime had placed aloof
From all the world—the only living eyes
That did not loathe the Adulteress—they have slain thee,
And offer life to *me!* (*kisses his hands.*)

[*Shouts without. "Death to all tyrants! This way—this way—Orestes—Victory!"*]

FIRST SOLDIER.

Hark!
Stand firm—the Foe!——

Enter CREON *and the party of* ORESTES.

ORESTES.

All hail, the King Orestes!

CASSANDRA.

Tarry yet—
The last step is not mounted!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Who dares mock
Argos with phantom sovereigns while the earth
Holds Clytemnestra! Seize on the impostor:
Down with yon rebels! What—what—all turn'd dastards!

[*Snatches a sword from one of her soldiers.*]

Then learn from women, thus—how thrones are saved
Even when subjects fail.

HER SOLDIERS.

The Queen and Argos!

ORESTES.

Forbear! Pour not one drop of innocent blood
Upon a sword too gentle to the guilty.
Forbear!

HER SOLDIERS.

Die, traitor!

ORESTES.

Nay then, on!—at least,
Ye did not give me birth. Brave Pylades,
I am a man once more! Lo, in the sight
Of heaven and earth, and in my father's tomb,
I claim the crown of Argos!

[*As* ORESTES *fronts his opponents,* CLYTEMNESTRA *suddenly throws herself on the point of his sword, and falls.*]

CASSANDRA.

The last step
Is past! Ascend thy throne, Orestes,
Sovereign of Argos, Deathsman of thy mother!

ORESTES.

It was not *my* act—gods—I did not slay her!
It was not I!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*waiving him away.*)

Back, back, pale parricide,
Didst thou not slay Ægisthus? In that stroke
Thy mother died. I could have pardon'd thee
My death—not *his*. From out thy whole array
I singled *thy* blade—that my parting breath
Might win the right of curses! Raise me—oh!
Oh, for one moment more! Ye solemn Sisters,
Daughters of night, and the primæval Hell,
On ye, I call—hear me, avenging furies!
Even in his hour of triumph, while the gore
Warm from this wound yet reeks upon his steel,
Arise—surround—pursue the murderer-son!
Let not the world know refuge for his feet:
People the day with spectres—in the night
Bid Horror, with a dumb and icy stillness,
Reign on the throne of Sleep! On earth—in heaven—
Throughout all nature—let him but behold
Your ever-haunting and relentless eyes—
Hear me, Eumenides! [*Thunder from below.*]
Hark! hark! the prayer
Hath pierced the shades! We are avenged,
Ægisthus! [*Dies.*]

PYLADES.

So fled the fellest soul that ever blent
The Titan's grandeur with the woman's guilt.
My friend, Orestes, ho!—look up, be cheer'd,
Let not the idle air of those wild words
Freeze up thy blood.

ORESTES.

Blood—blood—who speaks of blood!

PYLADES.

Thou didst not slay her!

ORESTES.

Listen, Gods and men,
I did not slay her!

1st SOLDIER *of the Queen's party.*

It is true. She fell
By her own act upon thy guiltless blade.
We served her well in life—we mourn her dead—
But hail in thee the heir of Agamemnon,
And thus we proffer homage! (*Lay down their swords.*)

[ORESTES *sinks into a chair; the chiefs and soldiers gather round him in obeisance. And* CASSANDRA, *taking from behind the curtain the crown of* ÆGISTHUS, *places it on his head.*]

CASSANDRA.

All is done!
The fates, whose minister I am, fulfill'd!
Now, as some blast that from the Inspiring Cave,
Vocal with oracles, sweeps, baleful, o'er
The upper earth, hurrying, men know not whither;
I pass for evermore from mortal eyes,
To seek Atrides in the Shades, and say
I placed the crown upon thy brows, Orestes,
Sovereign of Argos, Deathsman of thy mother!

[*Exit Cassandra.*]

Enter ELECTRA.

What do I see!—dead—dead—O bleeding clay!
All thy pride come to this! Alas, Orestes!
Thou didst not do this deed!

ORESTES.

Upbraid me not!
Come near me,—here!—kiss me, sweet sister. Ah,
How holy seems thy breath!—I did not slay her.

ELECTRA.

Now bless thee for those words.

ORESTES.

And yet there 's blood
Upon that steel—blood in the earth—air—blood!
Ah, clasp thy arms around me. So—my heart
Feels thine, and in its calm and tender beating
Hears the gods whisper comfort.

ELECTRA.

Back, kind friends.
Give him more air. How is it with thee?

ORESTES.

Sister,
Hold—look on me. I think thou *art* my sister!
We have no kindred left us. Bear with me.
If I am mad—for I have seen such sights
In one short hour——But we 'll not talk of them!
If I am mad, let me not fright thee, sister—
Be with me—wipe the anguish from my brow,
And when all else desert me, by my side

Stand undismay'd! These *men*, I know, do love me;
But there are times when love itself looks harsh,
Save in the eyes of her the gods call "Pity;"
But I do think on earth the name is "Woman!"

[*Solemn music from below.*]

ORESTES.

Hark, from below—around—more near!—the air
Grows cold and ghastly with the obscene presence
Of things that are not earth's. They come, they come!

[*A mist rises, gradually spreading over the back of the stage, and separating* ORESTES *and* ELECTRA *from the rest. Through the mist, as it settles, the forms of the* Furies, *gigantic and indistinct.*]

Ha! where they rise—their fell lips dropping gore,
And o'er the stillness of each marble brow,
The hell-born serpents with their thousand eyes—
O spare me, spare me! [ELECTRA *takes his hand.*]
Ah, I feel their grasp!
It—No! This hand has warmth—Heaven bless thee, sister!
There—there—what seest thou there?

ELECTRA.

Only the mists
Of the grey dawn: be soothed.

ORESTES.

She sees them not!
In all that live, their presence blasts alone
The murderer-son.

ELECTRA.

Alas! alas!

ORESTES.

Away!
Over the earth, away! The spectre-hounds
Do track and chase me by the scent of blood.
Loosen thy grasp, Electra! Thou art spared:
Leave the accursed man!

ELECTRA.

Where'er thou goest
By night, by day—thro' storm and shine—in ill,
As in the good which shall be, I am with thee.

ORESTES.

Can love in horror live?

ELECTRA.

Love—lives forever!

THE POLITICIANS OF PASSION.

THE inconsistency of political men, who, beginning with vehement protestations of universal philanthropy, have ended with glaring acts of cruelty, has often been commented on. Robespierre throwing up his judicial office rather than sign a death-warrant, has been eloquently contrasted with Robespierre sending victims to the guillotine by the score. It has been asked, how a man's nature could be so entirely changed? Perhaps, after all, no great alteration takes place. The men who undergo this seeming change, are those in whom the emotions are more powerful than either the reason or the imagination. Politicians in whom the reasoning faculty predominates, are guided by views of expediency, and calculate the means of success. They make allowance for the exaggerations of sympathy, and check the vehement impulse of passion. If they are little addicted to the melting mood, they are saved by prudential reflections from cruelties that awaken enmity and opposition. Imaginative politicians have a discursiveness of mind which prevents one idea from gaining the mastery over them; and a power of placing themselves in the situation of others and viewing their own actions with the eyes of third parties. They are saved from the mawkish iteration of sentimental protestations, by, it may be, mere instability of purpose; they are saved from excesses of cruelty by their power of assuming, for a time, the views and feelings of their antagonists. But the man in whom emotion preponderates, sees things only from his own point of view, and is incapable of estimating the consequences of his actions. Passion, whether fondling or hurting, is essentially selfish. Kissing a bride and killing an enemy, are alike acts of self-gratification. Othello is perfectly consistent cherishing the Desdemona who he believes loves him, and killing the Desdemona whom he believes faithless. He is flattered by her love, and irritated by her (supposed) falsehood: her person, her feelings, everything connected with her, extraneous to his gratification, are disregarded by his relentless egotism. The man Othello, is the type of the passionate politician. He cares for the wretched only in so far as they excite in him a pleasurable emotion—afford him an excuse for self-admiration. His hatred of oppressors is in truth the pleasure he takes in an emotion which urges him on to struggle and conquer. His sympathies and antipathies are alike selfish; whether lamenting over, or inflicting injuries, he is consistent. The importance of these truths is not limited to the aid they lend us in unriddling the character of a Robespierre. As there are more men, so there are more politicians, in whom the emotional, the animal part of our nature, is strongly developed, than politicians in whom intellect or imagination predominates. Wherever there is a popular power, there is a constant risk of the politicians of passion being stimulated to a dangerous activity. The transition from exaggerated sympathy to acts of cruelty, is swift and insensible; or rather, it is no transition at all. This is the secret of the mischievous influence of the Oastlers, O'Connors, and Stephenses; this is the magic that transforms missionaries of peace into clamorers for war; this it is that leads the antagonist of the new poor-law to speak lightly of incendiarism. Speeches are daily made at public meetings, which ought to remind us that the nature of man is unchanged and unchangeable, that discussions of the sufferings of the poor are precisely those to which emotional politicians imagine themselves most competent, and that untoward events would be sure to find, at any time, a large stock of ready-made Robespierres on hand—decent, God-fearing men, who, if told what they may one day become, would exclaim with the Syrian, "Is thy servant a dog, to do this thing?"

INDUSTRY OF BEES.—The postmaster at Evanton had three hives in his garden this season. Each hive cast twice, and produced 275lbs. of virgin honey. One of the casts weighed 68lbs. of honey, and sold for 10d. per lb., realizing 2*l*.16*s*. 8*d*. giving a daily income to the owner of 9d. per day for 75 days, being the exact number of days from the time it cast until taken down.—*Ross-shire Adv.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WESTMINSTER-HALL AND THE WORKS OF ART,

(*On a Free-Admission Day.*)

BY B. SIMMONS.

I.

By slow degrees, like rain-fraught breeze rising in time of dearth,
Whispers of wisdom, far and wide, are muttering over the earth;
And lo! rough Reason's breath, that wafts strong human health to all,
Has blown aside the gates where Pride dozed in her feudal hall.

II.

Stout carter, drop that loutish look, nor hesitate before—
Eyeing thy frock and clouted shoes—yon dark enormous door;
'Tis ten to one thy trampled sires their ravaged granges gave
To spread the wood from whence was hewed that oaken architrave.*

III.

Take now *thy* turn. We 'll on and in, nor need the pealing tromp
(Once wont the lordlings thronging here to usher to the pomp)
To kindle our dull phantasies for yon triumphal show
That lights the roof so high aloof with the whiteness of its glow.

IV.

Red William, couldst thou heave aside the marble of the tomb,
And look abroad from Winchester's song-consecrated gloom,†
A keener smart than Tyrrel's dart would pierce thy soul to see
In thy vast courts the Vileinage and peasants treading free.

V.

Oh, righteous retribution! Ye shades of those who here
Stood up in bonds before the slaves of sceptred fraud and fear!
Unswerving Somers!—More!—even thou, dark Somerset,‡ who fell
In pride of place condignly, yet who loved the Commons well—

VI.

And ye who with undaunted hearts, immortal mitred few!
For truth's dear sake, the tyrant foiled to whom ye still were true—§
Rejoice! Who knows what scattered thoughts of yours were buried seeds,
Slow-springing for the oppressed and poor, and ripened now to deeds!

VII.

Ha, ha! 't would make a death's-head laugh to see how the cross-bones—
The black judicial formula devised by bloody thrones—
The axe's edge *this* way, now *that*, borne before murdered men,
Who died for aiding their true liege on mountain and in glen,*

VIII.

Are swept like pois'nous spiders' webs forever from the scene,
Where in their place come crowding now the mighty and the mean;
The peer walks by the peasant's side,† to see if grace and art
Can touch a bosom clad in frieze, can brighten Labor's heart.

IX.

O! ye who doubt presumptuously that feeling, taste, are given
To all for culture, free as flowers, by an impartial heaven,
Look through this quiet rabble here—doth it not shame to-day
More polished mobs to whom we owe our annual squeeze in May!

X.

Mark that poor maiden, to her sire interpreting the tale
There pictured of the loved and left,‡ until her cheek grows pale:—
Yon crippled dwarf that sculptured youth§ eyeing with glances dim,
Wondering will he, in higher worlds, be tall and straight like him;—

XI.

How well they group with yonder pale but fire-eyed artisan,
Who just has stopped to bid his boys those noble features scan
That sadden us for Wilkie! See! he tells them now the story
Of that once humble lad, and how he won his marble glory.

XII.

Not all alone thou weep'st in stone, poor lady, o'er thy chief,‖
That huge-limbed porter, spell-struck there, stands sharer in thy grief.
Pert cynic, scorn not his amaze; all savage as he seems,
What graceful shapes henceforward may whiten his heart in dreams!

XIII.

A long adieu, dark years! to you, of war on field and flood,
Battle afar, and mimic war at home to train our blood—

* Westminster-Hall, first reared by Rufus, was entirely rebuilt by Richard II.

† Winchester, many years the residence of Joseph Warton, is so much associated with the recollections and noble poetry of his younger brother, as to warrant the expression in the text.

‡ The Protector-Duke, beheaded on Tower-Hill in the reign of his nephew, Edward VI.—"His attention to the poor during his protectorship, and his opposition to the system of enclosures, had created him many friends among the lower classes, who hastened to witness his end, and yet flattered themselves with the hope of his reprieve."—Lingard.

§ The trial of the seven bishops took place in the hall. Five out of their number—worthy of note upon every occasion—(the Archbishop, the Bishops of Ely, Bath and Wells, Chichester, and Petersborough,) refused the oaths to King William, and were deprived accordingly.

* The unfortunate Scottish lords were tried here 1745-6, as Horace Walpole abundantly testifies.

† More than one noble family, very creditably, have visited the works of art on free-admission days.

‡ Maclise's fresco of *The Knight.*

§ *Youth at a stream*, by J. H. Foley.

‖ Lough's *Mourners*, a group in marble.

The ruffian ring—the goaded bull—the lottery's gates of sin—
The *all* to nurse the outward brute, and starve the soul within!

XIV.

Here lives and breathes around us proof that those all-evil times
Are fled with their decrepit thoughts, their slaughter, and their crimes;
Long stood THIS HALL the type of all could MAN'S grim bonds increase—
Henceforth be it his vestibule to hope, and light, and peace!

August, 1844.

A SAGACIOUS DOG.—A dog of a mongrel breed, who is well known about Castle-street, Aberdeen, by the name of the Doctor, has been for some time past in the habit of begging half-pennies from all and sundry with whom he could claim the slightest acquaintance. The Doctor, however, does not foolishly throw away the money given to him, but spends it in the most judicious manner. The shop which he first patronized with his custom, was that of a baker, who only gave him a bap or a biscuit for his bawbee; but he has now changed his place of business, not on account of any difference in political or religious feeling, but simply because, in mercantile phraseology, he "can do better." The Doctor, who has become somewhat Epicurean in his eating, now frequents a cook-shop, kept by a black man in Exchequer-row, who gives him good value for his money—one day, perhaps, a bit of potted head; another, a slice of cold meat, or something dainty. Last week this animal struck up an acquaintance with several gentlemen who take their stand at the Athenæum door, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning. While this acquaintanceship is amusing to the one party, who are glad to see that their charity is not thrown away or improperly spent, it is very profitable to the other. From the Doctor's punctual habits of attendance, we have no doubt he will soon get into favor with the major part of the Athenæum. We may also state, as a trait in his character, that when not hungry, he has been known to give to the children, who are favorites with him, the half-pennies given to himself. In the course of one afternoon, he gave a little girl two-pence which he obtained in small coin.—*Aberdeen Journal.*

From "Landscape Lyrics."

AUTUMN.

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON.

THE orchard's plenteous store,
The apple-boughs o'erburdened with their load,
That passers-by may gather from the road,
Hang now the near walls o'er:

And filberts, bursting fair,
Seduce the loiterer to reach the hand,
And pluck the offered treasures of the land,
With wood-nuts that are there.

The still hill-sides are clad
With bloom; the distant moorland now is bright
With blossom and with beauty; the rich sight
The heart of man makes glad.

The hamlet is at peace;
And, in the ripened fields, the reapers ply
Their useful labor; while a golden sky
Smiles on the soil's increase.

To the romantic spring,
That gushes lone beneath the neighboring hill,
The cottage maidens go their jars to fill,
While carols rude they sing.

Sweet is the cuckoo's song
In early spring, and musical and blessed
The nightingale—young Summer's lutenist—
Pours its gay notes along;

And in the thunder's roar,
In autumn, when the sudden lightnings flash,
Sweet sings the missel-thrush amid the crash,
The bursting tempest o'er!*

As solitary tree,
That, pilgrim-like, scathless, amid the shock
Of rudest storms that burst the sterner rock,
Stands in its grandeur free.

But sweeter than them all,
And softer than the voice of love returned,
Are the untutored lays of lips sunburned,
From village maids that fall!

To school-boys' feelings dear
Is rich-toned autumn. Oh! with what a zest
They plunge in stream retired, despoil a nest,
Or ramble far and near.

How oft, when changeful Time
Has sprinkled o'er our locks its silver threads,
Remembrance brings to mind, and gladness sheds,
The pastimes of our prime!

The lowing of the kine,
In distant meadow-glades, comes on the ear,
With taste of nature fresh, like far-off cheer
Of rustics, as they join

The merry dance at eve;
Each rural sound has in it joy and health:
Man now should garner thought as well as wealth,
And gladly truth receive.

The calm and picturesque;
The foliaged cedar, and the wreathed beech,
More glowing thoughts and impulses can teach
Than Learning from his desk!

*The singing of the missel-thrush during a thunder-storm has always appeared to me a beautiful incident in nature. The louder the thunder roars, the shriller and sweeter becomes its voice. This interesting little bird is popularly known by the name of storm-cock, because he is supposed to sing boldest immediately previous to a storm; but that he also sends forth his "native wood-notes wild" during its continuance, is a fact which has been satisfactorily ascertained. Undismayed by the tempest's fury, or rather rejoicing in its violence, the small but spirited songster warbles on unceasingly, as if desirous of emulating the loudness of the thunder-tone, or of making his song be heard above the noise of the raging elements.

From the New York True Sun.

THOMAS CARLYLE.—Our contemporary, the Evening Mirror, a few evenings since contained, in our judgment, a very excellent critique on the tendency of the writings of the famous Carlyle. The tone, character and conclusions of the article, were in our judgment exceedingly correct. How much good could be effected by the press, if its honest convictions, its sense of the true and the just, its devotion to sound principles, were always expressed.

In relation to Mr. Carlyle's writings, there has been an enthusiasm among a class of readers which to us has been quite unaccountable. For our own part, we do not see any great merit in writing English with such a German inversion and such a dislocation of the usual grammatical forms, that it becomes a painful exercise to follow the writer through his "black forest" of ideas. We think the very mannerism which Mr. Carlyle has derived from his devotion to German literature, is one proof of his real want of originality.—Yet, he is everywhere accounted by his followers to possess it in a high degree.

We believe this writer was born at Ecclefeshan, in Dumfrieshire, Scotland, of respectable parents. They were in a humble condition of life, but possessed character, superior perhaps to their received position.

The son was intended for the church, and for a time pursued his studies with that object. Just as he was prepared to enter upon the duties of the ministry he stopped short, and devoted himself to literature. While on his way, however, to the eminence of letters, he stopped a while to teach a school. All over the world, this seems the unavoidable necessity of poor scholars.

He soon became known by his works and translations. The life of Schiller, Sartor Resartus, the French Revolution in three volumes, Chartism, Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, a series of lectures on hero worship, and the past and the present, have proceeded successively from his pen.

His admirers say, that to his influence we are greatly indebted for our knowledge of the modern German writers. "Goethe is the special object of his admiration." His philosophy is, however, admitted to be too much after the pantheistic system, "too painful and unreal to be of general practical utility, or to serve as a refuge from the actual cares and storms of life."

In style, says a distinguished critic, "he has no chaste simplicity, no linked sweetness long drawn out, no polished uniformity; all is angular, objective and unidiomatic." The style on the whole is "vicious and affected."

We give a specimen of one of his most admired articles:—

"Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmerian night, on heaven's mission appears. What force and fire is in each he expends, one grinding in the mill of industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife in war with his fellow, and then the heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus like some wild flaming, wild thundering train of heaven's artillery does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long drawn quick succeeding grandeur through the unknown deep. Thus like a God created fire breathing spirit host, we emerge from the inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, and plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant, some footstep of us is stamped in; the *last rear* of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O heaven! Whither? Sense knows not, faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery—from God and to God."

To our views this is all sublimated nonsense. It is a spectral thought of shadow, darkness. It is precisely what some musing heathen might have uttered two thousand years ago, and uttering, fallen on his sword.

These are not the sober reflections of practical benevolence, the reformed intelligences of a Christian era. We are surely not in all this darkness and doubt. There are simple recorded truths worth a million of these wild theories and fanciful reveries.

We were originally placed on this earth to be its innocent and happy citizens. The freedom of the human will was exercised ungratefully, and by the act of its indulgence placed us in enmity to the Creator of the Universe. To gain his now proffered favor, we must do justly, love mercy and walk humbly, guided "by his precepts pure." Do we cry in doubt with Carlyle, "O heaven, whither!" Not they who have learned the way, the truth and the life.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A GRATEFUL MAN AND LORD BRAXFIELD.

Edinburgh, 25th October, 1844.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I did not read Mr. Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," and therefore it was only lately, and by mere accident, I heard that he has inserted an anecdote of Lord Braxfield, which, if it had been true, must forever load his memory with indelible infamy. The story, in substance, I understand to be this—That Lord Braxfield once tried a man for forgery at the circuit at *Dumfries*, who was not merely an acquaintance, but an intimate friend of his lordship, with whom he used to play at chess: that he did this as coolly as if he had been a perfect stranger: that the man was found guilty: that he pronounced sentence of death upon him; and then added, "Now, John, I think I have *checkmated* you now." A more unfeeling and brutal conduct it is hardly possible to imagine. The moment I heard the story I contradicted it; as, from my personal knowledge of Lord Braxfield, I was certain that it could not be true. Lord Braxfield certainly was not a polished man in his manners; and now-a-days especially would be thought a coarse man. But he was a kind-hearted man, and a warm and steady friend—intimately acquainted with all my family, and much esteemed by them all. I was under great obligations to him for the countenance he showed me when I came to the bar, just sixty years ago, and therefore I was resolved to probe the matter to the bottom. For that purpose, I directed the record of the South circuit to be carefully searched, and the

result is, that Lord Braxfield *never tried any man for forgery at Dumfries*. But I was not satisfied with this, as it might have been said that Sir Walter had only mistaken the town, and that the thing might have happened at some of the other circuit towns. Therefore I then directed a search to be made of the records of all the other circuits in Scotland, during the whole time that Lord Braxfield sat on the justiciary bench; and the result is, that his lordship never tried any man for forgery at any of the circuits, *except once at Sterling;* and then the culprit, instead of being a friend, or even a common acquaintance of Lord Braxfield's, *was a miserable shopkeeper in the town of Falkirk*, whose very name it is hardly possible he could have heard till he read it in the indictment. Therefore I think I have effectually cleared his character from the ineffable infamy of such brutality.

I understood that Mr. Lockhart became completely satisfied that this story did not apply to Lord Braxfield; and therefore has set it down, in his second edition, to the credit, or rather to the discredit, not of Lord Braxfield, but of a "*certain judge.*" But this does not sufficiently clear Lord Braxfield of it. Because thousands may never see his second edition, or if they did, might think that the story still related to Lord Braxfield, but that Mr. Lockhart had suppressed his name out of delicacy to his family; and therefore, as your excellent Magazine has a more extensive circulation in Scotland than the *Quarterly*, I beg of you to give this letter an early place. I understand one circumstance which satisfied Mr. Lockhart that the story did not apply to Lord Braxfield is, that the family had assured him that he never played at chess—a fact of which I could also have assured Mr. Lockhart. But the search of the records of justiciary, which I directed to be made, is the most satisfactory refutation of the infamous calumny; and I cannot imagine how Sir Walter could have believed it for a moment. Certainly he would not, if he had known Lord Braxfield as intimately as I did. I owe a debt of gratitude to his memory, and am happy to have an opportunity of repaying it.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
C. Hope.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SONNET TO CLARKSON.

Patriot for England's conscience! Champion keen
Of man's one holy birthright! dear grey head,
Laur-ll'd with blessings!—hath my country bred
Lips, to her shame, in unregenerate spleen
Profaning heaven's own air with words unclean
Against thy sacred name?—Th' august pure dead
In calm of glory sleep:—like them serene,
In virtue firmlier mail'd than they with dust,
Wait, Clarkson, on our sorrow-trodden sphere,
Until her climes waft promise to thine ear,
How each thy proud renown will have in trust:
Then call'd, at the life-judging Throne appear
On the right hand, avouched loving and just.

From the Athenæum.

Oriental Letters—[*Orientalische Briefe, &c.*] By Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn. 3 vols. Berlin, Duncker; London, Nutt.

The rage for travelling must have its period, though the Bostonian sage, Emerson, says it is not the healthiest symptom of our times. We must become quite familiarized with such phenomena as English, French, and even German ladies strolling beside the pyramids, at Delhi, or at the great wall of China, making yacht-voyages to Texas, or, like the stout-hearted Mrs. Postans, creeping through mephitic passages to see embalmed crocodiles. When this locomotive excitement is exhausted, a new interest will be sought and found. Men and women of talent will locate themselves, choose their parishes, and devote to the welfare of the poor around them the interest now dissipated in world-wanderings. A practical parochial system in literature and philanthropy will take the place of itinerant cosmopolitism. The travels and reflections of a quondam Irish absentee upon his own estate will then, perhaps, make a very interesting book. But we are not complaining of books of travels. They are the pleasantest books that come to our hands, now-a-days. There is a time for all things, and the age of travelling has not yet reached its acme. So we accept with pleasure, the contributions of the Countess Hahn-Hahn to our library of travel. Her letters are written in a very lively and agreeable style, though perhaps, with a *little* too much egotism. She makes light of the troubles and dangers of her journeys, throws aside all the solemn notions of the fifteenth century about perils by land and water, and talks like an audacious nineteenth century traveller. Indeed, her spirit and hardihood sometimes amount to manliness, and as to Bedouins and other Oriental bugbears, she holds the creed of the Frenchman concerning tigers in India,—"Je ne crois pas aux tigres, car je n'en ai pas vu." Thus she tells us in her introductory letter,—

I cannot tell you how far below my expectations have been the difficulties, dangers, and troubles of my journey. I cannot help laughing when my friends receive me as one arisen from the grave, ask me sympathizingly of perils which I have never encountered, and admire the courage which I have had no opportunity of showing. Neither misfortunes nor loss of health have accompanied my journey, only such trivial vexations and inconveniences as lazy attendants, vermin, and camel-riding over the desert; but inconveniences are to be found everywhere. I have never suffered a moment's alarm, nor once exclaimed—"Oh, that I had never undertaken it!" I had only one difficulty, and that was to form a resolution for the journey. Good health is the chief requirement for such an excursion, and, next to that, the choice of a suitable season: October and November for Syria, and the winter months for Egypt. I must say, that those who seek only for a superficial amusement in travelling should not go to the East.

The route chosen by the countess was from Vienna to Pesth, and down the Danube; from Constantinople to Smyrna, thence to Beyrout, over Lebanon to Balbec, and over Anti-Lebanon to Damascus; then to Mount Carmel, Nazareth, Jerusalem, over the desert to Cairo, and to the cataracts of the Nile. At Vienna, she wisely provided herself with a "*costume de gamin*," highly recommendable to all ladies who intend to follow her footsteps, especially up Mount Lebanon.

We have had so many sketches from the East lately, that we hardly know how to find extracts of novelty from these letters, though they are made interesting throughout by the lively style in which every topic is treated. We open at random upon an Arab marriage ceremony at Beyrout;—

A marriage festivity has always something of constraint and unpleasantness about it; the tumult is annoying to the newly-wedded pair, and the guests hardly know why they must make themselves so merry. But our European weddings have nothing to rival the torment of an Arab marriage-feast. The knot was tied about noon, according to the rites of the Greek church. After this the bride was conducted into one chamber and the bridegroom into another—she surrounded with her female relatives and friends, and he with all the gentlemen to keep him company;—and thus, separately, the young couple were entertained with music, songs, dances, conversations, visits, eating and drinking—only for three days and three nights,—no longer! What do you think of such a colossal capacity for amusement! I must confess that I was wearied even with my half-hour's visit. The master of the house, a cousin of the fatherless bride, received me, and led me into the ladies' apartment. As I entered, they all arose from the low broad sofa, so as to stand upon the cushion, and at this evolution the bride was supported on each side by her neighbors, as it is a point of etiquette on such an occasion that she should move as little as possible. I was allowed to take a seat beside her, and had a fair opportunity of contemplating her remarkable figure. A figure, indeed, and very much like a doll! She must not speak a syllable, must not look upon a person, nor change a feature, nor open an eye—to make this last point of etiquette sure, the eyelashes are besmeared with some gummy composition. Her eyebrows are painted black, and high-arched; her cheeks are painted red; the hands are tatooed with dark-blue arabesque, and the finger nails stained yellow. Certainly, if after three days such a bride was introduced to a European, his first exclamation would be "Wash yourself, my angel!" As there was neither music nor dancing here, I was glad to hasten my visit to the bridegroom, who was confined in another room by Arab marriage-etiquette. But he was allowed to move, talk and look about him, and, indeed, seemed very cheerful. Here there was music. In a corner of the room the musicians were seated on the floor, one beating upon two little kettle-drums, another striking a sort of dulcimer, and the third laboring upon some little stringed instrument—all three singing too with all their bodily might, in the most discordant tones that can issue from the human throat, mingling together wild screams, with guttural and nasal sounds—a terrible concert! I stayed a little while, and then made my escape, glad enough that I had not to stay, like the other visiters, until the next morning. I have nerves strong enough to encounter some hardships, but not for such amusements.

Of Jerusalem, and other halting-places in eastern pilgrimage, we have nothing new. The authoress, like many other travellers, too often gives us meditations such as we may have at our own firesides, without going to Palestine, and forgets that we require from travellers accounts of actual life and circumstances, not sermons. Here is a glance into the interior of a harem at Damascus:—

The possessor of this harem is by no means enviable. The ladies and their attendant slaves had a most negligent, uncleanly, and altogether unprepossessing appearance, looking as if they had slept in their daily dress, as is the fashion here, and that for more than one night. They screamed, laughed, and made all sorts of rude noises about me, stared at me, and seized my hand—the savages of the South Sea islands could not be ruder in their curiosity. And this was the harem of a wealthy and respectable man! Certainly the harem makes its prisoners coarse-minded and stupid. What a contrast there was between the behavior of these women and that of the fair Jewesses who, like them, are natives of Syria and equally uneducated! I felt very uncomfortable within the walls of this harem, and was glad when I got out and joined my attendants. To see such a company of rude women was revolting. The harem degrades woman to a mere animal. Do not be offended at the strong expression. Men who take the liberty to write about things of which they know nothing, have often asserted that these Oriental women do not feel unhappy in the harem. So much the worse for them!—did ever a cow feel unhappy in a green meadow! What a happiness that I belong to the old so-called northern barbarians, to the German race, with whom, even from the oldest times, woman has held her due place. Polygamy is a wall of separation between Christianity and the Eastern people.

At Damascus, an excommunicating glance of contempt from an orthodox Mohammedan taught our traveller a lesson of the bitterness of religious persecution. She looked into the Greek church there; and there is a moral in the following observation:—

I stood at the entrance, looking upon the congregation, and had the greatest difficulty to imagine that these people, in caftans and turbans, could be Christians. "Heavens!" I thought, at last, quite impatient with myself; "is a frock coat then identical with a Christian?" But such is the force of habit that it makes us all stupid.

The climate and scenery surrounding Beyrout delighted our traveller; but she thinks the Turks hardly worthy of the ground on which they dwell:—

Without irrigation nothing can flourish here: and where there is no cultivation there will soon be an accumulation of sand. This might be avoided by plantation and culture, but how is it neglected! The Turk lays his hand on his bosom, smokes his chibouque, and says, "*Kismeth!*" which means

"fate!" and this consoles him for all the sandy deserts in the world. In my view, the ground, this good, grateful nourisher of the human race, is worthy of honor and respect, and it grieves me to see it prevented by negligence from displaying its powers and yielding its treasures, especially here, where a paradise might bloom. I have arrived in a beautiful season, and at the full moon. It is so clear that objects in the night time do not look black, but show their colors; the air is soft and warm, and indeed a night here is a day without a sun.

The profound solitude of Mount Carmel and its noble view over the Mediterranean so enchanted the countess that she felt strong sympathies with the convent life, and heartily eulogized the hospitable monks. At Jerusalem, our traveller mentions a party of Wirtemberg peasants who had arrived in the barren stony valley of Jehoshaphat, intending to wait for the Messiah! Surely there must be something in the eastern atmosphere very favorable to prophetical interpretations, and millennarian visions, as we have heard of educated men there, as well as ignorant fanatics, who are looking forward to miraculous events for that which can be realized only by the sober practice of Christian virtues. In all probability, Judea may yet be the theatre of some great display of mistaken religion; for when we consider the temper of some enthusiasts, both in our own country and in America, we might almost suppose that there are materials gathering for another absurd crusade. But we shall leave Jerusalem and pass over the author's meditations on topics which are beyond the compass of a book of travels. Here is a passage from the desert journey:—

I have given you some account of the material character of my desert journey, in which you will find little that is interesting and as to the intellectual part, it is still more barren of interest. Never did the pilgrim tarry willingly upon this waste of sand. The great caravans of devotees on their pilgrimage to Mecca, and others of a trading character leave behind them here no traces, save graves and scattered bones. Dead camels, in all the stages of decay, from those lately fallen to those of which the white skeletons are alone remaining, mark out the way. The graves of pilgrims who have died in the desert, from want, disease, or exhaustion, are marked out by little heaps of sand, with the bones of animals stuck around them, and are common objects. In the air large birds of prey sail slowly round and round; crows with wild harsh croakings and heavy flapping wings are seen in great numbers, and cat-like beasts of prey lurk among the low shrubs—all seeking for corpses! The desert is a graveyard in its most disconsolate form. The sea, the mountains are solitary, and sometimes seem melancholy in their lone dreariness; but if there is no life in them there are no memorials of death. On the granite peaks and on the foaming billows there are no marks of human decay. The rocks and waves are undefiled with the dust of mouldering bones, and present to us, in their vastness, infinitude, and unbroken calmness, a symbol of eternity, in contrast with which this short earthly life seems but like a morning dream. There is something more than a mere pleasure for the eye in such solitudes. The heart beats more peacefully there. But here, in the desert, death keeps house and all around are the remains of a once restless and miserable life. Death is sublime when we consider him as the conqueror, and at the same time, the supporter of a life which he only overcomes that it may arise again in an everlasting *palingenesia*. But here it is "dust to dust"—that is all. I tried to find a source of brighter thoughts in recurring to history; but here what a contrast between the sea and the desert! On the waves, how manifold the crossing tracks of gay fleets, armadas, and naval heroes! what a crowd of great thoughts and undertakings, colossal speculations, and adventurous enterprises! No passion, good or bad, is there that has not urged men over the waves. Gold, happiness, dominion, love, freedom—all have been pursued on the sea; avarice, love of glory, thirst for discovery, philanthropy, science, misery, restlessness—all have played their part and sought to be carried to their desired objects on the waves. Of all these there is no trace left in the desert. Great armies have crossed the sands, it is true—Cambyses with his Persians, Alexander, Zenobia, (the proud woman, who degraded her husband just as the Oriental men now degrade their women,) and other conquerors have passed through the desert; but they have left only desolation behind them. I could find, therefore, no historical interest to enliven me here. The stars were beautiful on the distant horizon—where are they not? and the morning and the evening glow, sunrise and all the changes of the heavens, were beautiful, and furnished my only entertainment. * * *

We found night quarters at the village of Abuhamed, surrounded by morasses and inundation, which seemed a very unwholesome halting-place, especially as we arrived there during a heavy shower of rain. The next morning was most beautiful. Here the country changes its character, or rather man has changed it, for, like the whole of Egypt, it would be a desert without the means of irrigation derived from the overflowing of the Nile. From Abuhamed to Cairo it is a day and a half's journey, and, as we proceeded, we had to our left hand the dead plain, while on our right hand extended groves of palm-trees, cotton-trees, fields of maize, and pools of water; on one side wilderness, and on the other an Eden; on the left the bright yellow of the desert, and on the right a verdure sparkling like enamel. As we proceeded, the plain began to be diversified with human life. The inhabitants of the villages were carrying oranges, citrons, dates, and bananas to the city, and travellers, tradespeople, trains of camels and asses, and mounted soldiers showed us that we were approaching the suburbs of Cairo. A number of ornamental minarets arose out of the crowd of houses before us, surrounded and interspersed with palms and other trees. In the foreground a row of windmills elevated their ungraceful forms upon sand hillocks, and, here and there, large grave-monuments stood detached from the extensive burial grounds. But in the background, beyond the city, two mighty forms arise—are they hills? they are too regularly formed—are they buildings? they seem too gigantic—they are the pyramids of Gizeh.

In Cairo, our traveller found many charms contrasted with the dulness of Jerusalem and the desert. Upon the summit of the Pyramid of Cheops (for climbing which she recommends her "*habit de gamin*") she was pestered with the everlasting oriental petition for "baksheesh!"

Where will not Mammon enthrone himself! The following is a pleasant way of urging a pecuniary claim :—

As we hastened down the side of the pyramid, and came upon a bad, crumbled place, the Bedouin who had to assist me over it held me up in the air, and said, "baksheesh, signora! baksheesh!" This was only a friendly Bedouin joke. But how would you like, if only for two seconds, to be suspended in the air, in such a situation? I replied very angrily, that he should not get a *para* from me, and my anger made some impression upon my five attendants, for they afterwards kept silence upon this point.

We cannot follow the wandering countess through all her speculations on Egyptian history and antiquities, during her passage up the Nile to the chaotic scene of the so-called cataracts, where she inscribed on the rock, for the first time, the name of a German lady; but we may give the following as one of the pleasantest passages from her Nile voyage :—

These evenings on the Nile are the most beautiful that I have ever enjoyed. In the daytime, the burning sun-rays are so powerfully reverberated from the water, the desert sands, and the chalky hills, that one does not feel disposed to quit the cabin. But, towards evening, you come out, recline for a couple of hours upon a broad sofa, and breathe the light, bland, fresh air. The sun sinks behind the dark-blue Libyan hills, while his beams fall upon the Arabian summits as on a prism, clothing them with the hues of flowers, butterflies, and gems. Some of the hills look like great glowing roses, others like chains of amethysts in a golden setting. The quiet water faithfully mirrors the beautiful vision, only as with a light gauzy veil breathed over it. The perfumes of spring-tide fill the atmosphere, fields of rape-seed, beans, lupines, vetches, and cotton-trees lie around us all in bloom; acacia shrubs, interwoven with lilac and blue colored parasites, surround the water-wheels by which the fields are irrigated, or flourish on the banks of the river. The balsamic, refreshing fragrance is like the breath of spring in our fields and woods during the fairest season of the year. Wild doves are cradled upon the palm-branches, or cooing and coquetting among the bushes. Waterfowl sit in clusters upon the sand-banks, here some marble white, there others raven black, chirping out their monotonous evening song, which they seem to have learned from the uniform plashing of the river by which they dwell. Sometimes a large heron floats over the stream, and, now and then, the pelican, with heavy-flapping wings, dives after a fish. When the sun is down and the evening glow has faded, another softer radiance arises in the south, to clothe the pale mountains again with rosy tints. Meanwhile the stars have arisen, Venus fairest of all, Orion ascends over the Arabian hills, then, later, arises Canopus, which you never see at home. We float down as if between two heavens. The silver flood of the Nile is a firmament full of softly shining tremulous stars, while those above, large and steady, look out like angels' eyes and have nothing of that glimmering, as if they trembled with cold, which you see in your clear winter nights. On the banks of the river life is stirring. Fires are burning in the villages, and the hearths are before the door-ways of the huts. Flocks of bleating sheep and goats are driven homewards; dogs barking, asses braying, and children shouting swell the concert. Men are singing, keeping time with their action as they fill their well-buckets from the Nile, and empty them into the troughs which convey the water. Solitary songs from those returning singly from the fields, loud conversations and calls are heard far and wide. The Arabs call to each other from boat to boat, or across the river—I might almost say from village to village, so conversational are these people, and always in a tone that sounds to me like a threatening cry. In a lonely barge one is beguiling the time by striking the *darabukah*, the dull tones of which reminded me of the guitar. At last all is still, and coolness comes over the water. Then we return to drink tea in the cabin.

A Railroad in Broadway.—Months ago we broached the project of a rail-track in Broadway, and though a cotemporary has stultified itself by a misuse of our thunder, we have not lost sight of the subject.

We do not think that to construct a railroad on a level with the street would be either popular or prudent. The peril to foot passengers, especially children, would be no less (perhaps even greater) from the cars than from the omnibii which are so justly complained of now. A sudden and powerful jerk of the reins, causing the horses and vehicle to swerve from a right line, frequently enables the omnibus driver to avoid running over an object directly in his path, when no exertion of his strength could have arrested his team before they had passed over that object; and in this way escapes from what appears to be the most imminent danger occur every day. On a railroad it is next to impossible thus to strike off at a tangent, and the attempt would be likely enough to upset the car; while on the other hand it is much more difficult to stop a heavy car, gliding rapidly over smooth rails, than to bring an omnibus to an anchor.

It occurs to us that a feasible plan to avoid this difficulty would be to build a railway upon arches of a sufficient height to admit pedestrians beneath them, so that the travel by rail should in no way interfere with the business or safety of those on foot. We throw out the hint. Is it not worth reflecting upon?—*N. Y. True Sun.*

SONNET TO A SONNET.

[Particularly commended, with the Fifth of Sir Philip Sidney's, and the pages of Froissart, to the perusal of certain Journalists across the channel; and generally to their *Young* countrymen, who would do well to affect, with the beards and moustaches of the olden time, the gallant courtesy of the ancient manners.]

Rare composition of a poet-knight,
Most chivalrous amongst chivalric men,
Distinguish'd for a polish'd lance and pen
In tuneful contest, and the tourney-fight;
Lustrous in scholarship, in honor bright,
Accomplish'd in all graces current then,
Humane as any in historic ken,
Brave, handsome, noble, affable, polite,
Most courteous to that race become of late
So fiercely scornful of all kind advance,
Rude, bitter, coarse, implacable in hate
To Albion, plotting ever her mischance,—
Alas! fair verse, how false and out of date
Thy phrase "*sweet enemy*" applied to France!

T. Hood.

From the Spectator.

ENGLAND AND BRAZIL.

THERE is really something astir respecting a treaty with Brazil; to which the *Times* this morning devotes its opening "leader." Acting under anti-slavery influence, the British government put a screw upon our transatlantic ally, using a tariff to force abolition of slavery upon that country; and Brazil now retaliates in the use of her tariff as a screw upon us. The Linnet packet, which left Rio Janeiro on the 25th August, and arrived at Falmouth on Thursday, brings at once a minister plenipotentiary, the Viscount D'Abrantes, to negotiate a new treaty, and a tariff, which renders a new treaty more desirable than ever. It will be recollected that the present treaty between Brazil and Great Britain expires on the 10th of November next. The new Brazilian tariff, which is to come in force after that date, enumerates a variety of articles, on which the duties are to range from 2 to 60 per cent; including in the list, principally under the higher duties, divers articles of glass, iron, "dresses," and other things coming within the category of "manufactures," but not piece-goods: unenumerated goods are charged with a duty of 30 per cent: but the tariff also contains this clause—

"The government is authorized to impose upon the merchandise of any country *in which the produce of Brazil is liable to a higher duty than similar produce of other countries, an additional duty*, so as to neutralize the ill effects of the difference of duty upon Brazil produce."

Now, to estimate the force of the screw here applied against England, the state of the sugar-duties in this country must be borne in mind. The average price of sugar for the last few years, according to Mr. M'Culloch, has been from 24*s.* to 34*s.* per hundred-weight: the duties, before the recent change, were, on British colonial sugar, 24*s.*; on all foreign sugars, 63*s.* Sir Robert Peel's government endeavored to reconcile three conflicting interests,—those of the consumer, who wanted cheap sugar; of the West Indians, who suffered under the effects of ill-arranged emancipation, and wanted either a strong recruitment of labor or continued protection; and the anti-slavery party, who wanted differential duties in favor of free as opposed to slave-grown sugar. That reconcilement was not attempted in a direct manner, as it might have been, by effectually aiding the British colonies to repair the mischief caused in their labor-market through the bad method in which emancipation was contrived, and *then* throwing the sugar-trade open; but it was attempted by the paltry make-shift of tampering with the duties—endeavoring to rule the destinies of Africa and balance the interests of the world by premiums and penalties of a few shillings allotted here and there upon sugar, and really falling to any but the right parties. With that ill-conceived purpose, the duty on foreign sugar the produce of countries employing free labor was reduced to 34*s.*; the practical effect of which is, as the *Times* remarks, to admit all foreign sugar at 34*s.*, with the invidious exception of Brazil and Cuba. Brazil retaliates; and we begin to feel the embarrassments of the scrape into which we have blundered. But that is scarcely all, since it is probable that the working of the sugar duties, suffered to remain as they are, would be to admit the produce of Brazil and Cuba through other countries—through Hayti, for instance; so that in such case we should, without realizing any of the supposed advantages, have the discredit of our bad fiscal economy, the odium in the eyes of Brazil, and her retaliation. The remedy must be sought by those who have persisted in erecting the difficulty. The only alternative seems to be, further injury and loss to all parties, or extorted, and therefore disadvantageous, concession to Brazil. There is now little hope of avoiding some damaging sacrifice. Is it *too late!*—every step in the right direction is made "too late:" even the abandonment of our coercive slave-suppression policy will come too late to realize all the good it might,—though better late than never; for there lies the root of the whole mischief. At present, however, ministers have to deal with this plenipotentiary, and awkward enough the negotiation must be.

BATHS FOR THE POOR.

A MEETING has been held at the Mansion house, and an association has been formed to establish baths and wash-houses for the poor of London; with the Bishop of London for president, a lord mayor and a Rothschild among the trustees. It is therefore tolerably certain that the project will be realized in a tangible shape, and personal cleanliness will be placed within the reach of the poor. Such establishments have already been provided in Liverpool, and steps have been taken in other large towns. Should they succeed,—that is, should they prove to be self-supporting in point of cost, and should they really be used by the poor as well as other classes,—they will probably extend with great rapidity, and may eventually become parochial institutions. For the lowest possible charge, the bather will have the use of a private bath and of hot and cold water at pleasure; and the washer of clothes will have hot water and a place for drying, for six hours, for a penny! We presume that there is no intention of ultimately retaining these places for the exclusive use of "the poor;" cleanliness is a virtue that might be usefully extended to other classes not strictly within the category; and there would be an advantage even to the poor in their sharing a public convenience of the kind with other classes—it would redeem it from all aspect of a charity. If it could be self-supporting at a low charge, the public bath and wash-house might be open to every class—the middle-class bather, the trading laundress, the housewife—all. Meanwhile, the importation of cleanliness into the region of "the Great Unwashed" is likely to work a great social and political change; dirt and cleanliness are two of the most tangible shapes of Evil and Good, a discrimination of which is the real source of self-control. The cleanly man must have tastes, hopes, and dislikes, that preserve him from debasements to which the dirty man is prone; and there is no police so efficient as the making every man his own policeman.—*Spectator*.

THE subscription, we see, for supplying the poorer classes with baths and wash-houses goes on bravely. It has taken too firm a ground to be injured by the doubts which have been suggested. The main objections are two. It is said that the poor will not use the wash-houses, because they will be ashamed to expose their scanty and bad clothing. That sentiment may deter many from a real benefit; but the intolerable evils of home-

washing, and the oppressive sense of them felt by the sufferers, will urge most to seek relief at any cost of feeling. The other objection is, that the project is no cure for that hunger which is the master grievance of the poor: a pseudo Chinese writer in the *Times* this morning sneers at those who give the poor "hot water" when they ask for bread. It is very desirable that the poor should have bread; but the supply of bread-stuffs, so far as it can be regulated by active interference, is involved in questions of great national policy, which cannot be determined merely at the will of a committee of private gentlemen; whereas "hot water" and room fo washing need wait on no delays of statecraft. all we then arrest the remedy of this positive evil until all are cured! Before we hesitate to make one affliction the less, it must be shown that energy or money is actually diverted from higher enterprises.—*Spectator*.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE RUINED HUMAN DWELLING.

I sought this spot in boyhood's bloom,
  This ruined human dwelling;
When in my breast there was no gloom
  Man's brightest hopes repelling.
I thought of knights and knightly worth
  Through every country speeding;
No wrong left unredressed on earth—
  No human bosom bleeding.
I then would know of nothing sad,
  Do nothing that was vicious;
Of vivid life, the bounding pulse—
  The feeling was delicious.
To me did our poor life appear
A sun-like march, a bright career,
  In god-like deeds excelling;
A moon, a sun, were love and truth:—
In the omnipotence of youth,
  I trod this ruined dwelling.

Here, too, I came in manhood's prime:
  A fair foot with me paced it;
And in our bosoms was a clime,
  All brightness, that embraced it.
Bright through it streamed from orient skies
  Sweet light to us beholden,
For love shed on it from our eyes
  A lustre far more golden.
We talked of lovers here immured,
  Of knightly lances shivered;
Of beauty long here suffering wrong,
  By valor hence delivered.
How soft her hand in mine! her step
  How like a young roe's bounding!
A palace seemed this ruin old,
  The region, heaven, surrounding!
The past was by the present cheered,
  All-brightened our to-morrows:
How very light to us appeared
  The darkest human sorrows!
Our life to come had amplest scope
  For tales of fancy's telling:
With what a world of love and hope,
  We trod this ruined dwelling!

In the dark lapse of after days,
  Autumnal-time ensuing,
I marked where streamed youth's golden rays,
  Through this sad human ruin.
With altered pace, I trod the place,
  To my past life attending;
And unto me like mournful grace
  The light of song was lending.
The old gray walls of crumbling stone,
  In common light seen only:
With mournful ivy overgrown—
  Sad court, and terrace lonely:
How strange! In youth no echo sad
  Woke in these ruins hoary:
The very air and light were glad,
  Imbued with former glory!
Now all is dim, and blank, and cold,—
  And truth, sad truth, is telling,
'T was youth lent grace to this old place,
  This ruined human dwelling.

From Hood's Magazine.

TO THE ACORN.

Thou little Acorn! hail to thee,
Delicate hope of the giant tree!
The rose may blush into beauty rare,
The lily may lift her chalice fair;
And many a tree and many a flower
With richest color for their dower,
From the gorgeous east, or the glowing west,
May challenge our homage as loveliest—
But fairest art *thou*, for to fancy's eye
Thou bringest bright dreams of the days gone by.

Ay, Acorn, thou recallest the time
Of ancient nature's earliest prime,
When giant forests spread dark and wide,
And the tall elk stalked with his feet of pride,
And the bison roamed, and the gaunt wolf stood,
Terror, and lord of the pathless wood,
And man from his dreamless trance awoke,
And framed the flint axe, and hewed the oak
For his first rude hut, and, with shaft and bow,
Did fearlessly through these dark shades go.

Then, goodly Acorn, roused by thee,
Come thoughts of the greenwood wild and free;
Of the gallant stag, and the bold outlaw,
And his merry life in the greenwood shaw—
Of knight, and damsel, and gay meneye
Sweeping along with minstrelsy—
With horn and hound, and palfrey good,
Chasing the hart in the blithe greenwood.
These gallant days! when, proud and free,
Bold Robin held tryst 'neath the greenwood tree.

But thou of more witching scenes dost tell,
Of faery ring, and of mystic spell—
Titania sippeth her draught of dew
From thy well-carved goblet. O! sure 't was true,
That pleasant tale of the tiny folk
Dancing by moonlight beneath the oak—
Charming the hushed air, soothing the deep,—
Flinging bright visions o'er minstrel's sleep.
Those fables were sooth,—ay, sooth, I ween,—
For here is the cup of the faery queen!

Then, delicate hope of the giant tree!
Acorn most graceful, O thanks to thee
For each fitful fancy, each pleasant thought,
Which thou to my dreaming mind hast brought!
O wealthy indeed is fancy's dower,
To wander through ages in one short hour,
And lone, in the depths of the forest, to see
Visions joyous and fair as thou bringest to me.

H. L.

DR. ARNOLD.

[We have elsewhere copied an elaborate article on the life of this eminent man; and so cannot repeat so much as the whole review by the Examiner. But some of the opening paragraphs are so hearty, and so beautiful, that we must copy them.]

When a young friend applied to Dr. Arnold for guidance in his early reading, he advised a constant use of the Biography of Good Men. To that rich repertory of wise thought, and tender and pure example, there never was a nobler addition than these two volumes contain.

We lay them down with a feeling of reverence for the character they worthily depict, to which we should here very vainly attempt to render justice. With the wish for silent contemplation; with the deep feeling which would avoid inadequate expression; with the desire however humbly to imitate this man rather than imperfectly speak of him; we lay down the *Life of Dr. Arnold.*

For the example is one which even the humblest need not shrink from aspiring to imitate. Arnold was a great, because he was a good man. And he was so eminent in goodness, because in every minute particular of his life there was fervent and intense sincerity. He had the power, says his affectionate biographer, of saying what he did mean, and of not saying what he did not mean: "the power of doing what was right, and speaking what was true, and thinking what was good, independently of any professional or conventional notions that so to act, speak, or think, was becoming or expedient." * * * *

When asked, by the same friend we have referred to, to recommend him an *Ecclesiastical History;* he told him frankly that he could not. The hollow pretences, the insufficing half-truths, the false assumptions, the malignant bigotry, with which, by every one of those ecclesiastical historians, the truth has been corruptly defended, were too well known to Doctor Arnold.

It is easy to make the vulgar answer to all this, and say that Arnold was not a sound theologian. That kind of libel was exhausted while he lived, and after this publication can only be repeated to be spurned. It was the soundness of his theology which made him the devoutly pious and religious man he was, and conducted him to the hope in which he died, that the world might one day become the church, and dissents of creed be merged in Christian fellowship. It was the soundness of his theology which has made this record of his career the most powerful antidote to unbelief with which we are acquainted. We would counsel any father who distrusts his son, who sees him staggering and unsteady in his purposes, and fears his unsure footing for the perilous road of life, to place before him the biography of Arnold.

The effect was proved while he lived. No youth seems ever to have come into personal relations with him, who did not carry from him into the world the inestimable blessing of a devout and earnest belief. * * * *

His politics were a part of his religion. They were the πολιτικὴ of his favorite Aristotle. They embraced society in its connexion with the highest welfare of men. They were the problem which he believed every educated person was called upon to endeavor to solve, with all his heart and soul and strength; and to the right solution of the problem, Christianity was in his view indispensable. Upon the working out of its pure and peaceful truths he thought the moral and social restoration of the world to depend, and all other knowledge seemed chiefly valuable in his eyes as it helped him to a better understanding of this. It was his bigotry; if such a word can be used in relation to the principles of the gospel, as he taught and practised them. He left the London University, because it was determined to exclude even so much compulsory examination in the Greek Testament, as would have embraced all men disposed to look up to Christ as their guide and great example. We do not say whether he was right or wrong in this; but we state the fact as it was, and free from the gross misrepresentations which were cast around it.

For what were the opinions held by this wise and good man, on the subject of Christian unity? Did they sanction any violence? Did they countenance any injustice? Were they hard, dogmatical, or unyielding? Let us observe them.

"It seems to me that all, absolutely all, of our religious affections and veneration should go to Christ himself, and that Protestantism, Catholicism, and every other name, which expresses Christianity and some differentia or proprium besides, is so far an evil, and, when made an object of attachment, leads to superstition and error."

"I groan over the divisions of the church, of all our evils I think the greatest,—of Christ's church I mean,—that men should call themselves Roman Catholics, Church of England men, Baptists, Quakers, all sorts of various appellations, forgetting that only glorious name of CHRISTIAN, which is common to all, and a true bond of union."

Hence it was that when he addressed himself to the all-important question of education, he refused to imperil what he believed to be essential to the safe guidance of young minds, for the sake of that section of opposite or no belief which held itself aloof from so large a bond of union. He had the sanction of some of the highest dignitaries of the church for remaining on the senate of the university, notwithstanding the division against him: but no precedent or example, short of the most Divine, would satisfy Arnold. What he did must have the full acquiescence of his own intellect; the deep consent of his own conscience. The result of the thoughts which determined him to leave on this occasion the party whose exertions

for human advancement and progress were on the whole most nearly allied to his own, we shall not state unfairly in another brief extract from one of his letters.

"Moral education cannot be separated from religious education, unless people have the old superstitious notion of religion, either that it relates to rites and ceremonies, or to certain abstract and unpractical truths. But, meaning by religion what the Gospel teaches one to mean by it, it is nothing more nor less than a system directing and influencing our conduct, principles, and feelings, and professing to do this with sovereign authority, and most efficacious influence."

It will not, we hope, be imagined, because of this explanation of the only strong difference between the master of Rugby and the party of liberal movement in this country, that we wish to claim Doctor Arnold for a party man. Nothing can be farther from our wish. It is the most direct source of the pride and reverence with which we regard his character, that there was in it absolutely nothing of the party element; that there was scarcely an opinion maintained by him that was not in direct opposition to the worldly view of his worldly interests. He did not think as he did because he was a whig, but because he was a Christian. He believed that Christ had come upon the earth to give it the law of progress and advancement; and that the improvement and elevation of the poorer classes of society should be the unceasing effort and desire of all His followers. In this he cared not whom he pleased or whom he offended. It was a truth that with him could never be inopportunely urged. We might say of him as the good Hooker, one of the few ecclesiastical writers with whom he was in sympathy, said of himself, that he was "persuaded of nothing more than of this, that whether it be in matter of speculation or of practice, no *un*truth can possibly avail the patron and defender long, and that things most truly are likewise most behovefully spoken." He carried the principle to an extent which pleased neither whig nor tory, but which left him the honest right to breathe this prayer for his children—

"May God grant to my sons, if they live to manhood, an unshaken love of truth, and a firm resolution to follow it for themselves, with an intense abhorrence of all party ties, save that one tie, which binds them to the party of Christ against wickedness."

And what, in the view of Dr. Arnold, was the party of wickedness? No man condemned more strongly than he did the foolish and vicious excesses of that section of liberals whose clamor for liberty is so loud a bawl, that they have no voice left to raise for good government: but there were those he condemned yet more. He believed the Jacobins to be bad, but the Anti-Jacobins to be a great deal worse. Here is the deliberate judgment of this excellent man, repeated again and again in these volumes:

"As I feel that, of the two besetting sins of human nature, selfish neglect and selfish agitation, the former is the more common, and has in the long run done far more harm than the latter, although the outbreaks of the latter, while they last, are of a far more atrocious character; so I have in a manner vowed to myself, and prayed that, with God's blessing, no excesses of popular wickedness, though I should be myself, as I expect, the victim of them, no temporary evils produced by revolution, shall ever make me forget the wickedness of toryism,—of that spirit which has throughout the long experience of all history continually thwarted the cause of God and goodness * * * * * and has gone on abusing its opportunities, and heaping up wrath by a long series of selfish neglect against the day of wrath and judgment."

We take another passage:

"My quarrel with the anti-liberal party is, that they are going the way to force my children to America, and to deprive me and every one else of property, station, and all the inestimable benefits of society in England. There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society as the strain to keep them fixed, when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress; and the cause of all the evils of the world may be traced to that natural but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption, that our business is to preserve and not to improve. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations."

And yet another:

"My abhorrence of conservatism is not because it checks liberty,—in an established democracy it would favor liberty;—but because it checks the growth of mankind in wisdom, goodness, and happiness, by striving to maintain institutions which are of necessity temporary, and thus never hindering change, but often depriving the change of half its value."

Nor, when he came to apply these great and generous thoughts, did he shrink from any one conclusion to which they tended. Ireland, which has given doubt and hesitation to most men uninfluenced by party, had no terrors of doubt or hesitation for him. He saw the truth, and spoke it fearlessly.

"It is not the possession of religious superiority that warrants us in exercising physical power over other men. This bars the fanatical doctrine, that the earth belongs to God's saints; it bars also, as I think, all minor phases of the same doctrine; and especially, I think, it condemns the maintaining by force a Protestant Establishment in a Roman Catholic country, as we do in Ireland."

Again:

"The Irish being a Catholic people, they have a right to perfect independence, or to a perfectly equal union: if our conscience objects to the latter, it is bound to concede the former."

And yet once more, let us listen to this good man, this most wise and prudent teacher:

"Whether Ireland remain in its present barbarism, or grow in health and civilization, in either case the downfall of the present establishment is certain:

a savage people will not endure the insult of a hostile religion, a civilized one will reasonably insist on having their own."

Disguise it as we will, this is the question of questions in relation to Ireland, and the longer it is deferred the more bitter the day of settlement will be. It is no spirit of partizanship, it is the very soul of justice, we have here at our side. There is something even personally affecting in the zeal with which Arnold always writes of Ireland.

"There is more to be done there than in any corner of the world. I had, at one time, a notion of going over there and taking Irish pupils, to try what one man could do towards civilizing the people, by trying to civilize and christianize their gentry.

But this was his earnest devout character in all things. He could not look at a railway as a mere triumph of science, or object of curiosity or convenience. There was to his keen and loving mind the spiritual truth it told, paramount to the fact which was outward and common to all. "I rejoice to see it," he said, as he stood on one of the arches of the Birmingham railway at Rugby, and watched the train pass on through the distant hedge-rows, "I rejoice to see it, and think that feudality is gone forever. It is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct. Bunyan thought that the giant Pope was disabled forever,—and how greatly was he mistaken."

In the same spirit of kindly triumph over feudality and all that it implied, were his friendly relations with all the dependants around him, and his kindness and familiarity to the poor and humble of every grade. "I never knew such a humble man as the Doctor," said the parish clerk at Laleham, (Arnold's first home as a private tutor,) after he had revisited it from Rugby; "he comes and shakes us by the hand as if he was one of us."—"He used to come into my house," said an old woman near the house (Fox How) he bought at the close of his life in Westmoreland, "and talk to me as if I was a lady." Their grand claim upon him was their disadvantage with the rest of the world. It was this subject, the befriendment and elevation of the poor, which gave him more anxiety than any other. He set up a paper that he might advocate it. No one within his sphere showed the least anxiety respecting it, which did not at once elicit from him the offer of his time, his energies, and his purse; his coöperation every way. It was the proposal of a society for inquiry into some mode of improving the condition of the humbler classes, which induced him in his later life to address Mr. Carlyle, in a letter very honorable to both, and of manly simplicity.

"Though I have no stake on the country as far as property is concerned, yet I have a wife and a large family of children; and I do not wish to lose, either for them or myself, all those thousand ties, so noble and so sacred and so dear, which bind us to our country, as she was and as she is, with all her imperfections and difficulties. If you think that anything can be done, which could interest any other persons on the subject, I should be delighted to give aid in any possible manner to the extent of my abilities. I owe you many apologies for writing thus to a perfect stranger,—but ever since I read your History of the French Revolution, I have longed to become acquainted with you; because I found in that book an understanding of the true nature of history, such as it delighted my heart to meet with; and, having from a child felt the deepest interest in the story of the French Revolution, and read pretty largely about it, I was somewhat in a condition to appreciate the richness of your knowledge, and the wisdom of your judgments. I do not mean that I agree with you in all these: in some instances I should differ very decidedly; but still the wisdom of the book, as well as its singular eloquence and poetry, was such a treasure to me as I have rarely met with, and am not at all likely to meet with again."

We can hardly open one of his letters without its evidence of his zeal as to this question of the poor and the ignorant.

"If the clergy would come forward as one man from Cumberland to Cornwall, exhorting peaceableness on the one side, and justice on the other, denouncing the high rents and the game laws, and *the carelessness which keeps the poor ignorant, and then wonders that they are brutal*, I verily believe they might yet save themselves and the state."

Again:

"Above all, be afraid of teaching nothing: it is vain now to say that questions of religion and politics are above the understanding of the poorer classes: so they may be, but they are not above their *misunderstanding*, and they will think and talk about them, so that they had best be taught to think and talk rightly."

And see what wisdom there is here:

"Phrases which did well enough formerly, now only excite a sneer; it does not do to talk to the operatives about our "pure and apostolical church," and "our glorious constitution;" they have no respect for either; but one must take higher ground, and show that our object is not to preserve particular institutions, so much as to uphold eternal principles, which are in great danger of falling into disrepute, because of the vices of the institutions which profess to exemplify them."

Nor was there less wisdom in the scorn he had for those who, with the opportunity of service to this cause, practised but the "selfish neglect" which he held to be the mark of toryism:

"There is no earthly thing more mean and despicable in my mind than an English gentleman destitute of all sense of his responsibilities and opportunities, and only revelling in the luxuries of our high civilization, and thinking himself a great person."

There was no "eternal principle" in that! Nothing of the active, laborious, and frugal spirit of his own life. Nothing of what he believed to be the principle that should repair the world. Nothing of those rules of living which his Master had delivered on the Mount: equitable, plain, explicit, compendious and complete; raising no doubt or dogma. No particle of that example which He

had given, in a life of which humility, purity, and active beneficence were the laws.

Dr. Arnold, then, hated toryism because he believed it to be the wickedness of opposing the progress of man to good. How can we repeat this too often! What a thought it is for reformers to rest upon, what a thankful source of satisfaction, what a comfort and sustainment, rightly used! Let us turn again to the picture so often repeated in his letters; let us turn to his active, earnest, and manly detestation of what he believed to be the results of endless evil, in the so called safe conservatism.

"I do not think that you can fully judge of what the ascendency of the tories is; it is not the Duke of Wellington or Sir R. Peel who would do harm, but the base party that they would bring in in their train, * * * and all the tribe of selfish and ignorant lords and country squires and clergymen, who would irritate the feelings of the people to madness."

The silliness of it, too:

"I have heard tories laugh at the farmers in their parish, for opposing the mending of the roads, because, as they said, what had been good enough for their fathers was good enough for them; and yet these farmers were not an atom more silly than the people who laughed at them, but only more consistent."

Yet he knew the world too well not to know the struggles reform and progress would have yet to pass:

"I think that, as it always has been, the reformers will be beaten by the conservatives, and then the conservatives will again go on coiling the rope round their own necks, till in twenty years' time there will be another, not reform I fear, but convulsion. For, though the reformers are a weak party, the destructives are not so, and all evils, whether arising from accident or folly, or misgovernment, serve their purpose."

Of the great conservative leader we have also his opinion: modified so far when Peel fought the battle of the Commons' privileges so well, that he conceded to him then *a second subject* on which he believed him safe from yielding:

"Peel has an idea about the currency, and a distinct impression about it; and therefore on that point I would trust him for not yielding to clamor; but about most matters, the church especially, he seems to have no idea, and therefore I would not trust him for not giving it all up to-morrow, if the clamor were loud enough."

Here is an opinion nearer to the close of his life:

"I still wish entirely well to the government, and regard with unabated horror the conservatives both in church and state. They are, however, I believe, growing in influence, and so they will do, until there comes a check to our present commercial prosperity, for vulgar minds never can understand the duty of reform till it is impressed on them by the argumentum ad ventrem; and the mass of mankind, whether in good coats or in bad, will always be vulgar-minded."

Nor was it inconsistent with this unabated horror, that, in answer to his tory remonstrants on all sides, he should even to toryism admit a possible portion of truth, to be reconciled and accounted for in a wiser world than this:

"After all, those differences in men's minds which we express, when exemplified in English politics, by the terms whig and tory, are very deep and comprehensive, and I should much like to be able to discover a formula which would express them in their most abstract shape; they seem to me to be the great fundamental difference between thinking men; but yet it is certain that each of these two great divisions of mankind apprehends a truth strongly, and the kingdom of God will, I suppose, show us the perfect reconciling of the truth held by each."

This was one of those tender and most charitable thoughts which, while he kept all his opinions unchanged, gave such gentleness and softness to the last year of his life, and seemed to point unconsciously to the change that silently and suddenly awaited him. As he said, with exquisite beauty—

"I yearn sadly after peace and harmony with those whom I have long known, and I will not quarrel with them if I can help it; though, alas, in some of our tastes there is the music which to them is heavenly, and which to me says nothing; and there are the wild flowers which to me are so full of beauty, and which others tread upon with indifference."

Before we close the letters, we will take one or two extracts on more general subjects, which will be read with interest.

THE LAST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"You may see M——'s name [his wife's] and mine amongst the subscribers for the sufferers at Paris. It seems to me a most blessed revolution, spotless beyond all example in history, and the most glorious instance of a royal rebellion against society, promptly and energetically repressed, that the world has yet seen. It magnificently vindicates the cause of knowledge and liberty, showing how humanizing to all classes of society are the spread of thought and information, and improved political institutions; and it lays the crimes of the last revolution just in the right place, the wicked aristocracy, that had so brutalized the people by its long iniquities that they were like slaves broken loose when they first bestirred themselves."

POPERY AND PUSEYISM.

"My feelings towards [a Roman Catholic] are quite different from my feelings towards [a Newmanite,] because I think the one a fair enemy, the other a treacherous one. The one is the Frenchman in his own uniform, and within his own præsidia; the other is the Frenchman disguised in a red coat, and holding a post within our præsidia, for the purpose of betraying it. I should honor the first, and hang the second."

SUNDAY TRAVELLING.

"That it should be a day of greater leisure than other days, and of the suspension, so far as it may be, of the common business of life, I quite allow; but then I believe that I should have much greater indulgence for recreation on a Sunday than you might have; and, if the railway enables the people

in the great towns to get out into the country on the Sunday, I should think it a very great good."

THE TWO EXTREMES.

"The prisons in the Pope's palace, at Avignon, were one of the most striking things I ever saw in my life. In the self-same dungeon the roof was still black with the smoke of the inquisition fires, in which men were tortured or burnt; and, as you looked down a trap-door into an apartment below, the walls were still marked with the blood of the victims whom Jourdan Coupe Tête threw down there into the ice-house below in the famous massacre of 1791. It was very awful to see such traces of the two great opposite forms of all human wickedness."

A HAPPY DAY IN WESTMORELAND.

"Wordsworth is remarkably well, and we see him daily; and moreover, Rydal Lake is frozen as hard as a rock, and my nine children, and I with them, were all over it to-day, to our great delight. Four of my boys skate. Walter is trundled in his wheelbarrow, and my daughters and I slide, for I am afraid that I am too old to learn to skate now. My wife walks to Ambleside to get the letters, and then goes round to meet us as we come from the lake."

A HAPPY DAY AT RUGBY.

"I cannot tell you how I enjoyed our fortnight at Rugby before the school opened. It quite reminded me of Oxford, when M—— [his wife] and I used to sit out in the garden under the enormous elms of the school-field, which almost overhang the house, and saw the line of our battlemented roofs and the pinnacles and cross of our chapel cutting the unclouded sky. And I had divers happy little matches at cricket with my own boys in the school-field,—on the very cricket-ground of the "eleven," that is, of the best players in the school, on which, when the school is assembled, no profane person may encroach. Then came my wife's happy confinement, before which we had had a very happy visit of a day from the whole family of Hulls, and which was succeeded by a no less happy visit from the whole family of Whatelys."

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

SIMON SAWLEY'S SHILLING.

On a steep hill-side, sloping down to one of our lovely English rivers, stands a small village, looking so still and sequestered, that none would imagine that the greater part of its inhabitants are weavers, employed in a silk-mill a little higher up the river. How it has preserved its primitive rural appearance, it is difficult to say; perhaps the owner of the above-mentioned mill, struck by the picturesque beauty of its detached cottages, followed the example of the original inhabitants, and built similar ones for his workpeople; for the hill-side is dotted over with cottages of every variety, from amongst which rises the taper spire of the village church, surrounded by its quiet burial ground. There is, however, one exception to the general aspect of the village. At the foot of the hill is one row of cottages, facing the river, with gay flower-plots in front, sloping to the water's edge, and larger gardens behind, divided from each other by thick thorn hedges. In one of the cleanest of these cottages, with the trimmest flower-plot and best stocked garden, there lived, at the time I knew Westleigh, a certain Simon Sawley, or rather, to speak more correctly, I should say a certain *Mrs.* Simon Sawley, for she being the more authoritative person, the residence was always so designated in the village. Simon was a well-meaning, good-natured, inoffensive sort of man—a good *hand* at his work; but not celebrated for great power of intellect or strength of mind. His wife was a pretty little woman, with soft brown eyes, a fine clear complexion, a neat compact figure, and mild expression of countenance. Her voice was sweet and subdued in its tone, and, to judge from appearances, you would have pronounced her the meekest and gentlest of her sex. But, alas! appearances are proverbially deceitful—a truth to which, no doubt, we can all testify; but none with more reason than poor Simon. Martha Sawley, to use her own phrase, "was not a woman to be put upon by anybody;" which meant, that she was a woman who would have her own way in spite of everybody. In fact, like many mild-looking, smooth-spoken women, Martha possessed that unconquerable obstinacy that neither entreaties nor threats can soften or subdue. She never scolded, she rarely lectured, but quietly and steadily pursued the settled purpose of her soul, regardless alike of the wishes or convenience of others. If ever it happened that she met with more than usual opposition, she would assume the air of a deeply injured person, maintain an obstinate silence, or when absolutely obliged to speak, answer only in monosyllables; and, in short, fall into a sullen fit, from which nothing short of the most entire submission to her will could rouse her. It was rarely, indeed, that honest Simon ventured upon anything like opposition; for, though not possessed of an extraordinary development of either the arithmetical or reasoning powers, he had learned, from experience, to count the cost before entering upon the war, and to avoid a contest which must end in total defeat. There was, however, one point upon which, though he no longer ventured any open resistance, he secretly indulged in feelings of a rebellious and insubordinate nature. Mrs. Sawley insisted that he should every Saturday bring home to her the whole of his week's wages, without any deduction whatever. This, of course, was quite right, and what every good husband does, or ought to do: but this was not all: she would not allow him a penny in his pocket, not even on the condition of never spending it; for, she was wont to remark, "men are but men at the best, and frail creatures," therefore it was better not to put temptation in their way; "besides, for her part, she could not see what a man, who had a good wife to provide everything comfortable for him, could want with money." He worked for it, and she spent it, to the best advantage of course; and that, in her opinion, was the order of Providence.

One lovely evening towards the latter end of spring, Simon was busy in his garden. It happened that he was occupied near the hedge which divided his territories from those of his next neighbor. Like most remarkable individuals, Simon had his eccentricities, one of which was a habit, when any affair of moment weighed on his mind, of indulging in audible soliloquy; and as he worked, he talked to the following effect:—"Well, it is too bad, that it is; thirty shillings a-week, let alone odd jobs, and never a farthing to bless myself with. Tom Jones said he would not stand it, if he was me; he'd be master. But

it 's easy talking; he knows nothing about it; he isn't married, and don't know Martha. Well, never mind. I 've got—yes, here it is, safe and sound—I 've got a shilling; I *have* a shilling that nobody knows nothing about." And after gazing fondly at it for some minutes, he put it again into his pocket, which he buttoned carefully up, pulled his waistcoat well down, and patting it several times to make sure there was no outward and visible sign of the hidden treasure, he resumed his work with great self-complacency. It is commonly said that stone walls have ears; and it has been a notorious fact, ever since the days of King Midas' barber, that woods and groves are the most treacherous of confidants. Certain it is that Simon's secret was no longer his own; it passed into the possession of another, through the instrumentality of the before-mentioned hedge.

However, Simon continued his work, in blissful ignorance, until the sound of Martha's voice from the back-door warned him that supper was ready. That night he lay awake some time longer than usual, revolving in his mind how he should dispose of the bewildering sum in his possession. First he thought of purchasing himself a new fishing-rod; then of buying a fine tulip for his flower-garden. Various temptations of a similar nature presented themselves to his imagination; but to all there was one grand objection—inquiries were sure to be made as to where the purchase money came from; Martha would get to know all about it, and that would never do; so every idea of the kind was dismissed entirely. Then he determined to keep it until a good opportunity occurred of proving to his fellow-workmen and acquaintances, especially to Tom Jones, that he had money, and could spend it on a glass of ale or mug of porter with the best of them. At last a bright idea struck him: he would—yes, that he would—put it into the savings-bank. With a mind set at ease by this laudable resolution, Simon fell asleep, and dreamed that his shilling had, in an incredibly short space of time, accumulated to such a degree, as to enable him to purchase a cow, two pigs, and a stock of tulips that made his garden the wonder and admiration of the whole village. The next morning proving, to his great satisfaction, wet, Simon (in order to put in execution the plan he had formed) proposed taking his dinner with him to the mill, instead of returning home at noon. Having happily accomplished his purpose with little trouble—for, as it was washing-day, Martha was perfectly willing to have him out of her way—he set off, walking with the conscious dignity of a man worth something. As he passed along, he was much surprised to find himself the object of general attention and amusement. Inquiries as to his health, state of mind, and future plans, were showered upon him. One wished to know when he intended to set up his carriage, and another hoped he would not forget old friends now he was so great a man. Nor was his bewilderment lessened on arriving at the mill, for all his fellow-workmen were ready with a joke and a laugh at his expense. But Simon, like Socrates, was a practical philosopher, and he bore all their raillery as a philosopher should—with unruffled calmness. As soon as the bell for the dinner hour rung, he left his work, and having despatched his own with all possible speed, he, not without some trepidation, made his way to a neighboring town, where he knew there was a savings-bank which would be open that day. On reaching his destination, he first looked cautiously round, to make sure he was unobserved, and seeing no one he knew, he boldly entered. Mr. Vivian, Simon's master, was one of the trustees and managers of this bank, and happened to be in attendance that day. Simon, and Simon's domestic grievances, were well known to him, therefore his appearance in such a place occasioned some little surprise. "Well, Simon," said he, "what is your business; nothing the matter at the mill, I hope?"

"No, sir," replied Simon; "I came about a little matter of my own, regarding a bit of money I was thinking of putting into the bank."

"That 's right, Simon; I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Vivian. "You are getting good wages, and are now strong and hearty: it is very proper you should lay by something against old age or sickness. But how is it," added he, smiling, "that you have come without Martha?"

"The truth is," said Simon, twisting his hat round and round as he spoke—"the truth is, sir, Martha don't know nothing at all about it; and that 's one reason I brought it here, thinking it would be safe, you know, sir."

"Oh, indeed!—that is it, is it?" said Mr. Vivian.

"Why, you see, sir, it 's this way," continued Simon, lowering his voice to a confidential tone—"it 's a trifle I made unbeknown to anybody; so I says to myself, if I keep it by me, Martha will be sure to get at it, and if I spend it, why, she 'll get to know, and I shall never hear the last of it; so I 'll put it in the bank, and then I shall have it safe, and it 'll be making more; and," concluded Simon, who, during this speech had been fumbling in his pocket, from the bottom of which he at length brought forth his shilling, "here it is, and you 'll be so good as not to mention it, sir."

"Oh, certainly not, if you wish it," replied Mr. Vivian, unable to suppress his amusement at Simon's simplicity; "but you are mistaken in supposing your shilling will, as you say, be making more. If you leave it here for five or six years, it will still be but a shilling; on the contrary, if, every week or fortnight, you added a little more to it, it would at the end of that time amount to a sum that would really be useful to you."

It was no small disappointment to Simon to hear that his shilling would not accumulate of its own accord; but the great object was still attainable; so he said with a sigh, and in a somewhat despairing tone, "I 'd like to leave it, if you 've no objection, sir; at any rate, it 'll be *safe;* and if *I should* get another shilling, why, I 'll be sure to bring it too."

"If," said Mr. Vivian, who, though greatly amused, pitied Simon's evident disappointment—"if you really are anxious to be laying something by, and do not mind a little extra work, I think I can enable you to do so. I have occasion to send twice or three times a-week to town on business, and am just now in want of a messenger I can trust. I know you to be honest and trustworthy, and if you like to undertake the job, I will put whatever you earn in that way into the savings-bank, and it will not interfere with your regular wages."

Simon's countenance brightened at this proposal. It was just the very thing for him. He eagerly accepted the offer; and after expressing his thanks, and begging his master's secrecy, he, with a lightened heart as well as pocket, returned to Westleigh. He was now doubly armed against the

raillery of his companions. Various were the devices to which they resorted to induce Simon to part with, or even to display his treasure; but, to their great surprise, against remonstrances, intreaties, and ridicule, he was proof. It was all in vain, even when Tom Jones hid himself behind the hedges. Whether Simon suspected the treachery of which it had been guilty, certain it is that he never again chose that part of his garden for his self-communings.

So weeks, months, and years passed away, and the mystery of the shilling remained unsolved. What had become of it, nobody could tell: and, as it usually happens in such cases, there were not wanting persons faithless enough to doubt whether it had ever existed. In the mean time, it must not be supposed that Mrs. Sawley *silently* acquiesced in her husband's spending any of his time in the service of another, in return for which nothing was forthcoming. On the contrary, few days passed on which she had not some observations to make on the comparative merits of prudence and good nature, always placing the former virtue (which, according to her definition, consisted in getting everything and giving nothing) far above the latter, which, indeed, she considered as only another word for sheer folly, and concluding with a general remark on the contemptible weakness of those who were guilty of it. All this, however, Simon bore without flinching, for there is something in the knowledge of being treated with injustice that inspires even the meekest spirit with fortitude. Nay, sometimes Martha could almost have imagined that Simon turned away his face to conceal a smile. A smile at her! but no, it was impossible; she could not admit her own eyes as credible witnesses to so audacious an act.

About six years after Simon's first visit to the savings-bank, he had the misfortune to break his arm. The fracture was severe, and the pain of the setting, united with the anxiety caused by the knowledge that he was for some time disabled from his work, brought on a slow fever, which for many weeks confined him to his bed; and when at length he was able to leave it, he was so weakened and reduced as to render it doubtful when he would be strong enough again to provide for the wants of his family. Added to this misfortune, food was that year remarkably dear; the harvest was bad, and the potato crop indifferent; and though Martha was an excellent nurse and manager, it surpassed even her powers to provide food and medicine, with little or nothing coming in. Their neighbors sympathized sincerely in their distress, and gave the best proofs of their sympathy by rendering them all the assistance in their power; but they were but poor themselves, and found difficulty enough in making all ends meet. It was in the midst of these perplexities, when rent was due, a doctor's bill in prospect, and, turn which way they would, nothing but debt and poverty staring them in the face, that Simon remembered his secret hoard. From the time of their first agreement, his kind master had regularly provided him with the means of earning a small sum over and above his weekly wages, which, instead of paying to him, he had put into the savings-bank. What it amounted to by this time, Simon did not know; but he thought it never could be worse wanted, and whatever it might be, would afford some relief. His astonishment was scarcely less than his delight to find himself master of the almost incredible sum of thirteen pounds twelve shillings and sixpence. It was enough, more than enough, to pay all his debts. No farmer, contemplating his flocks and herds, his well-stored barns and crowded granaries; no merchant, welcoming into port the costly freight that almost doubles his already overflowing wealth; no young heir, gazing on the spacious park, the sunny fields, and stately woods that he can call his own, ever felt such pure and unalloyed happiness as swelled the heart and glistened in the eye of poor Simon as he looked upon his well-earned wealth. And Martha, what did she say, what did she think? Martha had been taking a few lessons in a school that seldom fails to profit and improve those who come under its discipline—the school of adversity. She had suffered anxiety, privation, and want; seen the husband, whom, after all, she truly loved, feeble and suffering, without being able to procure those things she knew to be necessary to restore him to ease and health; and had known what it was to have her children crying around her for the bread she had not to give. The tears of joy she shed when informed of this timely but most unexpected relief, were not unmingled with those of shame and self-reproach; and sincerely did she now regret her unkindness and selfishness. She said little, for Martha was not a woman of many promises; but she resolved that nothing on her part should ever again give occasion for concealment on his. Nor was her resolution in vain. In a short time Simon, with proper nourishment and good nursing, regained his accustomed health and strength, and returned to his employment; and though they had a hard winter and spring, yet, pleased with themselves and each other, they got well through it. Theirs had always been a clean, well-managed household; but now, brightened by love and confidence, there was no happier family in Westleigh, nor did they ever fail to spare something every week from their earnings to put into the savings-bank.

Great was the wonder, and many the congratulations, of the good people of Westleigh; and to think, as Simon said many times in a day, "to think that all this good should come from my shilling;" for he persisted in regarding that as the grand source of his happiness. To this day, it is common in the village, when speaking of an industrious, prosperous family, to say that such persons have "got a shilling that nobody knows of."

From Chambers' Journal.

A FRAGMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Are there any among you, my young friends, who desire to preserve health and cheerfulness through life, and at length to reach a good old age? If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

A considerable time ago I read in one of the newspapers of the day, that a man had died near London at the advanced age of 110 years, that he never had been ill, and that he had maintained through life a cheerful, happy temperament. I wrote immediately to London, begging to know if, in the old man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had rendered his life so lengthened and so happy, and the answer I received was as follows:—

"He was uniformly kind and obliging to everybody; he quarrelled with no one: he ate and

drank merely that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst, and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used."

I took a note of this in a little book where I generally write all that I am anxious to remember, and very soon afterwards I observed in another paper that a woman had died near Stockholm at 115 years of age, that she never was ill and was always of a contented, happy disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm, to learn what means this old woman had used for preserving her health, and now read the answer:—

"She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet, and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered, she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweetmeats; seldom coffee, seldom tea, and never wine."

Of this likewise I took a note in my little book.

Some time after this again I read that near St. Petersburg a man had died who had enjoyed good health till he was 120 years old. Again I took my pen and wrote to St. Petersburg, and here is the answer:—

"He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he never was idle; he worked and employed himself chiefly in the open air, and particularly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never permitted himself to sit awry, or in a bent posture, but was always perfectly straight. The luxurious and effeminate habits of citizens he held in great contempt."

After having read all this in my little book, I said to myself, "You will be a foolish man indeed not to profit by the example and experience of these old people."

I then wrote out all that I had been able to discover about these happy old people upon a large card, which I suspended over my writing-desk, so that I might have it always before my eyes to remind me what I ought to do, and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of my card, and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young readers, I can assure you, on the word of an honest man, that I am much happier, and in better health than I used to be. Formerly, I had headache nearly every day, and now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months. Before I began these rules, I hardly dared venture out in rain or snow without catching cold. In former times, a walk of half an hour's length fatigued and exhausted me; now I walk miles without weariness.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigor. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these happy old people—and that is, that I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.

Oh that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, that I might be happy and long-lived as they were!

Little children who read this, you are the fortunate ones who are able to adopt in perfection this kind of life! What, then, prevents you living henceforward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the old men of London and St. Petersburg!

A POEM BY THE LATE MR. BIDDLE.

[We copy these verses, which, years ago, we enjoyed in manuscript, from the New York Evening Mirror. They will be much admired by everybody; but their merit can only be fully appreciated by those who knew the invaluable public men who are embalmed for posterity, with every feature perfectly preserved.]

One of the most accomplished, cultivated, and fascinating gentlemen we have had in this country, was one who, by a favorable turn in one or two matters of caprice and accident, might have been, at this moment, perhaps, alive and in health, and if so, as certainly in the high path of distinction. We speak of Nicholas Biddle. It will be no small gratification to the cultivated and wide circle that lamented his misfortunes and his death, to publish the following one of many of the brilliant productions of his pen. As an author, he certainly would have been very distinguished.

The subject of the *jeu d'esprit* below was a character in his day, and united the vocations of public waiter and undertaker, frequently officiating at a funeral in the afternoon, and at a party the same evening,—presenting on all occasions the same gravity of demeanor. The term "*colorless colored man*" was particularly applicable to Bogle, as he was a light mulatto. The fantastic toe was in allusion to an occasional weakness he had in the way of drink. "Johnson," and "Shepard," were also famous public waiters.

ODE TO BOGLE.

"Restituit rem cunctando."—
"Of Brownnis and of Bogeles, ful is this buke."
Gawin Douglass.

Bogle! not he whose shadow flies
Before a frighted Scotchman's eyes,
But thou of Eighth near Sansom, thou,
Colorless colored man, whose brow,
Unmoved the joys of life surveys,
Untouched the gloom of death displays,
Reckless if joy or gloom prevail,—
Stern, multifarious Bogle—hail!

Hail may'st thou, Bogle, for thy reign
Extends o'er nature's wide domain,
Begins before our earliest breath,
Nor ceases with the hour of death.
Scarce seems the blushing maiden wed
Unless thy care the supper spread,—
Half christened only were that boy,
Whose heathen squalls our ears annoy,
If, service finished, cakes and wine
Were given by any hand but thine,
And Christian burial e'en were scant,
Unless his aid the Bogle grant.

Lover of pomp! the dead might rise
And feast upon himself,—his eyes,
When marshalling the black array
Thou rul'st the sadness of the day,
Teaching how grief may be genteel
And legatees should seem to feel;
Death's seneschal, 't is thine to trace
For each his proper look and place,
How aunts should weep, where uncles stand,
With hostile cousins, hand in hand.
Give matchless gloves and fitly shape
By length of face the length of crape;
See him erect, with loftv tread,

The dark scarf streaming from his head,
Lead forth his groups in order meet
And range them grief-wise in the street;
Presiding o'er the solemn show,—
The very Chesterfield of woe.
Evil to him should bear the pall,
Yet comes too late, or not at all.
Woe to the mourner who shall stray
One inch beyond thy trim array,
Still worse the kinsman who shall move
Until thy signal voice approve.

Let widows, anxious to fulfil
(For the first time) the dear man's will,
Lovers and lawyers ill at ease
For bliss deferred, or loss of fees,
Or heirs impatient of delay,
Chafe inly at his former stay,—
The Bogle heeds not,—nobly true,
Resolved to give the dead his due;
No jot of honor will he bate,
Nor stir towards the church-yard gate,
Till the last parson is at hand
And every hat has got its band.
Before his stride the town gives way.
Beggars and belles confess his sway.
Drays, prudes, and sweeps, a startled mass,
Rein up to let his cortege pass,
And death, himself, that ceaseless dun,
Who waits on all, yet waits for none,
Now hears a greater waiter's tone,
And scarcely deems his life his own.

Nor less, stupendous man! thy power
In festal than in funeral hour,
When gas and beauty's blended rays
Set hearts and ball-rooms in a blaze,
Or spermaceti's light reveals
More "inward bruises" than it heals.
In flames each belle her victim kills,
And sparks fly upwards in quadrilles,
Like iceberg in an Indian clime,
Refreshing Bogle breathes sublime,—
Cool airs upon that sultry stream,
From Roman punch and frosted cream.

So sadly social when we flee
From milky talk and watery tea,
To dance by inches in that strait,
Between a sideboard and a grate,
With rug uplift and blower tight
'Gainst the red demon Anthracite,
Then Bogle o'er the weary hours,
A world of sweets incessant showers,
Till, blest relief from noise and foam,
The farewell poundcake warns us home.
Wide opes the crowd to let thee pass,
And hail the music of thy glass,
Drowning all other sounds,—even those
From B——— or S——— that rose,
From C———'s self some glance will stray,
To rival charms upon thy tray,
Which thou dispensest with an air
As life or death depended there,—
Wine for the luckless wretch, whose back
Has stood against a window's crack,—
And then, impartial, cool'st in turn,
The youth, whom love and Lehigh burn.

On Johnson's smooth and placid mien,
A quaint and fitful smile is seen,
O'er Shepard's pale, romantic face,
A radiant simper we may trace;
But, on the Bogle's steadfast cheek,
Lugubrious thoughts their presence speak,—
His very smile, serenely stern
As lighted lachrymary urn.
In church or state, in bower or hall,
He gives, with equal face to all,
The wedding cake, the funeral crape,
The mourning glove, the festive grape;
In the same tone, when crowds disperse,
Calls Powel's hack, or Carter's hearse.
As gently grave, as sadly grim,
At the quick waltz as funeral hymn.

Thou, social Fabius! since the day
When Rome was saved by wise delay,
None else has found the happy chance,—
By always waiting—to advance.
Let time and tide, coquettes so rude,
Pass on,—yet hope to be pursued.
Thy gentler nature waits on all,
When parties rage, on thee they call,
Who seek'st no office in the state,
Content, while others push,—to wait.
Yet—(not till Providence bestowed
On Adam's sons, McAdam's road,)
Unstumbling foot is rarely given
To man or beast when quickly driven.
And they do say—but this I doubt,
For seldom he lets things leak out—
And they do say,—ere the dances close
His, too, are "light fantastic toes."
Oh, if this be so, Bogle! then,
How are we served by serving men?
A waiter by his weight forsaken!
An undertaker, overtaken!

From the Athenæum.

Fashions in literature, and works in prose and in verse, when transplanted to America, continue there to circulate, and even to increase in influence, long after they are forgotten in England. Poets, who have scarcely made their names heard in their native land, are there reprinted on fine paper, and vended in elegant bindings; in like manner, Annuals that have seen their day with us, are commencing it with them. We had reason last year, to bestow high commendation on one of this class of American publications; and are glad to be justified in repeating it on the present occasion.

The Gift

is still as sumptuous, as well printed, as charmingly illustrated, as handsomely bound, and as ably written as ever. This last is, after all, the characteristic which most attracts our regard. Mrs. Kirkland's tale of "The Schoolmaster's Progress" lets us into the secret of the manner in which these things are managed in the United States. There, as elsewhere, the educator enters upon his duties before he is himself educated; nevertheless a show is got up of testing his previous qualifications. Examinations are, it seems, prescribed by law, which, however, has forgotten to provide for the competency of the examiners; and there are few better farces, as we gather from this tale, than the course of question and answer on these occasions. But to the story of "The Purloined Letter," by Edgar A. Poe, we must award the palm of literary merit. We think that in substance we have previously read the incident

on which it is founded; but there is a philosophical acumen and an artistical taste in working out this tale, which indicates a high degree of talent. It is in the style of Marmontel, and shows how much may be made of the simplest materials. Mr. N. P. Willis also contributes a clever tale, "The Power of an Injured Look;" and there are several translations from the German, done with the usual ability. "A Prairie Jumbie," by C. F. Hoffman, gives us an insight into Prairie life, and the negro character and superstition:—

"Jumbie!—That word puzzles you, reader. You think it 's Indian for a prairie-dog or some other animal peculiar to those grassy wilds; or, if not that, it must be border slang for a bivouac, or a breakdown, or a feat or adventure of some kind, that, happening only to the rovers of the prairie, requires some outré and new-fangled phrase to characterize it! * * But you grow impatient. I must elucidate a little, or you will jump at once to the conclusion of this paper, without giving me a fair reading. Yet, remember, if I reveal to you here the external characteristics of a jumbie, it is on the implied condition that you read fairly through the singular illustration of its spiritual mystery which suggested this sketch. Did you ever have a doggrel couplet fasten so perversely upon your memory that it kept gnawing there for days together? Did you ever have a Jim Crow bar of music rattling in your ear, like a pebble in a calabash! * * These are all veritable *jumbies!* But 't is very arbitrary, say you, to fix such an outlandish epithet upon those well-known mental phenomena. Excuse me: the epithet, as you disdainfully call it, is a real word—a word some thousands of years old, probably. It expresses, too, a distinct idea; it has a definite meaning; and thus fulfilling a clear mission of thought, it is, to my mind, uncouth as it seems, far more respectable than your generalizing phrase of 'mental phenomenon.' At all events, the manner in which I first became acquainted with the full dignity of the term can never be effaced from my memory. Many years since I found myself, one dismal autumn day, on the edge of one of the largest prairies of our Northwest Territory, debating with a fellow-traveller the expediency of attempting to cross it so late in the season. The objections were threefold. In the first place, the prairie had been lately burned, and it would be necessary to carry all our provender with us. In the next, the season was so late that there was danger of snow, and there being no islands of timber to shelter us, no means of guidance save a compass, in case of a storm of any violence, we should almost inevitably lose our way, and starve, or perish from exposure to the elements. The third objection was the condition of my own health."

These objections were eventually overruled, and the party started, on a clear November morning, on the long-limbed horses of the country, a negro servant, and a sumpter horse with the baggage. An accident soon lamed one of the horses. This enforced a halt for a time, by which they missed the spring at which they had intended to bivouac, and had to pass a cheerless night on the bleak prairie:—

"'Well, Frank,' said his master to the negro, as he jerked him to his feet at daybreak,—'t is full as well that we did n't find that spring last night, for it will be just the place to breakfast at.' 'Better not look for him, massa; dat spring jumbie—prairie jumbie—jumbie all around us.' My friend laughed, and I scarcely heard the remark in the hurried preparations for starting which followed. We rode on for hours, discovering not the slightest indication of the spring and thicket, but encountering every few miles one of the shallow rain-water pools which from time to time had broken the perfect monotony of our yesterday's travel—I should not say '*broken* the monotony,' for they were so unmarked by any shape or expression, and were all so perfectly alike, that they seemed rather to impress one more strongly with the unvarying sameness of the scene. Near one of these limpid shallows, that like all of them seemed scarcely a hand's breadth in depth, I suggested, as the sun was now several hours high, that we should halt for breakfast. 'Well, Frank,' said I to the negro, who eat a little apart from us, while we helped ourselves to the fare that was spread out upon a bison-skin used by way of table-cloth—'well, Frank, don't you think this pool will answer as well as the spring would to wash your dishes in?' 'Pool jumbie—jis as spring jumbie—prairie all jumbie—nebber get away from him.' I was about to ask an explanation of the word—'Pray you, pardon me,' cried my friend, laying his hand upon my arm—'Frank, how the deuce do you make out the spring to be a jumbie?' 'Cause Frank tink—tink of him all day long—tink ob him, nebber find him—but still can't help tink ob him. What dat but jumbie spirit trouble Frank so, massa?' 'But this puddle of water,' laughed my friend, 'you find plenty like it, how is that a jumbie too?' 'No find but one puddle from de fust. He be same old puddle. Come, come, again. Tire nigger wid looking at him, yet he can't help look for some difference dro' he know always turn out de same. What dat but jumbie spirit?' 'And the prairie,' cried I, almost screaming with laughter at the grotesque whimsicality of the superstition, then perfectly new to me—'the prairie, Frank, what do you make of that?' 'He be all jumbie—de biggest jumbie of de world—always de same, and you nebber, nebber get rid of him.' Then the poor fellow actually burst into tears, and began to wring his hands most piteously—'Oh massa, massa, what will become ob de massa and his poor Frank! De little jumbie spirit always bad enough when he get hold of folks—but here we be on de back ob great big jumbie, who keeps sliding from under us all de while we tink ourselves moving, keeping us jes in de same, same spot, for ebber, for ebber. Oh de poor nigger will nebber see the trees, nor de hills, nor de running water of Gorra Mighty's yarth. Nebber see any ting but dis black jumbie-back, nebber, nebber more.' I looked at the face of my friend, and I confess there was a blankness of expression which struck me as arguing some emotion other than concern and sympathy for the agitation of his poor ignorant bondman. Could it be that some pagan foster-nurse among those of the same complexion as Frank, had so imbued him in childhood with the same superstitious feelings, that they now were reäwakened unpleasantly by the earnest and most painful exhibition of fanciful suffering in the other? Surely I myself could not be affected, save with

mirth, by such absurd credulity. I declare I was not so sure of this when several hours' subsequent travel brought us to a pool which so exactly resembled that seen in the morning, that I could not for the life of me help adding a whistle of wonderment to the woful chorus of ejaculations into which poor Frank broke at the sight of it. Every landmark around us—if I may use that word where landmarks there were none—every feature of the landscape—if the phrase be admissible where the painter's art were a nullity—all, all around us was one dull, dead, unbroken monotony—an interminable dark level—an eye-wearying waste—marked only, but not relieved, by that circular limped shallow, reflecting an ashen sky; and sky, earth, and pool, all equally motionless, without the faintest shadow or one variety of tint, save the leaden hues of the same sombre color. We talked but little during that day. About sunset a breeze, which crept over the waste in little whirlwinds, enlivened us somewhat, but I cannot remember that one jest was successful enough to raise a smile from either of us. But indeed neither my friend nor myself could restrain our risibles, had we cared to, at one remark of Frank's when we came to camp down for the night. The poor fellow had just lighted a spirit-lamp to make coffee for us, when a blast of wind which suddenly swept the prairie, extinguished the flame. 'What do you sit so stupidly there for, Frank?—why don't you light another match?' said his master. 'No use yet—no use jes now, please, massa. Nigger wait till we hab done slipping. '*Slipping!*—why what do you mean now, Frank?' 'Gorra, massa, what make dat great wind but de jumbie-back slipping from under us to put white folks and nigger jes where we started in de mornin'—what but dat make de wind to blow lamp out?' The merriment called out by this whimsical idea of the sable physiologist was not a bad preparation for cheerful rest. But our anxiety took a new turn in the morning, upon discovering that our horse-feed would not hold out more than another day. It is true that we had not originally expected it to last longer. But, though steadily following the guidance of the compass, and therefore confident that our course must have laid truly, yet the single fact of having, in our first day's travel, missed that spring—the one only landmark of our journey—annoyed us not a little, as the incident became colored by the scene and circumstances around us; viewed sometimes, perhaps, unconsciously to ourselves, through the wild superstition of the negro. The day proved not only mild for the season, but even oppressively warm, and about noontide the lame horse gave out completely. We removed his load, took off the halter, and left the poor brute to his fate, upon that dreary heath, which the next year's summer would alone freshen with a blade of herbage. He followed us for awhile, and we hoped might be yet able to keep us in view; but pain or a feebleness of disposition which from the first had marked his temper, made him stop short at last. I turned once or twice in the saddle to look for him afterwards, but he always stood planted in the same spot, fixed there beneath that glaring noonday sun as immovably as the gnome upon a dial. I could not help expressing my surprise that Frank, who, with a benevolence common to the negro character, had shown much concern for the horse when he was first hurt, should betray no feeling at this painful abandonment of the poor animal. 'Why Frank be sorry?' said he in reply; when de jumbie-back slip at night, him as well as oder hoss all come back to de same place, 'cept lame hoss too be turned into jumbie-spirit, and den me see him ebery day, same, same hoss, see him standing den jes as now, and alway see him de same hour. We now rode forward rapidly; our horses' feet had become used to the soil, and notwithstanding the heat of the 'Indian summer' weather, had accomplished a very long stage, a full day's journey in fact, while the sun was still several hours high. We ought, we surely ought be near our destination. I confessed this to my friend, and I am not ashamed to say, that as I did so, and at the same time acknowledged that my prairie experience was utterly at fault in discovering any signs of thicket, grove or timber-land in the distance, I began to share more or less the superstitious terrors which did unquestionably blanch his cheek. The reader, wholly inexperienced, perhaps, in life in the wilderness, smiles at the weakness. Yet the famous Colonel Crockett, as gallant a bush-ranger as perished among the hardy Texans who fought and fell at the Alamo, has left it upon record, that a man, when first lost in the forest, will almost persuade himself that the sun rises and sets in a different quarter of the heavens than is his wont! and on a prairie—when lost on a prairie—with no one object to fix and determine the use of the external senses, the bewilderment of imagination is far more startling—the vagaries of reason far more eccentric. The lost wanderer is left wholly to his imagination, and he can reason only upon the possibilities which it suggests. For three days I had gazed only upon limitless monotony; for three days I had heard no sound save those that came from our little cavalcade—yes! I forgot; on the first morning, and soon after we got out of sight of the timber-land, a solitary raven rose screaming from the carcass of a roasted wolf, who had probably perished while trying to escape the prairie fire a month earlier. But this recollection only served to remind me that if we were again approaching the forest, more of these birds ought to be visible; for the carrion wolves and deer upon which they feed are most often smothered by the smoke of a burning prairie, on the verge of the timber-swamps, to which they are flying for refuge. 'Upon my soul, this is an ugly business,' said my friend, after a few moments' painful musing. 'Can you see nothing—no one sign in the air or on the earth—nothing to form a conjecture how we may be situated?' 'From the earth most assuredly nothing; you know as well as I do that there are no running streams on these upland prairies to guide conjecture in any way—and as for the air, the sun, as you have seen, goes down very differently over a prairie from what he does elsewhere; but that Indian summer mist which is now gathering about him, makes it impossible to detect any of the peculiarities which mark his setting over a broken country.' 'Good God! what will become of us? what shall we do? what can you think of! what suggestion have you? For me, my brain is dizzy with looking ceaselessly upon this changeless monotony—suggesting ever the one same idea of poor Frank's jumbie.' We had halted apparently still in the centre of the boundless plain—looking forward, there was no vestige of our having accomplished anything! 'Still,' I thought, 'while there is nothing here to guide one, there is also nothing to mislead. If our course was laid properly in the first instance, we may still clear

the waste; if that course was laid wrongly; it is yet in the present extremity most wise to pursue it—we *must* go on—on—and our only hope is in the ability still to keep this straightforward direction.' I exclaimed this to my friend much in the same language I have used here. He simply nodded significantly, and pressed forward in silence. The whole proposition was so plain to him that it needed no further demonstration. A drizzling rain which soon after set in did not prevent us from keeping the saddle, until the vapor became so thick that we could not see twenty yards in advance; when, it being also now near night, we were compelled to encamp. Wet, weary, and dispirited, I can conceive few things more disheartening than our present plight. My friend, who was of a fine game spirit, attempted to jest both about our present discomforts and the almost appalling prospects of the morrow. But the terror of poor Frank, who besought him not to speak with such levity of 'Massa Jumbie,' soon made him desist; a deep sigh that came from the breast of his master, as he turned away from his supper without touching it, betrayed to me the pardonable affectation of the gallant fellow. My poor friend, I believe, slept little that night, and his nerves must have been much shaken by watching for him to exhibit the spectacle I witnessed in the morning. The sudden cries of Frank had made me start from my sleep; I looked up—my friend had raised himself on one hand, and with pallid features and eyes almost starting from their sockets, was gazing before him. 'Oh, massa, massa—I told um so—here we be—oh Gorra Mighty hab marcy on us—here we be slipped back, slipped clean back to jes where we started from—we and de hoss—yes, de lame hoss an all—and all got to do the same over again ebery day—ebery day till kingdom come.' I looked, and true enough, we were almost under the shadow of a tall wood exactly like that we had left four mornings before. Nay more, the lame horse stood there on its verge as if he had slipped back as Frank had prophesied. * * The reader has, I know, already solved the mystery, and discovered that we had unconsciously gained the woodlands under cover of the mist of the preceding evening—that we had, in a word, attained the farther bourne of the prairie, in the very hour we nearly despaired of ever reaching it. It was not, however, till we had mounted, penetrated some hundred yards into the forest, and saw the smoke of a settler's cabin curling up among the trees, that poor bewildered Frank could be persuaded he was yet fairly off the *jumbie-back*."

The poetry is somewhat inferior; and we shall only select the following by Henry W. Longfellow:—

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.

The past and present reünite,
Beneath time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town,
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
Oh! gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden trees,
Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy angels
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep, to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds, the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder
Of the ancient patriarch's dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves,
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
But it seemed not so to me,
For he spake of Ruth, the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
But it seemed not so to me,
For in my heart I prayed with him,
But still I thought of thee.

But now, alas, the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here;
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep rooted in my heart,
Like pine trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

The illustrations are, as usual, good, but imitative. The title-page, vignette, and frontispiece, engraved by Cheney, from Page and Stuart, are both exquisite. Still, whether in art or in poetry—(and both in a certain sense are one)—what we desire is originality, something purely American, not European; and till we see this we shall not be altogether satisfied.

From the Athenæum.

EXHIBITION OF THE HOLY TUNIC AT TREVES.

TREVES, Sept. 29.

THIS ancient city, usually so quiet, and visited by the traveller chiefly on account of its Roman antiquities, has, for the last six weeks, presented an aspect of excitement, which merely wants the costume of the 13th century, to reproduce a picture of the middle ages, at the period when the superstitious observances of the church were at their height. The event which has thus frighted the place from its propriety, has been the exhibition, in the cathedral, of the Holy Tunic, or "coat without seams,"—a relic which has constituted the great glory of Treves, in the eyes of the faithful, for the last fifteen hundred years. The tradition respecting this relic is perhaps only partially known beyond the pale of the Roman Catholic world, so that a few preliminary words may be desirable.

Its origin, as a received object of veneration, remounts to the early part of the fourth century, when the Empress Helena undertook her memorable journey to Palestine. According to the tradition of Treves, it was then, and there, that the Holy Tunic was discovered. Helena's selection of Treves as the place of deposit, arose not only from her predilection for the city where she had so long dwelt, and where some accounts say she was born, but from the reputation which it enjoyed of being a second Rome and the capital of the empire beyond the Alps. An interval of more than eight hundred years ensued, during which no mention is made of the holy tunic. Towards the close of the ninth century, Treves was sacked and burned by the Normans, and nothing is said to have been saved from their ravages but the holy relics, which a constant sense of danger had caused the clergy to preserve in crypts constructed expressly for their security. The traditional existence of the holy tunic only remained, for that which fear originated, custom retained, and, even in times of safety, the altar, in or beneath which the relic was presumed to lie, was alone indicated; the relic itself was never shown. In the quarrel between Adrian and the emperor, in 1157, Frederic, when he assembled a synod at Treves, alluded to the existence of the tunic there; for, in his letter to Archbishop Hillinus, he says:—"Igitur, quia vos primas estis cis Alpes, et cor regni, et metropolis illa vestra, Treviris inquam indyta, *quæ inconsutili præpollet tunica Domini*," &c., &c. ("Since then you are the primate beyond the Alps, and the centre of the whole empire, and that your cathedral, that of Treves, is renowned above all others for the possession of the coat without seams, &c.") Other proofs are also given in regard to its alleged locality, which was at length put beyond doubt, in the year 1196, by the discovery of the relic in the *adytum* of the cathedral, when Archbishop John the First embellished and restored the building. It was, for the first time, shown publicly on the 1st of May, 1196, amidst the acclamations of the whole people, after which, it was again shut up in the high altar. Another interval of three hundred and sixteen years occurred before the relic was again seen, when it was brought forward at the instance of the Emperor Maximilian, who had assembled a diet in Treves. The opening of the altar took place on the 14th of April, 1512, before all the dignitaries of Treves, and a wooden box, inlaid with ivory, of very beautiful workmanship, was found. It was sealed, and, when opened, the robe was discovered with a written inscription, "This is the coat without seam of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." On the 12th of May following, the relic was once more displayed to an immense concurrence of people, with no less effect than on the first occasion,—an effect which suggested to Leo X. the idea of turning it prominently to account, in the sale of indulgences. His bull, dated 15th of January, 1514, granted a plenary indulgence to all who came to Treves to confess their sins before the sacred tunic; and, that opportunity might not be wanting, he ordered that it should be publicly exhibited every seven years. The Reformation, however, intervened before the first term prescribed by the Pope, and it was not till 1531 that the exhibition again took place. During the remainder of the sixteenth century, the relic was exposed at four different periods,—in 1545, 1553, 1585 and 1594,—but the Thirty Years' War occupied the attention of Germany too closely to admit of much religious ceremonial, especially when the opposing armies were under such strong religious influence; it was therefore not until after the peace of Westphalia, 20th of February, 1655, that it was again shown. The dread of the arms of Louis XIV. induced the electors of Treves to transport the relic to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein; nor was it again made visible till 1725, when it was shown to the Archbishop of Cologne. Other public exhibitions subsequently took place at Ehrenbreitstein, in the eighteenth century; but, when the French armies approached the Rhine, in 1794, it was no time for trusting the security of the holy tunic even to a fortress. It was then conveyed away, and deposited in a place, the secret of which was known only to a very few persons, whose interest it was not to divulge it. It became afterwards known that that place was Bamberg, where it remained till 1803, and was then removed by the electors to Augsburg. A dispute afterwards arose for its possession between the Duke of Nassau and the church of Treves, and the King of Bavaria also put in his claim for it; but it was finally decided by Napoleon—the arbiter, at that time, of all things, spiritual as well as mundane—that restitution should be made to Treves, and in 1810, it was once more brought to its accustomed resting-place. The exhibition, in that year, was one remarkable for its display, and for the number of the pious who flocked to the electoral city to behold the relic,—no less than 227,000 people! So much for history and tradition, which I have given at some length, that a reason might be more satisfactorily rendered for the enthusiasm which has attended the exhibition of 1844, which I have just arrived in time to witness.

It may seem strange, that, at a period when the minds of the great masses in Germany are directed towards utilizing objects, an effort—and a successful one—should have been made to compete with the advancing world, and that, too, with weapons from the old armory of Papal Rome; but such is the case; for a greater concourse of people has assembled, this year, in Treves, than was ever known before. The number of those who have already visited the shrine since the 18th of August, *exceeds a million!* and that number will be considerably augmented before the exhibition is finally closed. Six weeks was the period originally prescribed, but, as every day brought pilgrims in thousands from every country, far and near, an additional

week was granted, and the term extended to Sunday, the 6th of October. But, however vast the enumeration of the faithful, (to say nothing of the curious,) however great the accumulation of money offered before the altar of St. Peter, the object of the Romish church would have failed, comparatively speaking, but for more important results. Adopting for device the text of St. Mark (ch. 6, v. 56,) "and all who touched it were cured," the young Countess Jeanne de Droste-Vischering, of Munster, niece of the present archbishop of Cologne, was the first whose malady was submitted for cure by touching the holy robe. The success was triumphant! The young lady, who had, it is said, tried all the baths in Germany, for the last three years, to remove her lameness, no sooner bent before the relic, and touched the sacred cloth, than her limbs were straightened, her figure became once more erect,—and she quitted the cathedral, leaving her crutches behind her in memory of her miraculous cure. There the crutches remain, beside the high altar, and there I have this day seen them, when, one amongst many thousands, I passed before the relic. But the countess is not the only instance of the efficacy of the holy tunic in similar cases. It is positively affirmed that no less than thirteen cures have been performed by the same means:—a boy who had been blind from childhood, a girl who was deaf and dumb, and several others affected with *permanent* maladies, subjected to the test, have all been sent away restored! My *valet de place* told me he had himself known one subject, a complete cripple, who was now as straight as an arrow. I inquired where all these people lived, and was told, "In distant villages,"—inaccessible, of course, to the casual inquirer.

After this, you may be curious to know something of the relic itself, and the mode of visiting it. The tunic is a robe of a reddish-brown color, stretched out flat upon a piece of white silk, in a glass frame, placed upright upon the high altar. The sleeves are displayed, and it measures five feet each way, from one extremity to the other. In its texture it is difficult to say how it has been wrought, so that Brower's description holds perfectly good. He says, in his "Annals of Treves," (tom. ii., p. 91,) "The threads are so fine and so closely united, that the eye cannot discover whether the vestment is woven or wrought with a needle. * * * * The color is reddish, and, in the light of the sun, resembles unprepared cinnabar." At a short distance, it resembles the stamped leather now manufactured to imitate oak wainscoting, but, on a closer examination, one sees that the material is evidently of flax. The folds are apparent, and the surface of the cloth appears to shale, or rather, crack—the result of age. It has no collar—merely a hole for the head to pass through—and must have reached to the ancles. The case in which it is contained, is of the same form as the tunic, like the letter T; and at the base, on either side, is an aperture, through which the officiating priests introduce the medals, pictures, books, and other objects to be blessed by contact with the sacred vestment. The manner in which it is inspected, is in procession, formed in a double line, marshalled by the Prussian gendarmerie outside the doors of the cathedral. The procession advances slowly, until the steps of the high altar are passed; and a momentary pause is made before the relic, to gaze upon it and deposit an offering. The amount collected in this manner must have been very great, for each day produces an enormous heap, in which, though copper predominates, a great deal of silver appears, and, now and then, gold pieces, and *scheine* or paper-money. When I state that this procession begins to form at an early hour in the morning, and continues to stream into the cathedral until midnight, with no other intermission than the occasional closing of the doors to prevent too dense a crowd, some idea may be formed of the numbers that are daily admitted. To facilitate the approach to strangers and foreigners, certain hours are set apart, when, by applying at a different door, admission to the cathedral is given, and the line of the procession intercepted, thus obviating the necessity of waiting for some hours, bareheaded, in the streets. The mass of people endure the delay without an impatient look; they keep close file, it is true, but are chiefly engaged in chanting the Ave Maria—the women first, and then the men—in a clear ringing tone. Where all the crowds come from, seems a wonder; but the stream is continuous, and its component parts are always changing. In point of costume it is curious, the head-dresses of the women being of such various form and color, and the physiognomy and expression so different. The finest effect of the procession is witnessed at night, when the cathedral is lit up, and the deep tones of the vesper bell peal through the aisles like the diapason notes of an organ. The body of the church is but feebly illuminated in comparison with the altar, where a blaze of light surrounds the shrine; but this comparative dimness adds to the effect, as the pilgrims slowly advance along the centre aisle, between rows of banners above the tombs of the electors, whose heavy folds sweep the marble floor. It is impossible for any building to be better adapted for the purpose of a procession, than this old Byzantine cathedral, as the floor continues to rise, by successive flights of steps, from the nave to the choir, from thence to the lower altar, and from thence again, on the south side, by a very high flight leading to the altar of St. Peter; which is thus elevated, at least, twenty feet above the western entrance, and enables the spectator to catch a glimpse of the upper part of the relic the instant he enters the aisle.

The streets of Treves are, at this moment, scarcely less attractive to the stranger than the cathedral: from daylight till dusk, and from dusk till daylight again, with but a short interval for sleep, there is one continuous movement and hum of people, all having the same object in view, to join the processions. The sight witnessed, they spread over the city for a few hours, and then disappear, to make way for fresh comers. In every shop, besides the rows of *boutiques ambulants*, are to be seen nothing but pictures of the holy tunic, stamped, in different colors, on silk and paper, histories of the "Heiliger Rock," portraits of St. Helena, medals, crucifixes, and all the apparatus of external worship. If outward demonstration be a sign of a religious faith, of a surety here is enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of ceremonial. When the next exhibition of the holy tunic may take place, might form a curious subject for speculation.

M. Arago has predicted that the impending winter is likely to prove the coldest known for many years.

CHAPTER XVI.—A MYSTERY.

Our family was in bed. My mother had sobbed herself to sleep; my father lay dreaming by her side; the twin infants were in their cradle; the whole house was quiet, excepting only the ticking of the old clock in the hall, the chirping of the cricket in the kitchen, and a dull intermitting sound from one of the upper bed-rooms, as if from somebody imitating through his nose the croaking of a frog in the fens.

The clock had struck one, and was about to strike again, when the door of the back attic opened, and Kezia stepping forth in her night clothes, and without any candle, walked deliberately down the stairs to the door of the room in the first floor appropriated to the nursery. Here for a moment she paused, the attraction within having overcome or diverted her original impulse; but her true errand speedily recurred to her, and descending the other flight, she crossed the hall, and entered the surgery, to the extreme alarm and astonishment of the two persons who were conversing therein.

The one was a female in a flannel wrapper, tied with green ribbon, and occupying the wooden armchair devoted to the accommodation of patients or impatients awaiting the making up of their prescriptions: the other, a strange man, with his hat on, was seated on the counter, whence, with his elbows resting on his knees, he stooped down towards his companion, his face close to hers, in earnest communion. At a glance, he was what was called in the slang of those days a Blood or Buck; in the cant of our own times, a Swell. Cigars were not yet in vogue; or, to a certainty, he would have had one between his lips: but he wore his beaver with the rakish jaunty air still affected by gentlemen and journeymen who conceive themselves superior in acuteness, spirit, and an extensive knowledge of life, to the rest of the world. His clothes were expensive and fashionable. Round his throat he wore a very fine white cravat, so ample that his neck seemed poulticed, the ends being tied in a large ostentatious bow. His coat was blue, with fancy gilt buttons, a deep turned-down collar, and lappels, that for size might have served for ears to a Newfoundland dog. His waistcoat, of buff or primrose color, was double-breasted, long in the waist, and flapped, with a black ribbon crossing it from the left shoulder to the gold-mounted quizzing-glass in the left-hand pocket. His lower limbs were clad in gray stocking-pantaloons, tight as skin, and cased up to the well-made calf in Hessian boots, but somewhat deficient in polish, and minus one tassel. His coat, too, had the fluffy, tumbled appearance of having occasionally taken its own nap with its master's on a feather-bed, or one of flock; his waistcoat was ill-washed; his pantaloons were soiled in sundry parts, and especially at the knees; and his cravat, besides its dingy hue, was wrinkled and flaccid. Altogether, there was as much of the sloven as of the beau in his costume—in his physiognomy, a corresponding mixture of the gentleman and the reprobate. His face was handsome; but had the faded, jaded look consequent on habitual debauchery. His large dark eyes were dry and bloodshot, with crow-foot wrinkles at the corners; and under each organ a flabby bag, as if for secreting the tears to be shed in the maudlin stage of intoxication. His cheeks were of a dull white, blotched with yellow and red, that deepened in his prominent nose to a crimson. His lips were parched and cracked; his chin was neutral-tinted by a blueish beard of two days' growth; and his long black hair and whiskers were foul and matted. Smart and slovenly; well featured, but with a sinister expression; dashing, but dirty; unbrushed, unwashed, uncombed, unshorn, he looked the rake, with a strong spice of the ruffian, whose attribute, a thick knotted bludgeon, lay handy beside him on the counter. On the other side, stood something of indefinite shape tied up in a cotton shawl; and near the bundle, the nursery rushlight, and an empty rummer, with a silver spoon in it. There could hardly be a greater contrast than between the female in the arm-chair and her nocturnal visitor; and yet the time, the scene, and the manner of their tête-à-tête, inferred the most confidential and familiar intercourse. Was it possible that the repulsive, dissolute, villanous-looking man on the counter, was anything near or dear to the genteel, sweet-spoken, well-bred, ladylike Mrs. Prideaux?

To confirm and justify an affirmative answer, certain chronological characteristics must be taken into consideration. In these, our own times, so remarkable for a refined taste in art and literature, in manners and morals, the Court Calendar possesses more attractions for females than the Newgate one. There is no longer a rage for genteel highwaymen or eminent housebreakers. As pets, Brazilian monkeys are preferred to malefactors, and parrots to jail birds. Our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters no longer admire the chivalrous courage of a horse-pad, whose utmost deed of daring—the presentment of a loaded pistol at an unarmed man—has been outdone by every light or heavy dragoon who has seen service. They no longer fall in love with a Knight of Roads for robbing them like a gentleman, and paying compliments to their beauty, and calming their feminine fears, at the cost of their purses, watches, brooches, bracelets, and finger-rings and earrings. A vulgar burglar, renowned for breaking into houses and out of prisons, is hardly reckoned on a par with the hero of successful sieges and sorties; or an obdurate ruffian who goes to the gallows with a bold face as a rival of the gallant veteran who leads a forlorn hope. A common murderer is no longer a lady-killer to boot; nor does a dashing pickpocket triumph in female preference over a plain honest man "innocent of stealing silver spoons." But it was otherwise formerly; when, in the current phrase, a daring felon became a darling fellow, and a precious rascal a charming rogue. It was then quite usual for ladies of rank and breeding, of family and fortune, to visit condemned criminals in Newgate—entwining with fair and noble arms the neck destined to an ignominious rope,—beseeching keepsake locks from the head soon to be shrouded in an infamous night-cap; and hanging with aristocratical fondness on a plebeian body about to swing shamefully from Tyburn Tree.

Thus, as worn-out fashions descend, like cast-off clothes, from mistress to maid, the example set by a lady of quality in the time of the First George, might very well be followed by a nurse in the reign of George the Third. However, robber or rake, there was the strange man, admitted, in the middle of the night, to a mysterious interview in the surgery, the door of which opened, round the corner of the house, into a lane.

At the entrance of Kezia the parties both started, and the man would have sprung up and spoken but for the warning of the nurse, who raised one hand

with its fore-finger on her lips, whilst she held him down with the other. In truth, the figure of the housemaid in its white garments, obscurely seen by the dim gleam of the rushlight, was quite spectral enough to shake the courage of a dissolute man, with nerves unsettled by drink. His frame trembled, his face turned ashen pale, and his teeth chattered as he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper—

"A stiff-un walking—by G—d!"

The nurse, with a dissenting shake of the head and her lips indicating a silent "No!" repeated her warning gesture to her companion, who, open-mouthed but breathless, watched with straining eyes every movement of the apparition. In the mean time Kezia, walking behind the counter, took her usual station beside the desk, but in silence, as if awaiting the leisure of her confidential adviser in all difficulties, Mr. Postle.

"All safe!" said the nurse in a very low but distinct whisper: "she 's sleep-walking!"

The man, as if suddenly relieved of a pectoral spasm, immediately drew his breath in a long deep sigh, and set himself intensely to watch and listen to the sayings and doings of the somnambulist, who at length spoke.

"This is a dreadful mysterious business, Mr. Postle. Twenty invited, and only four to come! What can it all mean?" and she paused for a reply, which having dreamed, she resumed;—

"No, the night was not bad enough for that. Besides, the Cobleys have their own carriage, and so has the colonel and the squire, who would have brought the curate along with him. Then the Biddles have the mule cart, and the Ruffys always hire a po-shay. As for Mrs. Trent and the rest, they don't mind wind and rain, but lap up and visit in all weathers. No,—it could n't be that! And such a beautiful supper too! And such a splendid turkey—with a giver under one wing, and a lizard under the other—I should say quite the reverse. And then the sweets! I could have cried into hysterics myself, to see all the nice jellies, and creams, and custards, and nobody to eat them, for they *was* nice—if they did taste a little of the shop, as that odious Doctor Shackle said, meaning, I suppose, the almond flavor you was so kind as to oblige me with out of the surgery."

The imaginary Mr. Postle here probably vented an oath, for which she checked him.

"Yes, he certainly is malicious—but don't imprecate. It 's profane, and forbid in Scripture. Swear not at all—no, not even at an enemy, or a buzzum friend. To be sure, the doctor was very sneering and provoking, and especially about the wine being good enough to need no bush except out of our own garden. I could have found in my heart to drop a blank mange on his medical head! And that foolish young Fitch, to affront Mr. Uncle Rumbold to his very beard, instead of having a perfect haw of it, as any one would in their senses, it makes him look so like a conjurer. And then, that abominable Mrs. Spinks, as would n't let the thing drop, but kept counting the empty chairs, and saying that every one had a banker's ghost in it—Banko's I should say—I declare she made the hair stand upright on my very head. Though for that matter, I would almost as soon have seen a ghost in every seat, and Scratching Fanny among them, rather than nobody at all! I never knew such a case afore—never, except once,—and that was at my first place."

The ideal assistant, of course, asked for the story.

"Why, the way was this. Master had come home with a prodigious wealth of money from foreign parts, and, on setting up his establishment in London, determined to give a very grand party, by way of housewarming, to his neighbors. Well, the night came, with the rooms chalked for dancing, and all lighted up with wax candles and cut glass chandeliers, and the most elegant supper set out, only for seventy people, instead of twenty,—but nobody came. Nine o'clock, ten, eleven,—the same as at our own unfortunate regalia, but not a soul—not a knock or a ring, except the cook's cousin, the footman's sister, and the housemaid's brother and uncle—at least not till about twelve, when a single gentleman asked to speak with master in private, and then, out it all came, for we listened at the study-door. Some spiteful person, in revenge for not being invited, had ferreted out master's secret history, and had whispered about, in unanimous letters, that he were a returned convert—I should have said a convict—from Botany Bay. He had been sent there for some errors in youth, but had reformed himself, and got rich by opulence, like Dick Whittington, and so got leave to come home again. But, of course, that don't apply to us, whom have never been arranged in court or transported, though fought as shy of by society as if we had. What is your own notion of it, Mr. Postle?"

A long silence ensued, of which the nurse took advantage to whisper to her companion, whom she beckoned with her finger, and then pointed to the door. "She must not awake and see you. Come; but move cautiously—as quiet as death."

"Is this all?" asked the man, in a low grumble, and with a motion of his head towards the bundle.

"It must serve for this turn," whispered the nurse. "Quick! and away!"

The fellow instantly slid gently down from the counter and clutched the bundle, whilst the nurse turned down the rushlight in the socket. Then there was a slight rustle, with the sound of two or three hasty kisses. The next moment, the outer door was partially opened—a cool gust of air came inwards, as the dark figure of the man passed outwards—the door slowly closed again, and the fastenings were replaced with less noise than is made by a mouse. The nurse then groped to the counter, where she found her candlestick and the empty rummer, but not the spoon, a loss she instantly comprehended—the bundle had not quite served for the turn; but her equanimity was undisturbed, and, cautiously feeling her way out of the surgery, she crept, silent as a spirit, up the stairs to the nursery, leaving Kezia to her dreaming conference with Mr. Postle.

"Yes," she said, "there is some dreadful misfortune hanging over us, no doubt. My poor dear master! Mrs. Prideaux foretells he is a ruinated man. But, oh, Mr. Postle!"—and the tears oozed from her eyelids, while she clasped her hands in earnest appeal to him—"whatever comes of it, don't let nothing tempt us two to leave and better ourselves, and forsake them, whose bread we eat, in their adversity. For my part, I 'm ready and willing to take a solemn religious oath on my bended knees,"—and she suited the action to the word,—"and trust you will do the same; never, never, never to give warning, nor take it neither, but to stand by the family, and do for it to my last grasp, namely, my poor dear master and missis, and them two lovely, helpless, innocent, twin babes!"

What promise the imaginary Mr. Postle made, and whether with the prescribed ceremony, is unknown; but it gave the liveliest satisfaction to the devoted maid of all work. The expression of her features was, indeed, invisible in the dark to human ken; but Heaven, with its starry eyes, beheld her face shining with joy and gratitude.

"The Lord bless you, dear, dear Mr. Postle, for that comfort," she said, rising from her knees, and wiping her eyes with the sleeve of her only garment. "It's exactly my own feeling and sentiments. Yes, if I was courted, at this very moment, by twenty prostrated lovers at my feet, with bags of gould in one hand, and wows of constancy in the other, I would n't change my state, but refuse them all, and live single for the sake of the family—and which reminds me it's eight o'clock, and breakfast to make."

So saying, led by that mysterious guidance which directs the somnambulist—whether some supernatural *clairvoyance*, or, more probably, an internal geographical scheme, corresponding with the external locality, and producing an exquisite consciousness by touch, independent of sight, of long familiar distances and habitual turns and windings—however, without blunder or collision, the sleeping Kezia passed hastily from the surgery, through the hall, into her kitchen, to prepare the morning meal to which she had referred. But here the guiding faculty was at fault. Besides the old furniture and utensils, on every article of which she could, blindfolded, have laid her hand, the floor was occupied by sundry novel and strange contrivances for holding the superabundant relics of the festival overnight. Against one of these extempore dressers she walked, with a force and a clatter that startled her wide awake, with one hand in a jelly, and her nose seemingly testing the sweetness of a boiled ham. The darkness, the cold, her undress, and the remembrance of former nocturnal excursions, instantly suggested the truth; her mind, however, retaining no trace of her recent dream; so, after a single exclamation of surprise, she quietly groped for the tinder-box, lighted a spare candle, and, yawning and shivering, crept up stairs to the back garret, to get a brief rest, before the very early hour at which she regularly resumed the multifarious labors of her industrious days.

CHAPTER XVII.—A CLUE.

In the surgery—so lately the scene of a double mystery, of a clandestine midnight meeting and unconscious somnambulism—of treacherous, heartless vigilance and honest devotion faithful even in sleep—at his old desk stood Mr. Postle, apparently studying some medical work, but in reality thinking over the supper of the night before, and puzzling himself to account for the absence of the guests. But his meditations were in vain: to use one of his own favorite illustrations, he might as well have tried to make a nosegay with flowers of sulphur.

Meanwhile, in looking at his old prompters, along the wall from shelf to shelf, with all the parade of nice-looking nastiness arranged thereon in rows of glass bottles and white jars, marked with cabalistical signs,—his eye detected one receptacle breaking the uniformity of the series by being turned with its label to the wall. But he did not need to see the gilt scroll to know its inscription—"Tinct. Opii."

"Confound that idiot!" he muttered. "He will poison himself yet with his sweet tooth and his tastings. I can trace the mark of his wet finger on the bottles and drawers like the track of a snail. Only yesterday I had to teach him that Ferrum Tart. does not stand for pastry, nor Cerat. Plumb. for almonds and raisins,—and now he has been at the laudanum!"

For once, however, Catechism Jack was mistakenly accused. No finger of his, wet or dry, had approached the dangerous narcotic. Another meddler, rather sharp than dull of intellect, had removed the stopper for a less innocent purpose than to test the flavor of the tincture. The dear twins owed their very sound sleep in the night to a minute dose from that displaced bottle.

The assistant carefully rectified its position, and returning to his desk began, with pen and ink, to sketch—another of his habits—on the quire of blotting paper before him, his designs being generally of the anatomical class, outlines of bones, muscles, and organs, rarely deviating into landscape or rather scraps of foliage, and even then what was meant for a tree resembled rather a drawing of the Vena Porta or Vena Cava, with its branching veins. This time, however, his subject was the human face, not dissected, but in its natural state; and as very commonly happens to artists, fine or unfine, the features took the form and expression of a countenance remotely present to his thoughts, so that without any premeditated portraiture, he had just achieved a rather striking but ugly like... of Doctor Shackle, when a shadow fell across the paper, and looking up, he beheld the original of the picture standing right before him.

The doctor was accompanied by a Mr. Hix, a parish official, and a very active one—but especially notable for a double propensity to turn private business into public, and public business into private—at once an indefatigable meddler in, and advertiser of, the personal concerns of his neighbors, and the uniform advocate of select vestries, secret committees, private reports, sealed books, suppressed accounts, the exclusion of reporters, and closed doors. Indeed, so far did he carry this love of mystery that, when certain parochial notices were to be posted, according to law, for the benefit of the community at large, he was said to have seriously recommended their being pasted up with their printed sides to the wall.

The ostensible errand of Doctor Shackle was merely to ask, in a friendly way, after the heads of the family, and how they had passed the night after the trying disappointments they had endured: an inquiry urged with such seeming interest, that in the absence of any authentic bulletin, Mr. Postle deemed it expedient to fetch my father himself to reply personally to the application.

His back was no sooner turned, than Shackle, reaching his long arm over the low rail in front of the desk, snatched up something which he exhibited to his companion—namely, a fragment of French gray cloth in one hand, and in the open palm of the other two silver-washed nails. The pantomime that followed was silent, but expressive.

"*Do you see these, and understand what they mean?*" asked the fixed significant look of the doctor, as plainly as in words.

"*I do,*" replied the intelligent nod of Mr. Hix.

The doctor raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders. "*Could there be a clearer case?*"

The churchwarden shook his head and made a grimace.—"*Nor a more ugly business.*"

"I'm sorry for it—very!" said Shackle, hastily replacing the cloth and nails on the desk, and then suddenly turning his back on them, and fixing his eyes on a large glass jar full of snow-white magnesian bricks, as if projecting how to build with them some castle in the air. So intensely, indeed, was he occupied with this ideal fabric, as not to be aware of the entrance of my father, till the latter came close up to him, and shook him cordially by the hand. Then he awoke, and how delighted he was, or said he was, to find my father not merely as well but better than could have been expected, after the late untoward events—a series of disappointments borne, he must say, with an equanimity worthy of the palmy days of the Stoic Philosophy.

"Had it been my own case," said Shackle, "to say nothing of the dead convivial failure, yet to meet with such a slight from the whole neighborhood, as it were—the cut wholesale as well as direct—I really think, with my own more sensitive, irritable temperament, I should either have gone there,"—and he pointed to the laudanum bottle—"for oblivion, or there"—and he indicated another drug—"for annihilation."

"No, no," said my father, "you know better. And besides, there was no great stoicism needed in the matter. A medical man, and a Christian, who had walked the hospitals and the poor-house, and seen human misery and anguish in all their complicated shapes, and who could not bear such a petty mishap—provoking as [illegible]fess it was—would be a disgrace to his profession and his religion. As to the absence of our friends, no doubt it will be accounted for."

"No doubt," said Dr. Shackle.

"For the rest," continued my father, "the worst we are threatened with is to be cloyed with sweets for a few days to come, or surfeited with cold victuals; evils for which, between young folks and poor ones, we may easily find a remedy."

"I am glad to find you so well armed against trouble," said Dr. Shackle; "and wish I had a little of your philosophy. I have equal need of it—for we are likely to be mutually involved in a very disagreeable business."

"A parochial, and perhaps a public business," said Mr. Hix. My father looked inquiringly from one speaker to another.

"The short of the matter is this," said Dr. Shackle. "You have heard, of course, of the pauper family, who gave their dead child that ridiculous funeral?—"

"The Hobbeses," said Mr. Hix. "Indulged themselves with a genteel burial—and on our books for three shillings a week!"

"Yes, inconsistent enough," said my father. "I was accidentally an eye-witness of the procession."

"Well," said Shackle, "the grave was robbed the other night, and the child's body stolen. The whole village is in a ferment about it—the poor especially—the paupers outrageous, and the Hobbeses rampant."

"Poor things," said my father.

"Yes, poor enough," said Shackle; wilfully wresting my father's phrase of commiseration into another sense.

"And idle enough, and troublesome enough, and more than enough," added Mr. Hix.

"And scandalous enough," said Shackle, "to say that their beggarly corpses are less cared for than the carcasses of brute beasts."

"The coarse expression," said my father, "of a strong but natural prejudice."

"Oh, quite natural," sneered Doctor Shackle; "and quite harmless, if their prejudices went no farther. But as human corpses are not eaten, except by ghouls, hyænas, and beasts of prey, of which there are none in this blessed Lincolnshire, the natural inference is that graves are robbed, and bodies snatched for other than pantry purposes. In short, in their own low language, that the poor are only poked into pit-holes, to be hoked up again, and cut and hacked about like dog's meat, by raw 'prentices and Sawboneses,—and heaven knows what vulgar libels besides."

"Well, and what then!" asked my father. "As a surgeon, *you* are not going, I presume, to deny the practices of the resurrectionists, or the uses to which the articles they deal in are applied!"

"Not I," said Shackle. "The thing is too notorious; and, as you say, too surgical; though I never had, directly, a finger in any cold meat pie of the kind. Probably you have. However, the popular suspicion necessarily falls on the medical men of the place; under which category we share the odium between us; at least, pro tempore; for, as regards myself, as we doctors say, I shall very soon remove all that; and hope you are in as good case."

"Most decidedly," said my father.

"So much the better," said Shackle. "Your official connection with the poor, as parish doctor, makes your exculpation of even more importance than my own."

"There must be a parochial inquiry!" exclaimed Mr. Hix.

"Of course, with closed doors," said Shackle; unable to resist a sarcasm, even on a friend and ally—a propensity that explained his otherwise unaccountable influence in a place where so few persons liked, but so many feared him.

"In fact," he continued, "the wretches do not scruple to say that the anatomizing of their remains is winked at by the workhouse authorities."

"And if we did," cried Mr. Hix, "every ounce of flesh on their bones was composed of parish victuals. There is n't a pauper dies, man, woman, or child, but in equity we have a mortgage, as I may say, on their bodies."

"That 's undeniable," said Shackle. "However, the paupers are all up in arms, and declare openly, that they won't work; and even that they won't die, unless assured of decent and safe interment."

"Won't die!" exclaimed Mr. Hix.

"So they say," answered Shackle.

"Won't die!" repeated the churchwarden. "That must be looked to."

My father, who had been lost in thought, here awoke from his reverie, and addressed himself to Shackle.

"Yes, doctor, you are right. This is a very disagreeable business, and a very serious one, at least for me."

"And for the parish too," said Mr. Hix, "to have such a slur on it."

"Especially," said Shackle, "as it is not a matter that can be shelved, or cushioned, or hushed up."

"And ought not to be," said my father, "must not! Last night's mystery is now solved. I am socially excommunicated. How or why, I know not,—but a suspicion has fallen upon me, which I must remove, or give up my practice, and quit the

neighborhood. A public inquiry will be necessary, for my own sake."

"And for mine too," said Shackle.

"For all our sakes!" cried Mr. Hix. "The excitement of the lower orders will be sure to fall first on the authorities—the churchwardens and overseers. The least I expect is, to be hung or burnt in effigy, or to have my windows smashed!"

My father mechanically looked up over the surgery-door at the yellow glass globe, so often broken; and true to his misgivings, if not actually smashed, it was starred in all directions by some missile that had struck it in the centre. He pointed it out to his visitors.

"There is a token of the popular feeling—the local current that has set in against me. For some time past I have fancied myself treated with coldness and aversion by the humbler class of the inhabitants; but a clear conscience and my good will towards them repelled the supposition. Now, however, there is a direct imputation on me which I must at once rebut, or be a ruined man."

"The Board sits this morning," suggested Mr. Hix.

"In that case," said my father, "I will at once go before it, and clear my character. I need not say, I hope, that I am altogether innocent in the matter—as innocent as those leeches," and he pointed to the bottle—"of the blood of Julius Cæsar."

"I am truly happy to hear you say so," cried Shackle, seizing and squeezing my father's hand; "and shall be still more happy to hear you prove it."

The churchwarden expressed a similar wish, but instead of shaking hands, contented himself with a stiff bow, externally taking a simple leave of my father, but internally bidding good-bye to him, though somewhat precociously, as the parish doctor. The real functionary, in his eyes, was the medical gentleman with whom he walked off arm in arm.

"A clue at last!" cried my father to Mr. Postle, whose entrance into the surgery was synchronous with the exit of Dr. Shackle—a hint that Animal Magnetism ought properly to have two poles,—of repulsive Antipathy as well as of sympathetic Attraction. "A clue at last! We have found out the disease!" And my father imparted to his assistant the substance of the information he had just obtained.

"Say I told you so!" cried the assistant; an exclamation he would have made, however, if just informed of a shower of addled brains from the moon. "And that, then, is why we were sent last night to Coventry—to sup by ourselves! Not that they would have touched the supper if they had come—they would have fancied human brains in the blanc mange, and coagulated blood in the currant jelly. Yes—for the future we are ghouls, vampires, carrion vultures—and nobody will come near us. There is nothing that unscientific people are so squeamish about as violating graves and desecrating their remains—though why the suspicion should fall on us, more than on Doctor Shackle he knows best. If any one wants a refresher in anatomy, he does. And what, sir, do you mean to do?"

"Confront the report," said my father. "Go before the Board and demand an inquiry. Is not that always the best course—to take the bull by the horns?"

"Perhaps so—except you 're run at by a polled cow," answered Mr. Postle. "For my part I 'd as soon go at once at Farmer Nokes' bull with a board over his eyes, with 'beware' upon it. It 's the Board, or a parcel of it, that wants to get you out, and have Shackle in your place."

"I don't—I can't—I won't believe it!" cried my father.

"As you please," said Mr. Postle. "If *they* don't, the paupers will, which comes to the same thing. I know them well: when the poor once catch a prejudice in their heads, it 's as obstinate as ringworm. I lost my own practice by it when I was a doctor on my own account. My patients were mostly provincials of the lower and middle class, but all brutally ignorant, and of course superstitious, and devout believers in witchcraft. And how do you think I lost them? By a joke,—sir, a mere joke—through telling a credulous old woman,—ass as I was!—that I could show her Mindererus' spirit, dancing with Saint Vitus, round Saint Anthony's Fire!"

"But surely a jest," said my father, "might have been explained."

"Not it," said Mr. Postle. "To the vulgar, a doctor with his hieroglyphics on his bottles, and his Latin, is already half a conjuror, and I had made myself a necromancer outright. There was no revoking it. You may make an ignorant stomach give up its poison, but an ignorant faith never gives up a legend it has once swallowed."

"I should like to hear your definition of an ignorant stomach," said my father, straying, as he was too apt, from serious matters after a whim.

"We are likely to know practically," answered the assistant, in a gloomy tone, "if ignorance and emptiness be synonymous, as they are in the head; for I don't suppose, as the practice goes, that the Board will board us."

"That is true," said my father. "I must go to the workhouse." And with a smile at the unintentional equivoque, he put on his hat, and set out for the parochial meeting.

Had he delayed a minute longer, he would have been startled and stopped by a sound ringing in his own house from hall to attic,—that sudden, shrill cry which only comes from a female in distress, anguish, or alarm,—and electrifies the hearer like a flash of lightning turned from visible into audible. As it flew first from the kitchen to the surgery close at hand, Mr. Postle was soonest at the spot, where, close to the ironing-board, the movable supports of which she had knocked away in her fall, lay Kezia in a strong hysterical fit, in the middle of a chaos of crockery, glasses, decanters, knives, forks, tongue, cold fowls, tarts, salad, cakes, and jellies,—amidst which she kicked and struggled like a passenger desperately swimming, or trying to swim, from the wreck of some well-provisioned steamer.

Having dashed into her face the first water at hand, the assistant stepped back into the surgery for the Sal. Vol. or Liq. Vol. C. C., but with so much professional deliberation—knowing such fits may be safely left to run their course—that when he returned to the kitchen, he found the patient propped up against the wall, in a sitting posture, between Mrs. Prideaux and Uncle Rumbold, the first loosening the sufferer's dress, and the last, having lent a hand in her removal, gazing calmly on, very like a bearded Turk confiding in Predestination, and still more like himself "trusting to Nature." Mr Postle nevertheless plied the stimulants.

"One more application of the restoratives," said Mrs. Prideaux, "and she will revive. There!—she is resuming her senses."

As she spoke, the color began to return to the claret-bald cheeks of Kezia, who, after a gasp or two, opened her eyes—sneezed—stared at each person in turn,—then suddenly turned pale again—closed her eyes—clasped her hands wildly together—and shrieking "the plate! the plate!" relapsed into insensibility.

The restorative process was again applied, and with success. The maid-of-all-work, after a short struggle, sprang up, as if galvanized, on her feet; and amidst gulps, sobs, broken ejaculations, and distracted gestures, informed her audience by bits and snatches that "there had been thieves in the house,—and Mr. Ruffy's silver tankard—and the Reverend Curate's silver-gilt salts—and all Mrs. Trent's school spoons—were missing!"

Poor, faithful, devoted Kezia! No hand had she in that felonious abstraction; and yet, for all her innocence, how fearfully within the range of suspicion, whilst Guilt stood by in comparative safety, without a tremor in her silvery voice, or a faltering in her correct carriage! Had some wakeful ear, startled by the unseasonable issuing of the housemaid from her bedroom, heard her descending the stairs, marked her passage from hall to surgery, from surgery to kitchen, and recognized, by listening, her voice in conversation though but with a shadow, and then her stealthy retreat before dawn to her own attic, she was in all human probability a lost, undone, ruined creature. Like other somnambulists, who, in their nocturnal, unconscious wanderings, step, dream-led, on the narrow window-sill or perilous parapet, she had walked to the very verge of a moral precipice—would she keep her footing, or fall?

From the Spectator.

PANIC IN THE UNITED STATES: TERRIBLE DOINGS OF THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

The hubbub of the Presidential election has been if possible increased by the detection of the machinations of "perfidious Albion," as Young France terms us. An English plot to carry an English-affected president has been discovered. At first the story ran that large sums of "British gold" had been sent over for this purpose; but that version was too incredible even for American editors—"repudiation" is too recent for Englishmen to dream of investing gold in any American speculation.

The story, however, was "founded in fact," as the title-pages of the Minerva Press novels used to say. True, it was not English gold, but only English paper that had been sent over—and paper not of the most convertible kind. In short, it appears that the Anti-Corn-law League has been in the practice of consigning to the United States its unsaleable stock of pamphlets, handbills, and newspapers. This excited no suspicion for a time; but the remittances have of late become so large, that Jonathan, who cannot conceive the idea of giving away anything that has cost money without the expectation of some return, has arrived at the conclusion that those pretty presents from the League are meant as a bribe.

Yes, the League is bent upon bribing the free and independent electors of the United States, with its pamphlets, to elect a free-trade president! On this side of the water the subject-matter of the bribe does not appear very tempting—a bale of sensible and rather dull books. But our American friends know best what is likely to tempt them from the ways of virtue; and really, their excessive indignation at the nefarious designs of the League looks too like the anger of a virtue which feels itself melting away. Every abusive epithet they lavish on the League says plainly—"The rascals know our weak side: we can resist nothing that costs us nothing."

The virtuous indignation of the Americans at this interference of Englishmen in their domestic concerns—or *supposed* interference, for it does not appear that the League's bread was specially destined to be cast upon the troubled waters of the presidential election—is rich in the extreme. The outcry appears to be mainly raised by the same parties who have been sending hard dollars to the Irish repealers. Of their part in the traffic we do not complain: all the speeches of Master Tyler, and all the cash of his sympathizers to boot, cannot rend Ireland from the British empire; and, secure of this, we are glad to see a business springing up with our transatlantic cousins in which the balance of trade is for once in favor of England. English publications have hitherto been oftener pirated than paid for in the States. The exchange of heavy English pamphlets for American dollars is better than the exchange of "British gold" for lumbering repudiation-bills and abusive newspapers defending them.

The League, however, in its zeal to disseminate its pamphlets or its principles, appears to have committed a blunder. Whether it looked for converts or admirers in the United States, it is clearly destined to meet with neither. Its attempt to preach down restrictive policy in the Union is not unlikely to have much the same effect as the attempt of the Anti-Slavery Society to preach down Negro slavery. Jonathan has grown more anxious to keep his niggers since the English advised him to let them go. If the League do not take care, restrictive duties will become as dear to the Americans, whose fathers separated from England rather than pay a duty on tea, as slavery is to the Americans, who themselves now and then protest that all men are equal. Many a *bright* speech, too, about the eager desire of the American backwoodsman to exchange their corn for English broad-cloth will be spoiled. The League would probably attain its ends more surely by deluging the United States with the works of the rival Pro-Corn-law Association: doubtless, plenty of unread and unsold copies to serve the purpose can be picked up.

A LITTLE PUNCH.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

Respected Sir,—When we last met, you were kind enough to say that the benefit of your long experience in business should be always at my service; and that as the friend of my poor late father, it would always be a pleasure to you to advise his son. At the same time you desired me to give you my notions of the duties of a tradesman to the world and to himself, that you might at the onset correct my errors, and strengthen my judgment. I therefore hasten to comply with your request.

Of course, sir, I consider the old schoolboy copy that "Honesty is the best policy," to be the golden rule of life, and that the shortest way from one point to another is always in a straight line. Hence, it will ever be my pride to let my practice illustrate this beautiful sentiment. I do not see why a shop may not be made a temple of truth,—and cannot understand why a falsehood "in the way of business," is not, after all, a falsehood in all its bearings. Lies are lies, and no outside, skin-deep gilding will give to the base metal the value of the precious ore. I have, I am sorry to say, known tradesmen with great wrathfulness, nail a proffered pocket-piece to their counter, and still from their own mouths continue to issue counterfeit truths,—in fact, to do nothing but speak pocket-pieces. Yes, sir; I have known them do this, and never blush or stammer when their eye has fallen on the copper countenance of the false half-crown, gleaming reproachfully upon them. But then, to pass bad money is a statutable offence,—whilst to pass lies for truths, if adroitly uttered from behind the counter, is nothing more than to do a clever stroke of business. The one practice has led men to the gallows—the other has taken them to the Bank of England.

"All in the way of trade" is, I know, a phrase that covers great hypocrisy, great practical deceit, great injustice between man and man. It is a convenient phrase, that from long custom has become an allowed apology for the trickeries of dealers. But a highwayman, who takes a purse, might as well believe that the black crape which hides his face from the knowledge of the despoiled, does also hide from his own soul a knowledge of his iniquity. How often is the "way of trade" no other than so much black crape worn behind the counter! A man may be as completely robbed by means of a false protestation, as though the lie were a loaded pistol.

There is, I know, a tenderness in the law towards the trippings of trade, that seems to show a positive sympathy between law and roguery. Men, it would almost seem, by general understanding, allow the necessity of wrong as a proper alloy to keep society together. Pure unmixed gold is too good for coin that is to suffer the wear and tear of passing from hand to hand; and so, that it may endure the longer, it is mingled with a little wholesome copper. In the like way, law seems to think pure honesty as altogether too refined for the hard working-day purposes of trade, and therefore looks indulgently upon its little shifts,—its winning "ways." Let me further explain myself.

My opposite neighbor is a chandler and greengrocer; he makes his gains out of the veriest poor. Rags and keenest hunger are his miserable customers. You would think, sir, that when a tradesman held the scales for such buyers, justice would be to him a high religion. Well, sir, it was only yesterday that this very man was found to use false weights. It was his third offence; and he was fined by the compassionating law—ten pounds!

This same man has at the present moment a boy in gaol, doomed for six months, for stealing from his shop, when very hungry, one red herring. Thus, the tradesman may rob by means of scales and measures, merely paying for a sort of license to cheat, when detected: the very gains of his iniquity, too, go to lessen the fine; he can in fact, with tolerable luck, afford to rob. Now, does not law that makes such robbery only finable, look most tenderly upon the evil-doing? Does it not give a marked preference to the thief behind the counter above the picker and stealer before it? Hence—use light weights, and pay money for the theft; filch with your five fingers, and do hard labor in gaol. Besides, the tradesman is sweetened,—purified by the fine; the stain upon his reputation is blotted up by bank paper: now the vulgar thief always bears about him the foul odor of a prison. The keen nostrils of the police continually smell in him his first iniquity.

Now, sir, it will be my endeavor, as a tradesman, to acknowledge no "ways of trade,"—to consider truth as truth in the smallest as in the greatest affairs of life. With this belief, I shall take my daily stand behind the counter, and cheerfully leave to Providence the rest. Tell me, dear sir, if I am not right.

And believe me, yours sincerely,

John Balance.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

Mr. John Balance,—I have known you from a boy,—yes, from a very babe,—and I did not think you capable of insulting the friend of your excellent father. Worthy soul! it is a good thing that he is out of the world: he is, it is my belief, saved that worst of all sorrows,—a headlong, disobedient child. Your letter is enough to make him shiver in his coffin.

I can well understand your insinuation about the false weights. It is base and cruel. To me, with honorable gray hairs upon my head! To me, almost old enough to be your grandfather! It is true, that, in my time, I was fined, I think three times: but then, I always proved that the false weights had been substituted by a malicious servant. The fines were certainly never returned to me; but there was not one well-disposed person of the Sunday congregation,—and twice a-day, Mr. John Balance, did I appear in my pew, reserving my evening of rest to look over my books,—not one of them who did not believe in my innocence. But then, I always studied respectability.

Your notions of business are the notions of a noodle. Truth is very beautiful no doubt, but if stark-naked truth was always to stand behind a counter, I should like to know who 'd go into the shop. I know the value of truth as well as any man. And throughout my long and useful life, I always used it as the dear late partner of my joys used her silver teapot,—upon holiday occasions. I had too much respect for the real value of truth, to be always bringing it out upon working-days.

You have no knowledge of the real talent required by a tradesman, and therefore I should ad-

vise you to go to sea, or list for a soldier. There is nothing so worthy the attention of man,—of his immortal spirit, as the Reverend Mr. Doublechin used to call it,—as business. It employs all the strength of the soul,—for the end and aim of all business is for man to look upon the rest of the world as only so many people to make so much money of. He is to consider them,—that is, in a business way,—as made especially for his own profit as a tradesman. And so, if he has only common sense, he is to use it as he best can for his own advantage. As for what you stupidly call lies, I always looked upon them as necessary tools for business,—things without which it would be impossible to keep open shop. Lies are a sort of wooden pegs that keep the world together as if it was a box; nice little things, so let into the work as never to be seen. Take out the pegs, and how would the box tumble to pieces.

When you are really come to years of discretion you will know that the private man and the tradesman are not at all one. Certainly not. I, Isaac Smirk, behind the counter, was not the Isaac Smirk dressed for church on Sundays. How could I be? How was I to bring up a large family,—as yet you don't know the expense of clothing and schooling six children,—in respectability, if I 'd played the antics you talk of? No; trade is one thing, and what we call morals are another. Six days for business, and the seventh for religious duties. That, Mr. John Balance, has always been my motto; and following it, I never yet had a bill protested, but became in time what I now am—a respectable, happy man, who can lay his hand upon his heart and say he has thirty thousand pounds,—a man who has married his daughters to fortunes, and, moreover, subscribes to—it is n't for me to say how many charities.

Looking at your letter as the madness of a green boy, I have condescended to answer it at this length. I trust that years and experience may make you see the error of your ways. That they may do so, is the hope of

Your still well-wisher,

ISAAC SMIRK.

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THE QUEEN'S ILLUSTRIOUS VISITORS.

Punch is enabled from peculiar sources to give a list of her Majesty's visitors for the next nine years:—

1845.—Mehemet Ali will visit Windsor Palace, accompanied by fifty of his sons. Egyptian Hall will be fitted up for their accommodation.

1846.—The Emperor of Morocco, who will be attended by Abd-el-Kader as his aid-de-camp. Ramo Samee will be appointed his guard of honor and parasol bearer.

1847.—The President of the United States. He will not lodge at the palace, however, on account of his republican principles, but simply have a knife and fork laid for him at the royal table every day. The North and South American Coffee-house will have a handsome second-pair back fitted up for him.

1848.—The Sultan of Turkey, who, out of compliment to the Queen, will not smoke under her hospitable roof, but will take his dozen cheroots every evening at Gliddon's Cigar Divan.

1849.—The King of the Cannibal Islands. Lord Brougham has been appointed interpreter to his Majesty; and Colonel Rowan, of the Blues, ordered to wait upon him

1850.—The Emperor of China, who will preside at the Royal Agricultural Association, and compete with Prince Albert in prize pigs. The Emperor's royal relations, the sun, moon, and the stars, will travel night and day with him.

1851.—Mr. Catlin, King of all the Indians. His Indian majesty will encamp at Wormwood Scrubbs with his suite of five hundred Indian chiefs, and dance every day the Indian war-polka. Admission, only one shilling.

1852.—The Emperor of Lapland. The Dog-Cruelty Bill will be suspended on this occasion, to allow the Emperor to enter London in a triumphal truck drawn by four-and-twenty dogs.

1853.—Mr. Lambert Jones, King of the City. His royal Majesty will be received by the Lord Chamberlain, and shown to the door by Inspector Mallalieu. His Majesty's visit will be very short.

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SOAP!—A SHORT ESSAY BY ONE OF THE "GOOD OLD SCHOOL."

Within the last few days meetings have been held for the purpose of establishing baths—cheap baths,—wherein the laborious poor may cleanse and refresh themselves. The Bishop of London, the Lord Mayor, and other respectable people, have advocated the measure. Poor ignorant enthusiasts—unconscious revolutionists! What! is there, then, to be no distinction among men? Are all the sons of Adam to wear clean faces? Are we no longer to refresh our sense of superiority with a sight of begrimed countenances,—no longer to feel proud of our own dainty anatomies in the knowledge that the low working people about us are coated with dirt? Is this, the last distinction of decent society, to be destroyed—washed out?

It was bad enough when velvet and gold lace were given up, and the true gentleman had to be picked out by his conduct, and not by his coat. This, to a man who really loved the institutions of his country, was certainly bad enough. But, nevertheless, there yet remained one, as it seemed, ineffaceable mark of inferiority—one lasting badge of serfdom—namely, *dirt*. And we are to sap the constitution of society by destroying this most valuable social ingredient! We are to throw cold and tepid water on it!

When we called certain folks the "great unwashed," did we not, in our contemptuous raillery, show our superior condition? The "unwashed" was the dirty, defiled Adam; a thing of the earth, earthy—a low creature. On the contrary, *we* stood as upon a pedestal, upon our soap, and looked loftily about us with a sense of the blessings of water. *We* were the washed; and, being so, were therefore the elect of the earth. The "unwashed" were of a lower species,—the mere negroes of poverty!

And now all men are to have cheap baths! Well, there is an end to really good society, when butchers, dyers, even coal-heavers, are all—all—"warranted to wash!"

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

MY DEAR CLARIBEL,—Your honeymoon being over, I feel it my duty—as, indeed, it will be my pleasure,—to instruct you in the serious purposes of marriage. I have had my trials, my dear, in what is called the blessed state, and could if I chose write this letter in the tears of widowhood.

Three times have I been bereft of the tenderest of husbands,—for every one of the dear men was really so,—and now am I left like the lonely dove to murmur alone. I have, however, this satisfaction, to know that I managed them all to my heart's content, whilst they—dear, simple lambs!—believed they managed me.

Men in their extreme ignorance call us the weaker sex. The weaker sex! When,—and they know it,—we can pull and play with their heart's-strings as little children play with toy harlequins. However, never disabuse them of the fond conceit. Our weakness, as they are pleased to call it, is our best strength. Continue to make your husband think you the most delicate of creatures, and he will treasure you accordingly. We all of us seem pretty well to know and follow out this truth in days of courtship, but forget it almost as soon as the clerk has said amen. This, my dear girl, is the great error of our sex: it is this that makes wife the slave, and husband the master. Now it has ever been my plan to perpetuate the privilege that courtship gives us, throughout every day of wedlock. And very properly. What! is your lap-dog that obediently fetches and carries—is he suddenly to refuse to obey you, and only because you have put a collar round his neck, and hold him by the ring of a chain at your third finger? Therefore, my dear, let your nerves be always delicate: hence, your husband will treasure you like a precious piece of china. Be foolish enough to appear robust, and, on the contrary, you will have no more care bestowed upon you than a red clay pipkin.

There are, I know, brutes in the human form. not to be deceived; but your husband is, I trust, not of them. As a girl, I remember a monster of the sort. My own dear mother—from whom, let me confess it, I learned many precious lessons—she made as much as any woman of her nerves. Well, one day, my father poking the fire, down came,—as you know, sometimes they will come, with such a clatter,—the shovel and tongs. My mother screamed, declared my father wanted to get rid of her, and immediately retired to her chamber. Though a party was to dine with us, my mother,—true to her principles,—resolutely went to bed. My father was all self-reproach and sorrow. He related the unfortunate event to the monster I speak of, saying something about "the wear and tear of the female constitution." Whereupon, I shall never forget it, the wretch replied—"Pooh—pooh! Female constitution! It never wears,—it never tears: at the worst it only stretches." And this—their conduct proves it,—is the brutal faith of thousands. My dear father, however, was of the contrary belief: so well too did my dear mother manage, that after this fall of the shovel and tongs, he never after poked the fire as if the poker was really his own. And this is as it should be.

Hence, my dear girl, cultivate your nerves: you can't pet 'em too much. Something will always be happening in the house,—and unless your husband be worse than a stone,—every new fright will be as good as a new gown or a new trinket to you. There are some domestic wounds only to be healed by the jeweller.

I don't advise you not to love your husband very much,—but never show the abundance of it. How men impose upon what I call a superfluity of affection, it is dreadful to think of! No, there is a decent sort of tenderness,—a sort of tepid love,—that is the safest. It never permits a wife to commit herself; it never shows to the man that he is supreme in her affections, and so enables him to sport with them. However, do not let him think himself indifferent to you: certainly not; at least, let the poor man have the benefit of the doubt.

In the slightest case of sisterly frailty, be all indignation. It is the very easiest and cheapest way of airing your own excessive goodness. Now and then, too, you can,—with great pain to yourself, of course,—hazard suspicions of some of your acquaintance. Suspicion, skilfully used, is an excellent thing. Like a little dust of rouge, if very tenderly laid on, it throws out in fine relief the natural beauty of the wearer. Rouge is a darling little fib, that lies, as somebody says, like truth—and so, I take it, as if properly applied, a slight suspicion. They may both color false modesty.

There is, too, a sort of side-wind way that will enable you at once to please and tease your husband. Jealousy,—that is, a happy affectation of the passion,—is a wonderful weapon in a skilful hand. Therefore, when walking with the poor man, declare that he looks at every woman he meets, and sulk accordingly. Sometimes, however, vary the accusation, and declare that every woman he meets looks at him. From this assumed fact, you can make any deductions, and endeavor in a torrent of words to declare how very, very miserable you ought to be. The man, of course, must think himself dear to you, or wherefore such fantastic jealousy? He must feel, though with a feeling of wretchedness, that you love him, or wherefore show the love with so much misery to him? Does not puss love the live yet wounded mouse she bites and scratches?

Again, as to temper never let it be certain. Husbands—I know them—presume upon evenness of temper. No, let your husband feel that he is never safe. He will accordingly be gentle, watchful, in his manner. Hence, be at times in the most exuberant spirits; and then, with a thought,—at some unconscious look of your husband, some playful word,—have a mute tongue, and brows of threatening thunder. In your very gayest moments, let your helpmate feel as if he is called upon to admire some curious gun—very beautiful, but to be most carefully handled, lest it go off, and destroy him.

If your husband wishes for music, declare you have a sudden headache, and add this, he ought to have seen as much, and not have asked you. If, on the contrary, he has a book, or would doze by the fire, immediately play the "*Battle of Prague*," with all the cannon accompaniments.

If he wish you to go out with him, say he always asks you when he knows you can't go; and then, on the contrary, desire that he shall take you to the opera or play, when you are well aware that he has some previous engagement.

On this point, too, be particularly obdurate. When your husband goes out with a likelikood of returning home late, insist upon sitting up for him. He may urge, that he can take the key; that, in fact, it will annoy him to keep anybody from their bed. Meet all this with a cold, decisive assurance, that you *will* sit up for him. If he come home late, what a delicious triumph for you! There you are, my love—*I* always was—in your nightcap and wrapt in three shawls, making up yourself for the picture of a very much wronged woman. The culprit at length returns; you catch

his eye, and lead it to dwell upon the reproachful candle gutturing in the socket—that candle, which in very weariness of heart and for nothing else, you have every five minutes mangled with the snuffers, as though unconsciously to make the case all the stronger against your offending mate. Sometimes, on such occasions, say nothing, but cold as a statue walk up stairs. Sometimes, too, it will add considerably to the pain of the criminal, if you carefully draw a sigh, and "wish you were in your grave."

As for your husband's friends, give them always a chilling welcome. If now and then they insist upon staying, as you think late—declare that they have had wine enough, and they ought to know it.

My dear mother had an admirable way. Two or three times—for my father never tempted her oftener—she sat up guarding the fire-place. No coal did she suffer to approach it. The fire went out; it was piercing winter; and then in a triumph, only known to such a wife, did she retire to her room, comforting herself that "they'd soon be starved out, and must go."

I have herein, my love, thrown down only a few hints; but I can add a great many more to them, if I find you worthy of my teaching.

In the mean time, I remain your affectionate friend,

TABITHA TALONS.

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THE YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER.

MADAM,—At present, I have no wish that my husband should leave me; when I have, I shall lose no time in availing myself of your instructions, feeling quite convinced that they could not but very soon lead to such a conclusion.

I remain, yours, &c.,

CLARIBEL SMITH.

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THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF WARFARE.

Archimedes would have moved the world, if he could have got the means of doing it, and then got the world to stand stock still while he tried the experiment! Captain Warner would have spificated Europe, if he could only have prevailed on Sir R. Peel to supply the powder and shot for such a magnificent project. Some scientific folks have got into an establishment at Fulham, from which they issued a prospectus, undertaking to blow up schooners on moderate terms, and annihilate fortresses at the very shortest notice. All this is to be done by shells; but the public are called upon to shell out as a preliminary; and, so far, the plan of the Fulham folks and that of Captain Warner, appear to be pretty nearly identical. The benevolent object of the parties is, to put an end to war, by making war so truly terrific, that, like the two Kilkenny cats, it will put an end, by its very ferocity, to its own existence. It seems to be (familiarly speaking) a rum idea to destroy life wholesale, for the purpose of saving it in detail; and we must say, we prefer the peaceful philosophy of the private in the Royal Artillery, who did for the touch-hole, what horticulture has already done for vegetation. Instead of spiking the enemies' guns he watered them—an act for which he deserves to go down to posterity with the watering-pot in his hand—for there is, surely, more real civilization in applying the soothing system to the angry cannon, than in converting it into a monster which even those whom it serves are afraid of.

We should suggest to the Peace Society, that a corps should be raised, to be called the Light Water Pots, whose duty it should be to damp the fury of the enemies' guns; and thus introduce a real Grand Junction between all the nations of the world.

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THE HARE AND THE PEASANT.

Although many of the pure-minded who offer incense at Exeter Hall, may not be conscious of the fact, it is nevertheless most true that John Bull has his idols; to the which with most sanctimonious face, he is ever and anon sacrificing men, women, and babes. John, with a look of pitying disgust, talks of the superstitions of the past and of the present; he laments the darkness of the heathen, who have their sacred apes, their consecrated crocodiles. Nay, John does more than this. John unbuttons his pocket, and pays men to build ships, that truth and wisdom may be carried to idolators. He enlists missionaries—he sends forth the hopeful and strong-hearted to wither beneath a pestilential climate, so that even withering, they may be ministrant of civilization to the savage. And all the while—simple John—that he is paying for, and laboring in, these good works—he has his own pet idols—his own baboons and alligators—with his "bold peasantry," as their constant victims. Alas! ere John shall again count up these abominations of the heathen, let him calculate the number of men, with their wives and families, sacrificed at every quarter-sessions to the idols of the landlord,—to his hares, his pheasants, and his partridges!

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THE BELLS OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Much disappointment has been expressed at the bells of the Royal Exchange being fitted up with old tunes, instead of being placed in the hands of native composers. A rapid stride might have been taken in favor of English opera, if the British bell-rope had been confided to some of our English musicians. Though unfortunately they are so much addicted to pulling different ways, that fearful discord would perhaps have been the consequence.

Professor Taylor has, however, composed a very effective solo for the largest bell, with a chorus for the little ones. We understand that Donizetti will be invited to write a romance for the street-door bell, and a duet for that and the knockers—with full accompaniments for a peal of six-and-twenty muffin boys, to which the general postman will form a bass of surprising depth and grandeur. The effect of this composition will not be tried until the Exchange is in full operation, and the muffin season has set in, which may be looked for in the course of nature within a week or two.

EPIGRAM

ON HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

WE 've heard of comets, blazing things,
With "fear of change" perplexing kings;
But, lo! a novel sight and strange,
A Queen who does not fear a 'Change!

T. H.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

It was a gloomy evening. The sun had set, angry and threatening, lighting up the horizon with lurid flame and flakes of blood-red—slowly quenched by slants of distant rain, dense and dark as segments of the old deluge. At last the whole sky was black, except the low driving gray scud, amidst which faint streaks of lightning wandered capriciously towards their appointed aim, like young fire-fiends playing on their errands.

"There will be a storm!" whispered nature herself, as the crisp fallen leaves of autumn started up with a hollow rustle, and began dancing a wild round, with a whirlwind of dust, like some frantic orgy ushering in a revolution.

"There will be a storm!" I echoed, instinctively looking round for the nearest shelter, and making towards it at my best pace. At such times the proudest heads will bow to very low lintels; and setting dignity against a ducking, I very willingly condescended to stoop into "The Plough."

It was a small hedge alehouse, too humble for the refinement of a separate parlor. One large tap-room served for all comers gentle or simple, if gentlefolks, except from stress of weather, ever sought such a place of entertainment. Its scanty accommodations were even meaner than usual: the Plough had suffered from the hardness of the times, and exhibited the bareness of a house recently unfurnished by the broker. The aspect of the public room was cold and cheerless. There was a mere glimmer of fire in the grate, and a single unsnuffed candle stood guttering over the neck of the stone bottle in which it was stuck, in the middle of the plain deal table. The low ceiling, blackened by smoke, hung overhead like a canopy of gloomy clouds; the walls were stained with damp, and patches of the plaster had pealed off from the naked laths. Ornament there was none, except a solitary print, gaudily daubed in body-colors, and formerly glazed, as hinted by a small triangle of glass in one corner of the black frame. The subject, "the Shipwrecked Mariner," whose corpse, jacketed in bright sky-blue, rolled on a still brighter strip of yellow shingle, between two grass-green wheat-sheaves with white ears—but intended for foaming billows. Above all, the customary odors were wanting; the faint smell of beer and ale, the strong scent of spirits, the fumes of tobacco; none of them agreeable to a nice sense, but decidedly missed with a feeling akin to disappointment. Rank or vapid, they belonged to the place, representing, though in an infinitely lower key, the bouquet of Burgundy, the aroma of choice liqueurs—the breath of social enjoyment.

Yet there was no lack of company. Ten or twelve men, some young, but the majority of the middle age, and one or two advanced in years, were seated at the sordid board. As many glasses and jugs of various patterns stood before them; but mostly empty, as was the tin tankard from which they had been replenished. Only a few of the party in the neighborhood of a brown earthenware pitcher had full cups; but of the very small ale called Adam's. Their coin and credit exhausted, they were keeping up the forms of drinking and good fellowship with plain water. From the same cause, a bundle of new clay pipes lay idle on the table, unsoiled by the Indian weed.

A glance sufficed to show that the company were of the laboring class—men with tanned, furrowed faces, and hairy, freckled hands—who smelt "of the earth, earthy," and were clad in fustian and leather, in velveteen and corduroy, glossy with wear or wet, soiled by brown clay and green moss, scratched and torn by brambles, wrinkled, warped, and threadbare with age, and variously patched—garments for need and decency, not show;—for if, amidst the prevailing russets, drabs, and olives, there was a gayer scrap of green, blue, or red, it was a tribute not to vanity but expediency—some fragment of military broadcloth or livery plush.

As I entered, the whole party turned their eyes upon me, and having satisfied themselves by a brief scrutiny that my face and person were unknown to them, thenceforward took no more notice of me than their own shadows on the wall. I could have fancied myself invisible, they resumed their conversation with so little reserve. The topics, such as poor men discuss amongst themselves:—the dearness of bread, the shortness of work, the long hours of labor, the lowness of wages, the badness of the weather, the sickliness of the season, the signs of a hard winter, the general evils of want, poverty, and disease; but accompanied by such particular revelations, such minute details, and frank disclosures, as should only have come from persons talking in their sleep! The vulgar indelicacy, methought, with which they gossipped before me of family matters—the brutal callousness with which they exposed their private affairs, the whole history and mystery of bed, board, and hearth, the secrets of home! But a little more listening and reflection converted my disgust into pity and concern. Alas! I had forgotten that the lives of certain classes of our species have been laid almost as bare and open as those of the beasts of the field! The poor men had no domestic secrets—no private affairs! All were public—matters of notoriety—friend and foe concurring in the advertisement. The law had ferreted their huts, and scheduled their three-legged tables and bottomless chairs. Statistical Groses had taken notes, and printed them, of every hole in their coats. Political reporters had calculated their incomings and outgoings down to fractions of pence and half ounces of tea; and had supplied the minutiæ of their domestic economy for paragraphs and leading articles. Charity, arm in arm with curiosity, and clerical philanthropy, linked perhaps with a religious inquisitor, had taken an inventory of their defects moral and spiritual; whilst medical visitors had inspected and recorded their physical sores, cancerous or scrofulous, their humors, and their tumors.

Society, like a policeman, had turned upon them the full blaze of its bull's eye—exploring the shadiest recesses of their privacy, till their means, food, habits, and modes of existence were as minutely familiar as those of the animalculæ exhibited in Regent street by the solar microscope. They had no longer any decent appearances to keep up—any shabby ones to mask with a better face—any petty shifts to slur over—any household struggles to conceal. Their circumstances were known intimately, not merely to next-door neighbors, and kith and kin, but to the whole parish, the whole county, the whole country. It was one of their last few privileges to discuss in common with the parliament, the press, and the public, the deplorable details of their own affairs. Their destitution was a naked great fact, and they talked of

it like proclaimed bankrupts, as they were, in the wide world's Gazette.

"What matters!" said a gray-headed man, in fustian, in answer to a warning nudge and whisper from his neighbor. "If walls has ears, they are welcome to what they can ketch—ay, and the stranger to boot—if so be he don't know all about us already—for it 's all in print. What we yarn, and what we spend—what we eat, and what we drink—what we wear, and the cost on it from top to toe—where we sleep, and how many on us lie in a bed—our concarns are as common as waste land."

"And as many geese and donkies turned on to them, I do think!" cried a young fellow in velveteens—"to hear how folk cackle and bray about our states. And then the queer remedies as is prescribed, like, for a starving man! A Bible says one—a reading made easy says another—a temperance medal says another—or maybe a hagricultural prize. But what is he to eat, I ax? Why, says one, a Corkassian Jew—says another, a cricket-ball—says another, a may-pole—and says another, the Wenus bound for Horsetrailye."

"As if idle hands and empty pockets," said the gray-headed man, "did not make signs, of themselves, for work and wages—and a hungry belly for bread and cheese."

"That 's true, any how," said one of the water-drinkers. "I only wish a doctor could come at this minute, and listen with his *telescope* on my stomach, and he would hear it a-talking as plain as our magpie, and saying, I wants wittles."

There was a general peal of mirth at this speech, but brief and ending abruptly, as laughter does, when extorted by the odd treatment of a serious subject—a flash followed by deeper gloom. The conversation then assumed a graver tone; each man in turn recounting the trials, privations, and visitations, of himself, his wife, and children, or his neighbor's—not mentioned with fierceness, intermingling oaths and threats, nor with bitterness—some few allusions excepted to harsh overseers or miserly masters—but as soldiers or sailors describe the hardships and sufferings they have had to encounter in their rough vocation, and evidently endured in their own persons with a manly fortitude. If the speaker's voice faltered, or his eyes moistened, it was only when he painted the sharp bones showing through the skin, the skin through the rags, of the wife of his bosom; or how the traditional wolf, no longer to be kept from the door, had rushed in and fastened on his young ones. What a revelation it was! Fathers, with more children than shillings per week—mothers travailing literally in the straw—infants starving before the parents' eyes, with cold, and famishing for food! Human creatures, male and female, old and young, not gnawed and torn by single woes, but worried at once by winter, disease, and want, as by that triple-headed dog, whelped in the realm of torments!

My ears tingled, and my cheeks flushed with self-reproach, remembering my fretful impatience under my own inflictions, no light ones either, till compared with the heavy complications of anguish, moral and physical, experienced by those poor men. My heart swelled with indignation, my soul sickened with disgust, to recall the sobs, sighs, tears, and hystericks—the lamentations and imprecations bestowed by pampered selfishness on a sick bird or beast, a sore finger, a swelled toe, a lost rubber, a missing luxury, an ill-made garment, a culinary failure!—to think of the cold looks and harsh words cast by the same eyes and lips, eloquent in self-indulgence, on nakedness, starvation, and poverty. Wealth, with his own million of money, pointing to the new half-farthings as fitting money for the million—gluttony, gorged with dainties, washed down by iced champagne, complacently commending his humble brethren to the brook of Elisha and the salads of Nebuchadnezzar; and fashion, in furs and velvet, comfortably beholding her squalid sisters shivering in robes de zephyr, woven by winter itself, with the warp of a north, and the woof of an east wind!

"The job up at Bosely is finished," said one of the middle-aged men. "I have enjoyed but three days' work in the last fortnight, and God above knows when I shall get another, even at a shilling a day. And nine mouths to feed, big and little—and nine backs to clothe—with the winter a-settin in—and the rent behind-hand—and never a bed to lie on, and my good woman, poor soul, ready to ——"—a choking sound and a hasty gulp of water smothered the rest of the sentence. "There must be something done for us—there MUST," he added, with an emphatic slap of his broad, brown, barky hand, that made the glasses jingle and the idle pipes clatter on the board. And every voice in the room echoed "there must," my own involuntarily swelling the chorus.

"Ay, there must, and that full soon," said the gray-headed man in fustian, with an upward appealing look, as if through the smoky clouds of the ceiling to God himself for confirmation of the necessity. "But come, lads, time 's up, so let 's have our chant, and then squander."

The company immediately stood up; and one of the elders, with a deep bass voice, and to a slow, sad air, began a rude song, the composition probably of some provincial poet of his own class, the rest of the party joining occasionally in a verse that served for the burden.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
And here 's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skill'd enough by lessons rough
In labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
To lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
Or plough the stubborn lea,
The harvest stack to bind,
The wheaten rick to thatch;
And never fear in my pouch to find
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam;
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of home;
Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days,
Where starving children huddle and crouch
To see the cheerful rays,
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends a drought
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the corn—

To Him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,
To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
The market team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer—
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich,
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
To welter in the ditch.

Wherever nature needs,
Wherever labor calls,
No job I 'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,
With labor stiff and stark,
By lawful turn my living to earn,
Between the light and dark—
My daily bread and nightly bed,
My bacon and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer!

No parish money or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil,
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task:
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man,
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doomed by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and eat the lean
Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labor can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb—and woe to him
Who does their pay begrudge.

Who every weekly score
Docks labor's little mite,
Bestows on the poor at the temple-door,
But robb'd them over-night.
The very shilling he hoped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
The spital or the gaol!

As the last ominous word ceased ringing, the candle-wick suddenly dropped into the neck of the stone bottle, and all was darkness and silence.

* * * * * *

The vision is dispelled—the fiction is gone—but a fact and a figure remain.

Some time since, a strong inward impulse moved me to paint the destitution of an overtasked class of females, who work, work, work, for wages almost nominal. But deplorable as is their condition, in the low deep, there is, it seems, a lower still—below that gloomy gulf a darker region of human misery—beneath that purgatory a hell—resounding with more doleful wailings and a sharper outcry—the voice of famishing wretches, pleading vainly for work! work! work!—imploring as a blessing, what was laid upon man as a curse—the labor that wrings sweat from the brow, and bread from the soil!

As a matter of conscience, that wail touches me not. As my works testify, I am of the working class myself, and in my humble sphere furnish employment for many hands, including paper-makers, draughtsmen, engravers, compositors, pressmen, binders, folders, and stitchers—and critics—all receiving a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. My gains consequently are limited—not nearly so enormous as have been realized upon shirts, slops, shawls, &c.—curiously illustrating how a man or woman might be "clothed with curses as with a garment." My fortune may be expressed without a long row of those ciphers—those 0's at once significant of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and as many ejaculations of pain and sorrow from dependent slaves. My wealth might all be hoarded, if I were miserly, in a gallipot or a tin snuff-box. My guineas, placed edge to edge, instead of extending from the Minories to Golden Square, would barely reach from home to Bread Street. My riches would hardly allow me a roll in them, even if turned into the new copper mites. But then, thank God! no reproach clings to my coin. No tears or blood clog the meshes, no hair, plucked in desperation, is knitted with the silk of my lean purse. No consumptive sempstress can point at me her bony forefinger, and say, "For thee, *sewing in formâ pauperis*, I am become this living skeleton!" or hold up to me her fatal needle, as one through the eye of which the scriptural camel must pass ere I may hope to enter heaven. No withered work-woman, shaking at me her dripping suicidal locks, can cry, in a piercing voice, "For thee, and for six poor pence, I embroidered eighty flowers on this veil"—literally a veil of tears. No famishing laborer, his joints racked with toil, holds out to me in the palm of his broad hard hand seven miserable shillings, and mutters, "For these, and a parish loaf, for six long days, from dawn till dusk, through hot and cold, through wet and dry, I tilled thy land!" My short sleeps are peaceful; my dreams untroubled. No ghastly phantoms with reproachful faces, and silence more terrible than speech, haunt my quiet pillow. No victims of slow murder, ushered by the avenging fiends, beset my couch, and make awful appointments with me to meet at the Divine bar on the day of judgment. No deformed human creatures—men, women, children, smirched black as negroes, transfigured suddenly, as demons of the pit, clutch at my heels to drag me down, down, down, an unfathomable shaft, into a gaping Tartarus. And if sometimes in waking visions I see throngs of little faces, with

features preternaturally sharp, and wrinkled brows, and dull, eeared orbs—grouped with pitying clusters of the young-eyed cherubim—not for me, thank Heaven! did those crippled children become prematurely old; and precociously evaporate, like so much steam power, the "dew of their youth."

For me, then, that doleful cry from the starving unemployed has no extrinsic horror; no peculiar pang, beyond that sympathetic one which must affect the species in general. Nevertheless, amidst the dismal chorus, one complaining voice rings distinctly on my inward ear; one melancholy figure flits prominently before my mind's eye—vague of feature, indeed, and in form with only the common outlines of humanity—but the Eidolon of a real person, a living, breathing man, with a known name. One whom I have never seen in the flesh, never spoken with; yet whose very words a still small voice is, even now, whispering to me, I know not whence, like the wind from a cloud.

For months past, that indistinct figure, associated, as in a dream, with other dim images, but all mournful—stranger faces, male and female, convulsed with grief—huge hard hands, and smaller and tenderer ones, wrung in speechless anguish, and everlasting farewells—involved with obscure ocean waves, and momentary glimpses of outlandish scenery—for months past, amidst trials of my own, in the intervals of acute pain, perchance even in my delirium, and through the variegated tissue of my own interests and affairs, that sorrowful vision has recurred to me, more or less vividly, with the intense sense of suffering, cruelty and injustice, and the strong emotions of pity and indignation, which originated with its birth.

It may be, that some peculiar condition of the body, inducing a morbid state of mind—some extreme excitability of the nerves, and, through them, of the moral sensibility, concurred to induce so deep an impression, to make so warm a sympathy attach itself to a mere phantom, the representative of an obscure individual, an utter stranger. The reader must judge: and, when the case of my unknown, unconscious, invisible client shall be laid before him, will be able to say, whether it required any unnatural sensitiveness of the system, any extraordinary softening of the heart or brain, to feel a strong human interest in the fate of Gifford White.

In the spring of the present year, this very unfortunate and very young man was indicted, at the Huntingdon assizes, for throwing the following letter, addressed, externally and internally, to the farmers of Bluntisham, Hunts, into a strawyard:—

"We are determined to set fire to the whole of this place, if you don't set us to work, and burn you in your beds, if there is not an alteration. What do you think the young men are to do, if you don't set them to work? They must do something. The fact is, we cannot go on any longer. We must commit robbery, and everything that is contrary to your wish. "I am, "An Enemy."

For this offence, admitted by his plea, the prisoner, aged eighteen, was sentenced, by a judge since deceased, to transportation for life!

Far be it from me to palliate incendiarism. Least of all, when so many conflagrations have recently illuminated the horizon; and so near the time when the memory of that arch incendiary Guy Faux will be revived by effigies and bonfires. I am fully aware of the risk of even this appeal, at such a season, but, with that pleading shade before me, dare the reddest reflections that may be cast on this paper.

Only catch a real incendiary, bring his guilt clearly home to him, and let him suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Hang him. Or, if absolutely opposed to capital punishment, and inclined towards the philanthropy of a very French philosophy, adopt the Christianly substitute, recommended in the "Mysteries of Paris," and blind the criminal. Let fire avenge fire, and, according to the prescription for Prince Arthur, with irons hot burn out both his eyes. Cruel and extreme as such tortures may seem, they would scarcely expiate one of the most dastardly and atrocious of human crimes, inasmuch as the perpetrator can neither control its extent, nor calculate the results.

The truth is, my faith stops far short of the popular belief in the prevalence of wilful and malignant fire-raising—that an epidemic of that inflammatory character is so rife and raging as represented in the provinces. I am too jealous of the national character, too chary of the good name of my humble countrymen, and think too well of "a bold peasantry, our country's pride," to look on them, willingly, as a mere pack of Samson's foxes, running, from farm to farm, with fire-brands tied to their tails. If there be any notable increase in the number of fires, some portion of the excess may be fairly attributable to causes which have converted simple risks into doubly hazardous; for example, the prevalence of cigar smoking, and especially, the substitution for the old tinder-box, of dangerous chemical contrivances, facile of ignition, and distributed by myriads throughout the country. Talismans, that, like the Arabian ones, on a slight rubbing, place a demon at the command of the possessor—spells which have subjected the fire spirit to the instant invocation not merely of the wicked, but of the weak and the witless, the infant and the idiot. Generally, we work and play with the element more profusely than formerly: witness the glowing flames, flakes, sparks, and cinders, that sweep across streets, over seas and rivers, and along railroads, from the chimneys, funnels and furnaces, of the factories, and floating and flying conveyances of Pluto, Vulcan, and Company. Another cause, spontaneous combustion, has lately been convicted of the destruction of the railway station at New Cross; and there is no reason to suppose that conflagrations from carelessness, and excessive house-warmings from inebriety, are less common than of old. Children will still play with fire; servants, town and country, persist in snuffing long wicks, as well as noses, with finger and thumb; and agricultural distress has not so annihilated the breed of jolly farmers, but that one, here and there, is still capable of blowing himself out, and putting his candle to bed.

In the mean time, vulgar exaggeration ascribes every "rapid consumption" of property, not clearly traceable to accident, to a malicious design. The English public, according to Goldsmith, are prone to panics, and he instances them as arming themselves with thick gloves and stout cudgels against certain popular bugbears in the shapes of mad dogs. And a fatal thing it is, proverbially, for the canine race, to get an ill name. But a panic becomes a far more tragical affair, when it arms one class of society against another; and, instead of mere brutes and curs of low degree, animals of our own species are hunted down and hung, or, at best, all but banished to another world, by trans-

portation for life. It is difficult to believe that some such local panic did not influence the very severe sentence passed on Gifford White. Indeed, the existence of something of the kind seems intimated by the judge himself, along with the extraordinary dictum that a verbal burn is worse than the actual cautery. Lord Abinger said :—

"The offence was of a most atrocious character; and it might almost be said, that the sending of letters threatening to burn the property of the parties to whom they were addressed was worse than putting the threat into execution; for when a man lost his property by fire, he at least knew the worst of it, but he to whom such threats were made, was made to live in a state of continual terror and alarm."

Very true—and very harshly applied. The farmers of Bluntisham are not of my acquaintance; but presuming them to be not more nervous and timorsome than farmers in general, might not their terror and alarm have been pacified on rather easier terms? Would not the banishment of the culprit for seven, or at most fourteen years, have allowed time, ample time, for the yeomanly nerves to have recovered their tone; for their affrighted hair, erect as stubble, to have subsided prone as rolled grass; nay, for the very name of Gifford White to have evaporated from their agricultural heads? Were I a Bluntisham farmer, I could not eat with relish another rasher of bacon, or swallow with satisfaction another glass of strong ale, without protesting publicly against such a sacrifice to my supposed aspen-fits, and setting on foot a petition amongst my neighbors for a mitigation of that severe and satirical sentence which condemned a fellow parishioner to expiate my fears by fifty-two years of penance—according to the scriptural calculation of human life—in the land of the kangaroo. I could not sleep soundly, and know, that for my sake a son of the same soil had been rooted out like a common weed—severed from kith and kin; from hearth and home, if he had one; from his mother-country, hard step-mother though she had proved; from a familiar land and native air, to a foreign one and a new climate, with strange faces around him, and strange stars above him,—a banished man, not for a little while, or for a long while, but forever!

But, methinks I hear a voice say, it was necessary to make an example—a proceeding always accompanied by a certain degree of hardship, if not injustice, as regards the party selected to be punished *in terrorem;* unless the choice be made of a criminal especially deserving such a painful preference—as for robbery with personal violence: whereas there appear to be no aggravations of the offence for which Gifford White was sentenced to a murderer's atonement. On the contrary, he pleaded guilty; a course generally admitted as an extenuation of guilt: his youth ought to have been a circumstance in his favor; and, above all, the consideration that a threat does not necessarily involve the intent, much less the deed. All who have been led, by word or writing, to hope or fear, for good or evil, have had reason to know how far is promise from performance,—as far as England from New South Wales. Expectants never die the sooner for golden prospects held out to them; and threatened folks are long-lived, to a proverb. And why? Because the enemy who announces his designs is the least dangerous; as the Scotch say, "his bark is waur than his bite." The truth is, menaces are about the most abundant, idle, and empty of human vaporings; the mere puffings, blowings, gruntings, and growlings from the safety-valves and waste-pipes of high-pressure engines. The promissory notes of threateners to large amounts are ludicrously associated, instead of payment, with "no effects." Who of us has not heard a good mother, a fond mother, a doting mother, but sharp-tempered, promise her own dear but troublesome offspring, her very pets, such savage inflictions, such breaking of bones and knocking off plaguy little heads, as ought, sincerely uttered, to have consigned her to the custody of the police? There, as my Uncle Toby says, she found vent. Who has never known a friend, a worthy man, but a passionate one, to indulge in such murderous threats against the life, body, and limbs of a tight boot-maker, or a loose tailor; a blunt creditor, or a sharp critic; as ought, if in earnest, to have placed him in handcuffs and a strait waistcoat! But nobody mistakes these blazes of temper for the burnings of settled malignity—these harmless flashes of sheet lightning for the destructive gleam of the forked. It is quite possible, therefore, that the incendiary letter of Gifford White, though breathing Congreves and Lucifers, was purely theoretical; albeit read by the judge as if in serious earnest, like the fulminating prospectuses of the Duc de Normandie or Captain Warner.

I confess to have searched, in vain, through the epistle for any animus of peculiar atrocity. Its address, generally to the farmers, shows it not to have been the inspiration of personal malice or private revenge. The threat is not a direct and positive one, as in resolved retaliation for some bygone wrong; but put hypothetically, and rather in the nature of a warning of probable consequences, dependent on future contingencies. The wish of the writer is obviously not father to the menace: on the contrary, he expostulates, and appeals, methinks most touchingly, to the reason, the justice, even the compassion, of the very parties—to be burnt in their beds. So clear a proof, to me, of the absence of any serious intent, or malice prepense, that the only agitation from the fall of such a missive in my farm-yard, if I had one, would be the flutter amongst the poultry. At least theirs would be the only personal terror and alarm,—for, with other feelings, who could fail to be moved by a momentous question and declaration reëchoed by hundreds and thousands of able and willing but starving laborers. "What are we to do if you don't set us to work? We must do something. The fact is, we cannot go on any longer!"

Can the wholesale emigration, so often proposed, be only transportation in disguise for using such language in common with Gifford White?

To me—speaking from my heart, and recording my deliberate opinions on a material that, frail as it is, will long outlast my own fabric,—there is something deeply affecting in the spectacle of a young man, in the prime of health and vigor, offering himself, a voluntary slave, in the labor-market without a purchaser—eagerly proffering to barter the use of his body, the day-long exertion of his strength, the wear and tear of flesh and blood, bone and muscle for the common necessaries of life—earnestly craving for bread on the penal conditions prescribed by his Creator—and in vain—in vain! Well for those who enjoy each blessing of earth that there are volunteers to work out the curse! Well for the drones of the social hive that there are bees of so industrious a turn, will-

ing for an infinitesimal share of the honey to undertake the labor of its fabrication!

Let these considerations avail an unfortunate man, or rather youth, perhaps an oppressed one, subject to the tyranny of some such ticket system as lately required the interference of the home secretary, in behalf of the laborers of another county.——

Methinks I see him, poor phantom! an impertinent unit of a surplus population, humbly pleading for bread, and offered an acre of stones—to be cleared at five farthings a rood. Work and wages for the asking!—with the double alternative of the Union-house, or a free passage—the North-West one—to the still undiscovered coast of Bohemia!——

Is a rash youth, so wrought on, to be eternally Ex-Isled from this sweet little one of our own, for only throwing a few intemperate "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" into an anonymous letter?

Let these things plead for a fellow-creature, goaded, perhaps, by the sense of wrong, as well as the physical pangs of hunger, and driven by the neglect of all milder applications to appeal to the selfish fears of men who will neither read the signs of the times, nor heed warnings, unless written, like Belshazzar's, in letters of fire!

One thing is certain. These are not times for visiting with severity the offences of the laboring poor; a class who, it is admitted by all parties, have borne the severest trials that can afflict the soul and body of man, with an exemplary fortitude, and a patience almost superhuman. A great fact at which every true Englishman should exult, as at a national victory, as in moral heroism it is. I, for one, am proud of my poor countrymen, and naturally loth to believe that a character which so reluctantly combines with disaffection, and indulges so sparely in outbreak, will freely absorb so vile a spirit as that of incendiarism. At any rate, before rashly adopting such a conclusion, common justice and common sense bid me look elsewhere for the causes of any unusual number of fires in the rural districts. As a mere matter of patriotism, one would rather ascribe such unfilial outrages to an alien than to a son of the soil. We have lately seen a foreign prince, an ally, in a time of peace, speculating with much playful naïveté on the best modes for squibbing our shipping and rocketing our harbors—the facility with which he could ignite the Thames and mull the Medway—sink the Cinque Ports—blow off Beachy's head, shiver Deal into splinters, and knock the two Reculver steeples into one. His Highness, it is true, contemplated a bellicose state, ceremoniously proclaimed according to the usage of polite nations: but suppose some outlandish savage, as uncivilized as unshorn, say from Terra del Fuego, animated with an insane hostility to England, and burning to test his skill in Pyrotechnics—might not such a barbarian be tempted to dispense with a formal declaration of war, and make a few experimental essays how to introduce his treacherous combustibles into our perfidious towns and hamlets? Foreign incendiaries for me, rather than native; and accident or spontaneous combustion before either! But if we must believe in it home-made—surely, in preference to the industrious laborer, suspicion should fall on those sturdy trampers that infest the country, the foremost to crave for food and money, the last to ask for work, and one of whom might light up a dozen parishes. If it be otherwise, if a class eminently loyal, patient, peaceable, and rational, have really become such madmen throwing about fire, it is high time, methinks, with universal Artesian borings, to begin to scuttle our island for fear of its being burnt. But no—that Shadow of an Incendiary, with uplifted hands, and streaming repentant eyes, disavows with earnest gesture the foul intent; and shadow as he is, my belief acquits him, and makes me echo the imaginary sigh with which he fades again into the foggy distance between me and Port Sydney.

It is in your power, Sir James Graham! to lay the ghost that is haunting me. But that is a trifle. By a due intercession with the earthly fountain of mercy, you may convert a melancholy shadow into a happier reality—a righted man—a much pleasanter image to mingle in our waking visions, as well as in those dreams which, as Hamlet conjectures, may soothe or disturb us in our coffins. Think, sir, of poor Gifford White—inquire into his hard case, and give it your humane consideration, as that of a fellow-man with an immortal soul—a "possible angel"—to be met hereafter face to face.

To me, should this appeal meet with any success, it will be one of the dearest deeds of my pen. I shall not repent a wide deviation from my usual course; or begrudge the pain and trouble caused me by the providential visitings of an importunate phantom. In any case, my own responsibility is at an end. I have relieved my heart, appeased my conscience, and absolved my soul.

THOMAS HOOD.

SPAIN.

SPAIN presents the usual aspect, of divided councils, armed intrigue, and latent revolution. Ministers proceed with their counter-reform; and, so far as one can yet see, will be permitted coolly to abandon those liberal institutions the acquisition of which cost the country so much blood. Rumors there are, however, of some revolt brewing; and while ministerial writers deny the danger, ministers themselves avow that they are aware of it. Their strength seems to lie in the utter paralysis of every other strength. The question occurs, what has become of that intelligence and energy which rescued Spain from Ferdinand and Absoluteism? The country attained its liberty mainly through a bad channel—not merely by force, but through a regular military profession. The early rescuers of Spain were soldiers; the subsequent statesmen have been mostly soldiers; the policy of the day has been that of the victor of the day; and now we happen to have the policy of Narvaez—his notion of government.—*Spectator.*

VIOLENT storms ravage the South of France. In Marseilles the inundations have been so great that the water rose above the carriage-wheels in the streets. A terrific storm visited Toulouse on the 24th October. At Avignon and other towns, the Rhone, the Durance, and the Saone, have overflowed, and committed much injury.

From the Spectator.

SCOTCH RAILROADS.

If our memory deceives us not, there was only one railroad completed and open to travellers in England in 1834—the Liverpool and Manchester; and only one in Scotland—a seven-miles concern, with one or two lazy, lumbering locomotives—the Glasgow and Garnkirk. How England has been intersected and reticulated with railroads during the ten years which have elapsed, and how many more are contemplated or actually in progress, all the world knows; and a "sketch showing the line of the proposed Aberdeen Railway," which has been forwarded to our office, reminds us that even the mountain-masses of the north are having railroads traced around their bases. The transmission of this sketch we take to be equivalent to the presentation of a canvasser's card—"the honor of your vote and support," &c.; and, after due investigation, we pronounce the scheme feasible, and recommend it accordingly.

It is not uninteresting to trace the rise and progress of railroads in Scotland. The short line mentioned above was the first essay; and though we may appear to have spoken of it lightly, it is deserving of all honor, since to the intelligence and enterprise of gentlemen connected with it the empire at large is indebted for no small portion of the impetus that has been given to railroads. Taking Glasgow as a centre, railroads are now thrown out on the one side to Edinburgh and Leith on the Frith of Forth, and to Greenock and Ayr on the Frith of Clyde. Glotta and Bodotria were connected by the Romans with a wall intended to *check* communication: in our days, embankments are raised and channels cut along a line nearly parallel with and at no great distance from that stupendous work, to facilitate communication, by means of new and startling rapidity. Almost simultaneously with the good town of St. Mungo, Bonnie Dundee and her stirring neighbors set themselves to intersect their district with railroads —linking together Dundee and Newtyle—Dundee, Arbroath, and Forfar: and near the most remote of Rome's battle-fields, scitheless cars roll, rattling louder than ever the scithed chariots of Galgacus, drawn by steeds lifeless though instinct with motion, which by their puffing and snorting would flabbergast the best of his shelties, could they return to earth.

And now the railroad spirit is fairly awakened in Scotland. The capital has been subscribed for a railroad from Dundee to Perth; and a line projected by Mr. Gladstone to branch off from this one about mid-way and stretch through Fife to a terminus on the shore of the Forth opposite Edinburgh—throwing off a branch to the county-town, under the influence of the old saw, "he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar"—is sure to be carried on. Another railroad is intended to branch off from that which connects Edinburgh and Glasgow, intersect the field of Bannockburn, and pass the scarce distinguishable remains of the residence of the old Pictish monarchs in Stratherne, to Perth. Honest Hal o' the Wynd was no contemptible workman in iron in his day; but he little dreamed what a future generation was to hammer out of the metal which he beat into anything but pruning-hooks or ploughshares. And while Dundee is thus linked to Edinburgh and Glasgow on the South, Aberdeen is bestirring herself, to get tagged on by a railroad to the fair company, from the north. A line, with irreproachable radii for its curves and gradients quite workable, will ere long whisk the sentimental traveller from the granite city, past Findon redolent of its own haddocks, and the "politics" of Ury, where a Barclay may see all mere human walking put to shame, and through Laurencekirk with its snuff-boxes, to the valleys of the Tay, the Clyde, and the Forth.

And, like the last of the shadowy progeny of Banquo, this youngest of the Scottish railways holds out to us a glass in which we, like Macbeth, though with widely different feelings, see "many more." One is preparing to carry travellers Northward from Aberdeen to Inverurie—the natal soil of Edie Ochiltree's rear-rank man Francie Macraw; Banff—which the alliterative saws of Scottish schoolboys connect, for no assignable reason, with "bend-leather;" Elgin—with its cathedral dreadless of future Wolves of Badenoch; Forres—respecting the distance of which the weary and foot-sore Banquo (for want of a railroad) so anxiously inquired; and Inverness—where Cromwell's soldiers are recorded to have introduced for the first time the arts of making shoes and speaking a civilized and intelligible language. From Edinburgh, again, a railroad is projected to skirt the shores of the Forth and German Ocean, southward to Newcastle—whither, in defiance of the proverb, it may carry the coals of Lothian: and from Glasgow another is to round the base of Tintock, on the pinnacle of which, as the old song declares, the ugliest of maidens, "gin she hae the name o' siller," may be placed, assured that "the win' will blaw a' men till her"—within hail of the huge natural hollow, called, in the old days of the reivers, the Marquis' or the Devil's Beef-tub, and past the hymeneal village of Gretna to Carlisle. These southern termini, Newcastle and Carlisle, being joined by a railway running parallel to the more southern of the Roman Walls, as the railroad connecting Forth and Clyde does with the northern, the curious traveller may ere long have himself whirled in "no time" round the skirts of what Scotchmen term "the South Hielands;" and, starting from Glasgow, he may half embrace by his railroad route the huge mass of the Grampians, completing the circle by water from Inverness to Greenock. One projected line between Carlisle and Glasgow, if executed, would carry him well into the heart of "the South Hielands;" and the "men of pleasant Teviotdale, fast by the river Tweed," may ere long see a railroad approaching the classic precincts of Kennaquhair: but the North Highlands, Ben Nevis, Ben Macdouie, and other "big Bens"—far uglier customers than the hero whom the name recalls to the London fancy—will long repel the approaches of rails and locomotives.

There is sense and spirit in all this. Better invest money in developing the resources of one's own country, than in the stocks of the ephemeral Revolutionary governments of Europe or the repudiators across the Atlantic: and, reverting to the Aberdeen Railway—"with that our song began, with that shall end"—we are sorely deceived in the proverbially sharp natives of that region, if they are not "far enough north" to be aware of this truth.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LINES ON THE LANDING OF HIS MAJESTY KING LOUIS PHILIPPE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1844.

BY B. SIMMONS.

I.

Ho! Wardens of the Coast look forth
Upon your Channel seas—
The night is melting in the north,
There 's tumult on the breeze;
Now sinking far, now rolling out
In proud triumphal swell,
That mingled burst of shot and shout
Your fathers knew so well,
What time to England's inmost plain
The beacon-fires proclaim'd
That, like descending hurricane,
Grim BLAKE, that Mastiff of the Main,
Beside your shores had once again
The Flemish lion tamed! *

II.

War wakes not now that tumult loud,
Ye Wardens of the Coast,
Though looming large, through dawn's dim cloud,
Like an invading host
The Barks of France are bearing down,
One crowd of sails, while high
Above the misty morning's frown
Their streamers light the sky.
Up!—greet for once the Tricolor,
For once the lilied flag!
Forth with gay barge and gilded oar,
While fast the volley'd salvoes roar
From batteried line, and echoing shore,
And gun-engirdled crag!

III.

Forth—greet with ardent hearts and eyes,
The GUEST those galleys bring:
In wisdom's walks the more than wise—
'Mid kings the more than king!
No nobler visitant e'er sought
The mighty's white-cliff'd isle,
Where ALFRED ruled, where BACON thought,
Where AVON's waters smile:
Hail to the tempest-vexed Man!
Hail to the Sovereign-Sage!
A wearier pilgrimage who ran
Than the immortal Ithacan,
Since first his great career began,
Ulysses of our age!

IV.

A more than regal welcome give,
Ye thousands crowding round
Shout for the once lorn fugitive,
Whose soul no solace found
Save in that SELF-RELIANCE—match
For adverse worlds, alone—
Which cheer'd the Tutor's humble thatch,
Nor left him on the throne.
The WANDERER MULLER's sails they furl—
The wave-encounterer, who,
When Freedom leagued with Crime to hurl
Up earth's foundations, from the whirl
Where vortex'd empires raged, the pearl
Of matchless Prudence drew.

* Almost all Blake's great battles were fought in the Channel. One of the most memorable was that off Portsmouth, February, 1652.

V.

Shout for the husband and the sire,
Whose children, train'd to truth,
Repaid in feeling, grace, and fire,
The lessons taught their youth;
Recall his grief when bent above
His rose-zoned daughter's clay,
Beside whose marble, lifeless, Love,
And Art, and Genius lay.*
And his be homage still more dread,
From our mute spirits won,
For tears of heart-wrung anguish shed,
When with that gray "discrowned head,"
On foot he follow'd to the dead
His gallant, princely son.

VI.

Shout for the Hero and the King
In soul serene—alike,
If suppliant states the sceptre bring,
Or banded traitors strike!
Oh, if at times a thrall too strong
Round Freedom's form be laid,
Where Faction works by wrath and wrong
His pardon be display'd.
Be his this praise—unspoil'd by power
His course benignly ran,
A MONARCH, mindful of the hour
He felt misfortune's wintry shower,
A MAN, from hall to peasant's bower,
The common friend of Man.

VII.

Again the rampart's loosen'd load
Of thunder rends the air!
Peal on—such pomp is fitly show'd—
He lands no stranger there.
Hear from his lips your language grave
In earnest accents fall—
The memories of the home ye gave
He hastens to recall—
'Mid flash of spears and fiery thrill
Of trumpets speed him forth,
The Master-Mind your Shakspeare still
Had loved to draw—that to its will
Shapes Fate and Chance with potent skill—
The Numa of the North.

VIII.

Windsor! henceforth a loftier spell
Invests thy storied walls—
The bards of future years shall tell
That first within thy halls
Imperial TRUTH and MERCY met,
And in that hallow'd hour
Gave earth the hope that Peace shall yet
Be dear to kings as Power.
When France clasp'd England's hand of old
There memory marks the wane
Of iron times, the bad and bold; †
Oh, may our SECOND FIELD of GOLD
A portent still more fair unfold
Of Wisdom's widening reign!

* The Princess Marie of Wurtemberg, the most accomplished of this most accomplished family, and whose beautiful efforts in sculpture and painting are well known, died a year after her marriage, January 2, 1839.

† The meeting between Francis and Henry took place June, 1520, the first great period of civilized progression in Europe—the era of Printing—of Columbus and of the Reformation.